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Scene in the Island of Little Van Dyke, near Tortola, with the House in which Dr. Lettsom was born.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM,

M.D; LL.D; F.R.S; F.A.S; F.L.S; &c. &c. &c.

WITH A SELECTION FROM HIS

Correspondence.

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By THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW, F.L.S.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS; SURGEON EXTRAORDINARY TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKES OF KENT AND SUSSEX; SURGEON TO THE UNIVERSAL DISPENSARY; FELLOW AND REGISTRAR OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY; REGISTRAR AND SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY; HONORARY MEMBER AND SECRETARY OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON; LECTURER ON ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY, &c. &c. &c.

bc
9-12-71

Inspicere tanquam in speculum in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.
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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

		Page
LETTER 66.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	3
—— 67.	Sir M. Martin to the same	6
—— 68.	Sir M. Martin to the same	7
—— 69.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	10
—— 70.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	11
—— 71.	Sir M. Martin to the same	19
—— 72.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	ibid.
—— 73.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	20
—— 74.	Sir M. Martin to the same	22
—— 75.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	23
—— 76.	Dr. Lettsom to the same	26
—— 77.	Dr. Lettsom to the same	29
—— 78.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	30
—— 79.	Sir M. Martin to the same	31
—— 80.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	32
—— 81.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	34
—— 82.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	35
—— 83.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	37
—— 84.	Sir M. Martin to the same	38
—— 85.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	39
—— 86.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	46
—— 87.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	48
—— 88.	Dr. Lettsom to the same	51
—— 89.	Dr. Lettsom to the same	56
—— 90.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	58
—— 91.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	60
—— 92.	Dr. Lettsom to the same	62
—— 93.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	63
—— 94.	Sir M. Martin to the same	70
—— 95.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	72
—— 96.	Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom	74
—— 97.	Sir M. Martin to the same	80
—— 98.	Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin	81
—— 99.	Dr. Lettsom to the same	82

Page

LETTER 100. Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin 85
——— 101. Sir M. Martin to Dr. Lettsom 87
——— 102. Sir M. Martin to the same 91
——— 103. Sir M. Martin to the same 94
——— 104. Sir M. Martin to the same 97
——— 105. Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin 99
——— 106. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre 100
——— 107. Dr. Lettsom to the same 102
——— 108. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 104
——— 109. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre..... 106
——— 110. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 109
——— 111. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre..... 111
——— 112. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 114
——— 113. The Rev. J. Plumptre to the same 118
——— 114. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre 121
——— 115. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 125
——— 116. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre..... 127
——— 117. Dr. Lettsom to the same 128
——— 118. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 131
——— 119. The Rev. J. Plumptre to the same 133
——— 120. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre ..... ibid.
——— 121. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 135
——— 122. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre..... 138
——— 123. Dr. Lettsom to the same 141
——— 124. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom..... 142
——— 125. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre..... 144
——— 126. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 147
——— 127. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre..... 149
——— 128. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 150
——— 129. The Rev. J. Plumptre to the same..... 151
——— 130. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre 152
——— 131. Dr. Lettsom to the same 153
——— 132. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 155
——— 133. The Rev. J. Plumptre to the same..... 157
——— 134. The Rev. J. Plumptre to the same..... 158
——— 135. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre..... 159
——— 136. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 161
——— 137. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre..... 164
——— 138. The Rev. J. Plumptre to Dr. Lettsom 168
——— 139. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre..... 169
——— 140. Dr. Lettsom to the same 171
——— 141. Jacob Bryant, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom 172
——— 142. Dr. Lettsom to Jacob Bryant, Esq. 173
——— 143. Jacob Bryant, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom 174
——— 144. Jacob Bryant, Esq. to the same 175
——— 145. Dr. Lettsom to Jacob Bryant, Esq. 176
——— 146. Jacob Bryant, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom 179
——— 147. Jacob Bryant, Esq. to the same..... 180

Page.
LETTER 148. Jacob Bryant, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom 181
——— 149. Jacob Bryant, Esq. to the same 182
——— 150. The Rev. G. Costard to the same 183
——— 151. Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. G. Costard 187

MEMOIR of JAMES NEILD, Esq. written by himself 191

LETTER 152. James Neild, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom 208
——— 153. James Neild, Esq. to the same 209
——— 154. James Neild, Esq. to the same 210
——— 155. James Neild, Esq. to the same 212
——— 156. James Neild, Esq. to the same 214
——— 157. James Neild, Esq. to the same 216
——— 158. James Neild, Esq. to the same 217
——— 159. D. P. Watts, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom 218
——— 160. D. P. Watts, Esq. to the same 221
——— 161. D. P. Watts, Esq. to the same 223
——— 162. D. P. Watts, Esq. to the same 224
——— 163. D. P. Watts, Esq. to the same 225
——— 164. Lord Lansdown to Dr. Lettsom 226
——— 165. Lord Lansdown to the same 228
——— 166. Lord Lansdown to the same 233
——— 167. Granville Sharp, Esq. to the same 234
——— 168. Granville Sharp, Esq. to the same 235
——— 169. Granville Sharp, Esq. to the same 236
——— 170. Mr. J. Lowe to the same 248
——— 171. Elizabeth Smeathman to the same 252
——— 172. Mr. Henry Smeathman to the same 262
——— 173. Mr. Henry Smeathman to the same 263
——— 174. Mr. Henry Smeathman to the same 268
——— 175. Mr. Henry Smeathman to the same 269
——— 176. Mr. Henry Smeathman to the same 270
——— 177. Mr. Henry Smeathman to the same 276
——— 178. Mr. Henry Smeathman to the same 280
——— 179. Mr. Henry Smeathman to the same 281
——— 180. Dr. Percival to the same 288
——— 181. T. Knight, Esq. to the same ..... ibid.
——— 182. T. Knight, Esq. to the same 291
——— 183. Dr. Cullen to the same 301
——— 184. Dr. Cullen to the same 304
——— 185. Dr. Garnett to the same 305
——— 186. E. Rack, Esq. to the same 308
——— 187. Dr. Guthrie to the same 310
——— 188. Dr. Hamilton to the same 313
——— 189. Mr. Richard How to the same 315
——— 190. Mr. Richard How to the same 317
——— 191. Mr. Richard How to the same 320
——— 192. T. Needham, Esq. to the same 322

Page
LETTER 193. J. Scott, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom 325
——— 194. Mr. W. C. Larwill to the same 327
——— 195. Dr. Warner to the same 330
——— 196. J. Nichols, Esq. to the same 332
——— 197. Dr. Rowley to the same 333
——— 198. The Earl of Buchan to the same 336
——— 199. Colonel Ironside to the same 338
——— 200. C. P. Esq. to the same 341
——— 201. Dr. Lettsom to C. P. Esq. 342
——— 202. Dr. James Sims to Dr. Lettsom 349
——— 203. Dr. James Sims to the same 351
——— 204. P. Colquhoun, Esq. to the same 352
——— 205. Dr. Lettsom to P. Colquhoun, Esq. 353
——— 206. P. Colquhoun, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom 355
——— 207. P. Colquhoun, Esq. to the same 358
——— 208. P. Colquhoun, Esq. to the same 361
——— 209. Dr. Lettsom to P. Colquhoun, Esq. 363
——— 210. Dr. Cleghorn to Dr. Lettsom 364
——— 211. Dr. James Johnstone to the same 368
——— 212. Dr. James Johnstone to the same 370
——— 213. Dr. Lettsom to Dr. James Johnstone 371
——— 214. Dr. James Johnstone to Dr. Lettsom 373
——— 215. Dr. James Johnstone to the same 374
——— 216. R. A. Markham to the same 376
——— 217. W. Waldegrave, Esq. to the same 378
——— 218. Dr. Lettsom to Lady Ann Erskine 382
——— 219. Dr. Lettsom to James Boswell, Esq 384
——— 220. James Boswell, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom 386
——— 221. S. J. Pratt, Esq. to the same 387
——— 222. S. J. Pratt, Esq. to the same 390
——— 223. S. J. Pratt, Esq. to the same 392
——— 224. S. J. Pratt, Esq. to the same 394
——— 225. Richard Cumberland, Esq. to the same 395
——— 226. Vicq. d'Azyr to the same 397
——— —— Translation 398
——— 227. Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Dixon 399
——— 228. Dr. A. Fothergill to Dr. Lettsom 400
——— 229. Dr. A. Fothergill to the same 402
——— 230. Dr. A. Fothergill to the same 404
——— 231. Dr. A. Fothergill to the same 405
——— 232. Dr. A. Fothergill to the same ..... ibid.
——— 233. Dr. A. Fothergill to the same 406
——— 234. Dr. A. Fothergill to the same 408
——— 235. Dr. A. Fothergill to the same 410
——— 236. Dr. Lettsom to Dr. A. Fothergill 412
——— 237. Dr. A. Fothergill to Dr. Lettsom 416
——— 238. Dr. A. Fothergill to the same 418
——— 239. Dr. A. Fothergill to the same 420

		Page
Letter 241.	Dr. A. Fothergill to Dr. Lettsom	423
—— 240.	Dr. A. Fothergill to the same	224
—— 242.	Dr. Rush to the same	425
—— 243.	Dr. Rush to the same	426
—— 244.	Dr. Rush to the same	429
—— 245.	Dr. Rush to the same	430
—— 246.	Dr. Rush to the same	432
—— 247.	Dr. Rush to the same	435
—— 248.	Dr. Rush to the same	438
—— 249.	Dr. Rush to the same	439
—— 250.	Dr. Rush to the same	441
—— 251.	Rev. Dr. John Lathrop to the same	442
—— 252.	Rev. Dr. John Lathrop to the same	443
—— 253.	Rev. Dr. John Lathrop to the same	445
—— 254.	Rev. Dr. John Lathrop to the same	448
—— 255.	Rev. Dr. John Lathrop to the same	449
—— 256.	Rev. Dr. John Lathrop to the same	452
—— 257.	Rev. Dr. John Lathrop to the same	453
—— 258.	Rev. Dr. John Lathrop to the same	455
—— 259.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	457
—— 260.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	458
—— 261.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	465
—— 262.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	472
—— 263.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	474
—— 264.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	479
—— 265.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	481
—— 266.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	482
—— 267.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	484
—— 268.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	487
—— 269.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	491
—— 270.	Dr. Waterhouse to the same	494
—— 271.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	497
—— 272.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	507
—— 273.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	516
—— 274.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	520
—— 275.	Dr W. Thornton to the same	531
—— 276.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	535
—— 277.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	536
—— 278.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	540
—— 279.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	541
—— 280.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	542
—— 281.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	544
—— 282.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	546
—— 283.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	548
—— 284.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	549
—— 285.	Dr. W. Thornton to the same	555
—— 286.	Dr. Mease to the same	558
—— 287.	Dr. Mitchill to the same	562

Page
LETTER 288. Dr. Warren to Dr. Lettsom 565
——— 289. The Hon. James Bowdoin to the same 567
——— 290. Dr. Lettsom's Reply 572
——— 291. Rev. J. Madison, D. D. to Dr. Lettsom..... 577
——— 292. Dr. Lettsom to Rev. J. Madison, D. D..... 579
——— 293. Sir Charles Linné to Dr. Lettsom 583
——— ——— Translation..... 584
——— 294. Sir Charles Linné to Dr. Lettsom 585
——— ——— Translation 586
——— 295. Dr. Combe to Dr. Lettsom..... 587

APPENDIX 589

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER LXVI.

Sir M. MARTIN, Bart. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Sir, *Burnham, Nov.* 30, 1788.

Having read the Abbé de Commerell's pamphlet, but not having met with any person who did not abuse the Mangel Wurzel, or who had given it a fair trial, I sent last Spring to Messrs. Grimwood and Co., for seed of every kind of beet and Mangel Wurzel. They sent me red, white, and green beet, and what they called Scarcity Plant; and a friend sent me a few seeds, which came from Brussels. Mr. Grimwood's Scarcity Plant proved to be nothing but red beet; but my Brussels seed proved to be the right Mangel Wurzel. I sowed them early in March, with a bed of parsnips between each, to prevent mixture. The only spot I had for the purpose is by nature so hot a gravel, that I can get no white thorn to thrive on the hedges, and for that reason had railed in about a rood, and sowed it with lucern broadcast many years ago, on which I bestowed no other expence than an

annual Winter dressing, from the ash heap at the scullery door, mixed with fowls' dung; and harrowing well every Spring, with common harrows; and it constantly supplied what two horses eat in the day-time through the summer. In the Autumn, 1785, I ploughed it up, and with a good deal of trouble got it fine enough to plough in a coat of farm yard dung in the Spring, and set it with potatoes. I did not measure the crop, but it was sufficient to raise the admiration of my labourers. In March 1787 I ploughed it again, and sowed it with carrots, which I took up in November, and filled six carts full. In the Winter I carried a few barrels of water from the drain of my farm yard, and two or three loads of fresh mould upon it, and ploughed it again, and raked in my seeds. The Spring drought had almost determined me to plough it up again, as the mould had supplied me with abundance of weeds, and the ants eat the red beet leaves almost as fast as they grew; but my few plants of Mangel Wurzel encouraged me to persevere. The white and green beets produced no esculent roots, but a vast foliage, which I made free with for house use as spinach; and as I thinned the plants, gave them to my labourers, who seemed delighted with them; and between Midsummer and harvest, when I was distressed for grass for my cows, I cut the tops of half of them close to the ground, and gave them to my cows in their night pasture, to the great triumph of my neighbours, for the cows smelled

at every leaf and eat none that night; but the next I triumphed in my turn, for there was not a leaf to be found the next morning, and the plants soon produced fresh tops.

I was too proud of my few plants of the right sort to spoil their appearance by stripping off their leaves, though I am now convinced it might have been done, in moderation, without checking their growth. The red sort had but small tops in proportion, except some which had their crowns close to the ground, which I ignorantly prized as my best roots, and fed my pigs abundantly with those which swelled above ground; but upon taking them up, I found my mistake, for they had all forked roots; the best of those which swelled above ground weighed about 3½ lb.

I have great satisfaction in finding that my cows now devour the leaves of all the sorts greedily, though their bellies are full of turnips, and they will eat even the hard forked roots without cutting.

The parsnips I sowed on the same day in the intermediate beds are very small, whilst the Mangel Wurzels weigh from eight to fourteen pounds each, with what tops remained on them last week; and from ten pounds and a half to six pounds without them: which convinces me that a cottager on this soil can by no other means produce so much food for his family, his cow, and his pig, on so small a space.

If you are not frightened at the length of this letter, I shall beg leave to report to you the

success of any experiments you may recommend, or I may try, in the line of promoting vegetation on the dry soil of this place, with such implements as are not too expensive for the scale of my farm, which is under 100 acres, being much prouder of the title of an industrious farmer and gardener, than of that I derived from my ancestors.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

M. MARTIN.

LETTER LXVII.

From the same.

Burnham, Norfolk, Dec. 8, 1788.

My Dear Sir,

I rejoice that you have had so large a demand for the seed, as I am persuaded it needs but to be tried, to be approved on a small scale, though I do not expect to see it soon adopted in the large farms of this country. It would be a great point gained, if the seeds could be parted, instead of having the troublesome job of parting the plants when they come up, the expence of which would frighten a farmer, if he could get hands to do it, on a large scale; but I can think of no means of doing it, unless by soaking it in water, when first gathered, and rubbing it in sand, as is done with asparagus seed. If the seeds cannot be separated,

I am the more partial to my idea of sowing it in rows, to avoid treading upon the plants intended to be left; and for this year, at least, I shall certainly adopt it, to save seed, which I shall have dibbled, in the manner we do peas and wheat.

Yours, &c.

M. MARTIN.

LETTER LXVIII.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Burnham, Jan.* 28, 1789.

Among my applications for Mangel Wurzel seed is one from Sir Thomas Darrant, who is building a new village, and intends to allot a portion of land to every cottage. He compliments me with asking my opinion of the quantity necessary to enable each inhabitant to keep a cow and pigs, for which purpose, of all others, I think the Mangel Wurzel most likely to be useful; but he seemed not aware that it is but an annual crop, and that the soil will not bear a constant repetition of it. I presumed to recommend dividing each man's land into proper shifts of potatoes, Mangel Wurzel, carrots, cabbages, turnips, and parsnips, to follow each other, and two or three similar portions of lucern, by way of a resting state for the land, rather than attempting to grow corn in so small a space.

I esteem myself enriched by having established a correspondence with Sir Thomas Beevor, to whom I applied for some of those productive potatoes which he mentions in a letter to the Bath Society. I am so proud of the approbation he expressed of the course of husbandry I propose to adopt, to bring potatoes, Mangel Wurzel, and carrots into common cultivation, that if I did not understand you are no farmer, I would trouble you with a detail of it. In his letter he asks me, whether my roots had resisted the frost, and mentions that his, last year, were four-fifths rotten before March, but does not mention whether they were taken up or no. My carrots, which were so used, rotted very much, and I had a bed of red beet left in the ground, which appeared rotten; but when the ground was dug late in the Spring, I found very considerable bottoms quite sound. The method I intend to try to preserve them both next year is to build them in walls, not more than two feet thick and three feet high; and before the frost, set hurdles on each side, at two feet distance, and fill the spaces, and cover the tops well with pea straw. When that is not to be had, wheat stubble, old thatch, whin faggots, fern, rushes, or any thing else, which can be most easily obtained, to seclude the wet and frost, I think would do.

I have tried soaking the Mangel Wurzel seeds to separate them, but to no purpose; the cells which contain them are of too firm a texture (at least now they are dry) to be so parted. If Sir Richard

Jebb's foreign seeds were single, I conclude our climate has not warmth enough to make them open, which was probably the case with them. But this does not appear to be the case with the Abbé de Commerell's, which are in as large lumps as yours. If there is any country which will produce the seeds single, I should like to import them from it.

The gathering the leaves when in a fading state, I do not think will prejudice the roots at all, and I am persuaded the cattle will prefer them to the younger ones, as they will eat sour grass and weeds, which have been cut a day, that they would not touch when growing. A snail will do the same, being allured by the saccharine juices which exude in that state.

In trimming vines, which I am proud of doing for my neighbours as well as myself, I remove the leaves behind the bunches as soon as they begin to fade, that they may not seclude the air, and harbour birds and snails, but never touch a leaf before the bunches, as I conclude them necessary for the circulation of the juices, and to keep the fruit from being hardened by the cold night air.

Yours, &c.

M. MARTIN.

LETTER LXIX.

Dr. Lettsom to Sir M. Martin, Bart.

Dear Sir Mordaunt, *London, Feb. 5, 1789.*

Thy last polite and very instructive letter gave me singular pleasure, and, in many points of view, requires an early answer.

In consequence of the encouragement afforded by this and other letters, and the increasing demand for the Mangel Wurzel, I have ventured to order two hundred weight of seed from Paris, provided it can arrive here by the end of March, which I doubt not it may do. It will come to me under five shillings per pound. I mean to appoint a person, not a seedsman, to sell it for me at eight shillings per pound; the profit to be divided between the Society for Relief of Small Debtors, and the Humane Society for Recovery of Drowned Persons.

Now, from the tenour of thy letter, I am emboldened to request some account of the means of cultivating it, in succession, with other vegetables, to suit best the advantage of little farms. These hints I mean to print, to deliver with each packet of seeds, as well as to send to Members of Parliament, Farmers, &c., and perhaps to insert in the Gentleman's Magazine, and a few of the newspapers. I see no occasion to affix any person's name, but entitle the paper "Hints or Directions for culti-

vating Mangel Wurzel, with its Uses, &c." This would be doing good to the country, and is true patriotism; and on this subject I know thy ideas coincide with mine.

As an individual, also, I wish for thy directions; for although no farmer, I have about ten acres of land, within four miles of London, on which I can try some experiments.

I am, respectfully,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER LXX.

Sir M. MARTIN, Bart. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *Burnham, Feb.* 14, 1789.

I think I mentioned in my last the succession of crops I proposed to Sir T. Darrant to recommend to his cottagers, that they may have a certain portion every year in course for Mangel Wurzel. What I do, is dividing an enclosure near my house, across from the gate, with moveable lifts; the part in which the gate is, serves first for a night pasture for my cows, and then for my horses, to which I can make amends for its being bare, by supplying them from the other half, the head-lands of which are sown thick with lucern broadcast, upon which the horses turn in ploughing the land in many narrow strips, on which I vary the crops of winter and spring vetches, pota-

toes, carrots, cabbages, Mangel Wurzel, and lucern. I generally reserve a strip for any experiment which may be recommended; this enables me to rear a number of pigs in the summer. My horses, by being fed in the stable, are kept from the sun and flies in the heat of the day, are always in good order, and make a quantity of very rich manure.

A neighbouring gentleman, who has a very large farm in occupation, likes the plan so well, that he has dedicated an enclosure of 24 acres to the same purpose; and I think many of my neighbours, whose strips of land leave them a spare piece near their houses, will follow the example.

But to explain how I mean to bring Mangel Wurzel, potatoes, and carrots into a course of tillage with a farmer's crops, I must first mention the most approved course of crops now in use in this neighbourhood, which is, in the first year to sow wheat, oats, or peas upon the land which has lain two years in grass; 2d year, turnips; 3d year, barley, with which grass seeds are sown; 4th year, grass, to mow or feed horses; 5th year, grass for sheep feed. As my farm is too small to admit of keeping sheep, the second year's grass would be of very little value to me; I therefore purpose dividing my farm into six strips, one of which to be always in saintfoin; of the remaining five, to plough up my clover in the Autumn of the first year, or the spring following, and sow it with wheat, oats, or peas (for this purpose there is a newly invented roller, made at Norwich, which answers

wonderfully well in a soil which has not large stones or is not too stiff. The wheat I have seen sown with it comes up much more regularly, and is better buried than any I have seen dibbled. Upon these stubbles, the next year, I purpose to sow one-third with turnips, one-third with Mangel Wurzel, and one-third with potatoes; the 3d year, that part which was turnips, with carrots, and the other two-thirds with turnips; so that I shall not reduce the quantity of turnips on my farm, which I shall sell to feed sheep, and keep my cows on food which will make sweeter milk; the 4th year, my barley, with which I sow my grass seeds, will follow two cleaning crops instead of one; the 5th year I shall always manure the new-laid grass in the winter, which will ensure my crop of hay, and my following crops of corn; and if my potatoes, Mangel Wurzel, and carrots, are not of more value than my 2d year's grass, I am much mistaken.

But a great farmer will naturally and justly say: "if you rob me of my 2d year's grass, you ruin my sheep" (which I admit to be the life of a Norfolk farm); I therefore do not expect great farmers to follow this part of my plan; but if every man will but allot one small field for the first part, he will soon find what will enable him to keep the most stock; and whatever does that will prove its benefit by his crops, and will, I think, soon induce him to dedicate a portion of his turnip land to potatoes, carrots, and Mangel Wurzel. If it only protracts the quick return of

the turnip crop, it will be no small point gained; and if he allots a shift to saintfoin, he will not find it necessary to be so tenacious of his 2d year's grass. But all these schemes are merely local; and the different nature of the soil, and different customs of the country, may make them all appear nonsense to the first person you mention them to.

You cannot doubt that I wish you a rapid sale of your Mangel Wurzel seed, not only that so much may be grown in the kingdom, but for the benefit of your well-chosen objects of charity; and I shall gladly purchase some at any price.

I shall rejoice in the opportunity of sending you some of Sir T. Beevor's potatoes, as soon as I receive them. They are called the Kentish seedling; their produce in his experiment was at the rate of 1342 bushels per acre. Sir Thomas mentions having once received fifty pounds for the produce of one acre of potatoes. I mentioned to him what I was told by Mr. Reed, a farmer at Runcton in this county, that he once received twenty pounds for four lasts of potatoes, the produce of one rood of old pasture land. He earthed them up three times, and had three layers of potatoes. Could this be continued, your land would not cost you five years' purchase; but I do not take these great things into consideration, in wishing to introduce them into our field culture. I mean to look upon them merely as food for cattle, and that principally to supply the deficiency

between the time that turnips are (or ought to be) eat, and the growing of the spring grass.

I had lately a conversation with Mr. T. Brewerton, a farmer of West Walton, in Marshland, who assured me that he tied up some beasts at the same time that one of his neighbours tied up some similar beasts. He fed his with one bushel of potatoes and seven pounds of wheat straw or hay each day. His neighbour fed his with oil-cake (which has hitherto been deemed the most fattening of any food), and better hay than he had; and the superior thrift of his beasts induced his neighbour to adopt the use of potatoes: he admits that they will not fatten hogs well, but are very good for growing pigs. He gave his cattle no water, and did not even wash the potatoes. He says the general produce of an acre in Marshland, without manure, is from four to seven lasts, of sixty-three bushels each. His mode of cultivation is to earth them up but once. The method I purpose to adopt, will enable me to do it three times; and as potatoes have a natural tendency to rise towards the surface (at least in this shallow dry soil), I am persuaded I shall find the advantage of it.

His method is to plough the land into four furrow ridges, as if sown with wheat; he then places the setts a foot asunder (which will require twenty-one bushels to an acre), on the sides of the furrows, so near the bottom that the plough turns them into it (whereas, if he were to place them

at first, the horses' feet and plough wheels would bruise them), and makes up the land again into four furrow ridges, leaving the furrows where the ridges were before. Just before the green tops appear, he harrows the land, and when they appear, ploughs one furrow from each side of the ridges, which he replaces in ten days or a fortnight, and hoes between the plants in the rows. They then grow fast enough to subdue all weeds. He prefers taking them up with three-pronged forks, for which he pays ½*d.* per bushel to ploughing and harrowing, which I have been assured is an effectual method, and the cheapest. Sir T. Beevor pays 1*d.* per bushel. Mr. Brewerton says, a man and a girl can take up a last a day in a crop that yields six lasts per acre. The method I purpose to adopt, is to cover the land (which has been twice, or, at least, once ploughed since Michaelmas) with long dung, when the plough has drawn two furrows on each side of what was the furrow, and becomes the ridge. I shall place the setts in the loose mould of the last furrow, just out of the way of the horses' feet and plough wheels, and rake the dung from the space of four furrows over them, before the plough returns; so that the manure will all be close to their roots; and in every fourth furrow repeat the same. Just before the tops appear, hoe the whole surface with hand-hoes, or a horse-hoe; and as they grow, and the weather permits, earth them up at different times with a foot plough, and keep

the spaces clean by a horse-hoe. Observe, this is but theory, and Mr. Brewerton's practice. What I have hitherto done has been wholly by hand-hoe, and earthing them so is too expensive; but it has convinced me, that in a moist season, if I can get a plough coustructed to earth them up as high as I wish, my produce will not be so short of a Marshland crop as any person would think, upon comparison of the soils and situation.

Notwithstanding the length of this letter, I must mention, that having two cows ill, from eating turnips which the frost had rotted, when I went to look at them, I thought of trying whether they would eat Jerusalem artichokes, which my pigs eat as well as yours do Mangel Wurzel. I had great pleasure in seeing both the cows take them directly. I then gave them some potatoes, carrots, and red beet, all of which they ate, without finishing one before they began the other.

The merits of Jerusalem artichokes are, that they will grow in any soil and in any situation. I have had a row on the same spot for nearly twenty years. They are what few people like, and are so seldom called for in the family, that they generally remain in the ground till the Spring, when I take them up for the hogs, and have enough in the ground for a succeeding crop; and I never knew one hurt by the frost. As they require no earthing up, I set a row of them last year in the piece where my Mangel Wurzel grew, on that space which is nearer the back of the hedge than

the plough can reach; and I think they produced nearly as much as a ton of potatoes of the same length would have done. Their stalks rise to seven or eight feet in height, and are of such a substance as to be well worth notice in many places, as an article of fuel, I mean for lighting fires, for which the poor of this place have no small plea for breaking hedges. I think, too, they might be manufactured into a kind of hemp. I conclude they must exhaust the soil too much to venture to recommend them, but I purpose setting a row of them in the bottom of every ditch, when I dress a fence, and have just had an application from a very judicious liberal-minded farmer for a bushel for the same purpose. I am happy in living near several whose flattering attention to any thing I consult them upon, is only exceeded by their readiness to give me all the information and assistance in their power. I may therefore hope to be enabled to give you some satisfaction respecting any inquiries into the husbandry of this neighbourhood, which you may wish to make, through

Your obedient humble servant,

M. MARTIN.

LETTER LXI.

From the same.

April 6, 1789.

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I have resumed the study of a scheme for the care of the poor without great workhouses, which, if found practicable, will give liberty to individuals to earn their bread where they can find employment, and annihilate the tyrannical power of refusing a certificate. This will in time create a fund for every parish, which will provide for their poor, and preserve their public buildings, without rates. I am persuaded no good men will object to the purport of my plan, but the difficulty of preventing evasion makes me sometimes almost despair.

M. M.

LETTER LXII.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

London, April 10, 1789.

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It gives me pleasure to find thy attention turned upon a subject of so much moment as the poor,

who now consume, without any equivalent industry, the annual produce of two millions two hundred thousand pounds. It is a subject I have thought of; and if the hint afforded by the little clubs were improved, and the principal money secured, I conceive that poor-rates might be usefully abolished.

The nation must, from necessity, take up this important subject; the evil is rapidly growing, and must absorb the national revenue, whilst idleness and vice are at the same time encouraged.

J. C. L.

LETTER LXXIII.

Sir M. MARTIN, Bart. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *Burnham, Jan.* 14, 1790.

I last year gave you my ideas of a course of husbandry, which might bring Mangel Wurzel into use in this country, upon which my friend Henry Styleman, Esq. has greatly improved, and has actually divided a farm into eight shifts, to be cropped in the following order:—

1st year—Peas or oats upon the first ploughing of the flag.

2d year—Part potatoes, part Mangel Wurzel, and part vetches, to mow for baiting horses.

3d year—Wheat or rye.

4th year—Turnips.

5th year—Barley, with grass seed.

6th year—Clover and rye grass, to mow or feed horses and cows.

7th year—Ditto for feeding sheep.

8th year—Saintfoin, which will remain many years, and without which we cannot be sure of hay on this dry soil.

I hope he will have a small piece of lucern near the house, as the practice of mowing food for horses to eat in the stable in the heat of the day, is adopted more and more every year, and vetches are not so certain.

I was pleased lately at a Lincolnshire gentleman's expressing his surprise that the poor soil of my farm could bear Mangel Wurzel. He spoke as if it was common in his county, which, I dare say, must produce it in great perfection; but he told me, as if to lessen its value, that it was nothing but a *beet*, and I did not say it was either a turnip, a cabbage, or a potatoe, each of which have their merits for different soils and seasons. The latter of them, being most valuable for human food, I am most ambitious to promote the cultivation of; for whenever the growth of them becomes generally adopted for the food of cattle, from the time the turnips *should be* eat up, till grass is plenti-

ful, the labourers will become as familiar with them as they now are with turnips, and the quantity used by them will be no more missed.

Yours, &c.

M. MARTIN.

LETTER LXXIV.

From the same.

Feb. 23, 1790.

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As to Mangel Wurzel, all that I can say of what I have done with it, and letting my neighbours see it, weigh it, and taste it, will now counterbalance a paragraph in the newspapers, asserting that "Lord Fife had tried it, and, notwithstanding all Dr. Lettsom's boasting, found it not equal to turnips." What have you done to make his lordship's bailiff jealous of you? Is he a physician? It would have been but fair to mention how it was tried; and even allowing the gentleman not to have been as much prejudiced against this excellent plant as 99 out of 100 that I have met with, his proving that one soil suits turnips better than that, should not condemn it upon all soils. I am very glad that most of what I occupy will bear either, and, I hope, be benefited by the variety.

I have this day been gathering a quantity of

moss from the North side of a planted hill. I am told it is the best manure for potatoes that has yet been tried; and a few shillings among the women and children of the parish, may be returned in some unexpected way some time or other, if my potatoes should not pay me, which, however, I do not doubt. M. M.

LETTER LXV.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

Dear Sir Mordaunt, *March* 13, 1790.

I hope by this time the seeds of the Mangel Wurzel are safely arrived. That they may do credit to this vegetable, by a prolific return, is my sincere wish.

I received also thy presents of potatoes and specimen of seeds, which I shall carefully regard. I have likewise enjoyed the advantage of perusing the correspondence on the cultivation of potatoes, which I shall re-peruse in my closet, for the purpose of extracting notes for my future government. And here let me not omit to acknowledge thy affectionate and instructive letters, which, though partiality has dictated, solid sense and cordial friendship are predominant.

Any thing thou mayest wish to order by the way of London, may at all times be consigned to

my care. It occurred to me to mention this before I received thy last letter, and it remains for me to add my thanks for the liberty of subtracting from the packet expected from Dr. Anderson.

I believe I forgot to mention the receipt of the strawberries, which have been planted. Many shoots I shall procure from the plants formerly received, which are now remarkably vigorous.

The numerous avocations which confine me for weeks successively in London, prevent me from that accuracy of experiment which ought to precede publication. Add to this, that my villa being in the vicinity of London, numerous visitors ambulate my premises, and beg, or pluck up, some of the objects of experiment; but now I shall be more careful, as well as more attentive, from a change of system, which I shall adopt this month, of sleeping every night out of town, an indulgence I have not hitherto adopted, and quit night business, and long night journeys.

Hitherto I have escaped depredators and robbers pretty well, not having been attacked above four times in twenty years. The last time was by a highwayman, who appeared so much like a gentleman, that I advised him to call upon me in town, and accept my purse and assistance, to extricate him from present embarrassment, if that had induced him to so rash a step as the highway. In three weeks time he took the resolution to call at my house. I instantly knew him, and after many fruitless attempts to serve him effec-

tually, I took the liberty of addressing the Queen, and instantly succeeded. He is now an officer in the army; has been twice in the gazette promotions, and is as amiable and deserving an officer as any in the army. This is better than hanging. I was once attacked by six fellows, but they would not stay to hear reason. Last twelfth-night I was attacked in Cheapside by ten fellows, and escaped them all, although I had fifteen guineas in my pocket, and a favourite watch.

But leaving perils, of which I have escaped by sea and land many indeed, I return to Mangel Wurzel, just to say, that its produce with me must be nearly double to that of potatoes. This year I hope to ascertain the proportions by weight.

I do not know whether thou art acquainted with the nature of the Humane Society for the Recovery of Drowned Persons; but I may add, that I have the honour to be an active member of it. What I mean to observe is, that last week we had the wonderful success of restoring a lady, whom we learnt had been one whole hour under water, and appeared as lifeless as this paper. This is Miss Lucy Napleton. Our Anniversary is on the 30th, when about 300 of us dine together; after which her wonderful recovery will be published.

I read last year to the Society a remarkable letter from General Washington, of America, in which, on this subject, he makes a beautiful eulogy on the virtues of saving life, in contrast to that of taking it away. Its zest and merit

seemed to be in coming from a man, who had been in the heat of battle and slaughter.

Old Franklin is still alive: I had lately a letter from him, beautifully descriptive of the discoveries of the age, and thanking his Maker that he lived now rather than 1000 years since, to see the vast improvements in every science; hinting a wish to have lived 1000 years hence, to witness the amazing improvements still to be evolved and brought to light.

Several Humane Societies are established in America, the West and East Indies, with which we correspond.

I am aware that I shall tire my friend with *trivialities,* but

I am sincerely his,

J. C. LETTSOM.

I shall charge the Mangel Wurzel 4*s.* 6*d.* per pound, if agreeable.

LETTER LXXVI.

From the same.

London, June 6, 1790.

Dear Sir Mordaunt,

I am so much in thy debt, for the superior value of thy communications, that I always take up my

pen with diffidence, and at present I have more reason than usual for pleading my poverty of materials; but I must not forget, that I owe answers to thy favours of March, April, and May.

Somehow it has happened, that every time I renew my application for Mangel Wurzel from Paris, it seems worse and worse; so that I fear I am treated with old or imperfect seed; mine, however, is growing, though not, I think, with its former vigour. A few days ago I sent by the Fakenham coach, for thy acceptance, ten pounds of seed out of another bag from France, which thou mayest use and give away, at thy own pleasure: particularly to such as may have purchased seed, and may be likely to meet with disappointment. If the gentleman who ordered two pounds has not received his quota, perhaps as much may be spared from the packet sent last Monday.

I am very glad to hear that Mr. Styleman is so active in the plan of resuscitation adopted by the Humane Society. He must be a niggard indeed, to set bounds to philanthropy. We cannot extend our rewards throughout the kingdom; but we do as much as we can; and annually, as our finances increase, extend our compassion and aid to distant parts. I moved last week for an Apparatus, and directions, to be sent to Algiers; and hope, by means of this kind, our countrymen may gain the love of that barbarous people; and, by some happy resuscitations, rouse them from the dark apathy of fatalism: that they may learn to

estimate life as becomes a fellow creature, liable to a thousand vicissitudes. I have now inclosed for thy acceptance a few papers of the Humane Society, which I hope to send off on Monday by the Fakenham coach.

I approve of thy plan of charity.

I have not seen the endive mentioned in thy letter of the 29th of April. As to the *folle avoine*, it is, I fear, not likely to grow; mine seems not likely to appear, though sown time enough to expect its appearance.

But, what is more to our purpose, I have just received the small packet from Dr. Anderson, so long expected. I shall take out a few seeds, and forward the packet on Monday. I had a polite letter from the doctor, enclosing his Bee, who seems likely to prove a very busy one. Some classic author says

Nihil legebat quod non excerperit;

and it may be very applicable to his projected performance.

I write in haste to catch the post, and as I cannot read what I have scrawled, be indulgent to the errors of

Thy Friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER LXXVII.

From the same.

London, July 9, 1790.

Dear Sir Mordaunt,

I do not stand upon ceremony; *I* wrote last; but a trifle has occurred to me to induce me to put my friend to postage, for half a dozen grains of rice. In Lord North's *œconomical* administration, I remember the calculation on the expence of oats, carried to New York during the late war, that every corn was estimated at three half-pence. Though I do not follow his lordship in losing an empire, I do in exporting corn. This rice was found at Timor, by Captain Bligh, of the Bounty, whose crew, in returning from Otaheite, mutinied, and put the captain, and, I think, eleven other men, in the open boat. After traversing a sea of 3600 miles, he arrived at Timor, where this rice was found. It requires warmth, and should therefore be placed under a glass. It seems to be a hardy kind, and may be usefully cultivated in some future period, either here, or in a more Southern latitude.

As to the *folle avoine*, mine fails. There is reason to think art is used to destroy its vegetation before we receive it. The East Indians roast,

in the embers of charcoal, many of the seeds they sell to Europeans, to prevent their growth.

Yours, &c.

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER LXVIII.

Sir M. MARTIN, Bart. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *July* 15, 1790.

I thank you for your obliging attention in sending me the rice. Whether that proves worth three half-pence a grain or not, I assure you any token of your remembrance will ever be much more highly prized by me.

I can readily believe the calculation of Lord North's oats, as my own horses have eaten hay when the late Mr. Pitt was "conquering America in Germany," which was said to cost half-a-guinea a ration; so that, with conquering, keeping, and losing it, I think we should have been as rich if we had never known the land. Had it been possible for us to retain the empire you seem to lament the loss of, would our own liberties have been more secure? and do you not think the whole world would have joined against us, rather than have brooked the insolence of our power? Even had all the powers on earth declared openly against us, and we had attempted nothing out of

reach of our ship guns, and had not been divided at home, might it not have proved the vaunt, that "Britain, unanimous, defies the world in arms?"

My having been born a soldier does not prevent my thinking that sailors are the natural and safest defenders of this island, nor my wishing the world wise enough to leave their neighbours undisturbed, and each country to cultivate its own natural products, and those which suit its climate, to the best advantage for the universal benefit. With this view I must neither cultivate your *folle avoine* nor your rice, as neither a dry gravelly nor a chalky soil will do for an aquatic, nor will our keen North-East breezes do for a plant which requires warmth.

Yours, &c.

M. MARTIN.

LETTER LXXIX.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Sept.* 20, 1790.

I have lately been much engaged, but have caught every minute I could, to read one or other of your books, which have crowded my mind so full of subjects of admiration, that I know not where to begin to enumerate them. The result, however, is, that my spirits, which were depressed

by various untoward circumstances, are so elated with the honour of being deemed, in any respect, worthy the notice of such a man as Dr. Lettsom, that I hope it will animate me to exert my poor abilities to the utmost, upon any occasion which may ever occur, to enable me to express my gratitude, and cultivate your friendship, the indispensible condition of which you have pointed out, in your exemplary Memoirs of Dr. Fothergill, by an adage, which, having never before heard, struck me the more forcibly with its truth, that "Friendship exists among the virtuous only." God, who knows my errors, knows also how sincerely I wish to become worthy of your intimacy. I look up to you as a master, and think I hear you say "Do some good to the world you live in." The endeavour to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is the line my situation and inclination seem to point out to me to attempt it in. Yours, &c. M. MARTIN.

LETTER LXXX.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

London, Dec. 5, 1790.

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Thy letter of the 20th of September fills my mind with confusion; I am so conscious how little

I merit my partial friend's partial opinion. To think favourably of others is an indication, that such a person possesses in himself a large share of virtuous affection, such as my liberal correspondent evinces: liberal in his sentiments, liberal in all his communications. Fontenelle, the French author, used to say, he thought so unfavourably of the world, that if his hands were full of truths he would not open them both at once. Sir Mordaunt possesses more ample hands and a more ample heart, as I can testify from the information I have collected by his correspondence. As soon as I finish the performance I am upon, by the 1st of January, which indeed I am writing for an honorary prize, but my name must not be known, nor my hand-writing seen, I mean to pursue another work, to be entitled "Meditations and Reflections at Grove Hill;" in which I shall make use of thy name, with acknowledgments, on various subjects in agriculture. After this I shall lay by the cestus of literature, and rest from my labours. I grow old rapidly. The sempster Time has lately worked up my thread very fast, and I want a pause between the two worlds; though I do not think happiness in the two worlds incompatible; but, on the contrary, I enjoy the one with pleasure, and contemplate the other with comfort.

Adieu, my dear Friend, and believe me

Affectionately thine,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER LXXXI.

Sir M. Martin, Bart. to Dr. Lettsom.

Jan. 11, 1791.

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I have two triumphs to relate for the credit of Mangel Wurzel: one is, that my cows shrink of their milk upon coming to turnips; although what I fed them with last was very late sown, and of that sort which does not rise above the ground, and was moreover very small and dirty; but my turnips are very good, and drawn into a fresh grass field. The other triumph is, that my friend, Mr. Coke, of Holkham, who has hitherto laughed at Mangel Wurzel, and cannot bear the taste of beet-root, will nevertheless sow some of it in his farm next year. He has a few plants now in his garden, of which I have begged some seed. They are the most perfect I ever saw. He pulled up one of them the other day, which he expected would require all his strength; but it came up so easily that he tumbled backwards. Carrying it to his farm-yard, it made his arms ache, so much so, as to convince him there was some substance in it. His cows refused it, but the swine fought like mine for it.

M. M.

LETTER LXXXII.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

London, Jan. 20, 1791.

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I am glad to hear any thing favourable to Mangel Wurzel. That potatoes may be equally prolific, and perhaps a preferable vegetable, I will not dispute; but that the Mangel Wurzel is an important article in agriculture I am convinced. I have from my little farm about a ton of roots for my pigs, which thrive and eat well. These roots were principally the product of little spots of waste land, or borders, which could not well have been devoted to any thing else.

I hope ere long to get some evenings, from other avocations, to complete a volume, to be entitled "Reflections at Grove Hill," in which Mangel Wurzel shall shew its countenance. It will be in company with potatoes, and some other subjects of vegetation: but, alas! I have been pursuing Time all my life, but never yet could get him by the forelock. I have usually 100 letters behind in my correspondence; and when I attempt to extricate myself from debt, a fresh importation involves me in renewed exertions.

I sincerely sympathize with thee in the distresses of the lower class of the community. Thy

sentiments do honour to human nature. Too many, enjoying the fulness of the good things of life, do not suffer their feelings to extend to the miseries of those around them. Mr. Pitt need not traverse your county to see the abject state of poverty: it abounds in the metropolis. With a packet I shall enclose a pamphlet, entitled "Of the Improvement of Medicine," in which I have given some account of the Poor of London. It never was in my power to grow rich. With an income of many thousands a year by my profession, I cannot save money. To the Giver of all our blessings we are answerable; and when I think of that interesting query, "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?" I reflect how indispensible is our duty to pay what we owe; but how can we pay it otherwise than by dispensing what we enjoy among those who lack? In this point of view, the rich man should be the most humble, because he is the greater debtor, and ultimately has the most to answer for. The moment I came of age, I found my chief property was in slaves, and without considering of future support, I gave them freedom, and began the world without fortune, without a friend, without person, and without address; and to this day I rejoice at an act which I pretend to no merit in; for I could not help it. The moment I returned to the West Indies, and saw my slaves, my heart melted, and I could not for my life make them labour by compulsion. To this day they send me presents and congratu-

lations, which are dearer to me than words can express; and yet, Sir Mordaunt, the Poor in England are harder worked, and, in many respects, more to be pitied. I believe our feelings are very similar, and were either of us in the station of Premier, we should study more to alleviate the burthens of the people, than to bring every thing into the vortex of government. I do not know how it has happened, that Lansdown (Shelburne) has lost his popularity; but he was a minister that would have done much, had he continued Premier: he often chalked out to me his plans; and there was a capaciousness and urbanity that could not but be admired. He honoured me lately with a visit at Grove Hill, accompanied by his amiable son, Lord Wickham.

J. C. L.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Sir M. Martin, Bart. to Dr. Lettsom.

Feb. 10, 1791.

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I enclose you the account Captain Nelson * sent me, which I will thank you to return at your leisure, with your comments upon it. When I

* Afterwards the renowned Lord Nelson. Ed.

read him that part of your last letter which mentions your having so nobly liberated your slaves, he asked me what part of the West Indies they were in, as in the islands, nobody can make a slave free without giving security to allow him a certain yearly stipend. M. M.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *March* 18, 1791.

I cannot help fearing that I have lost ground in your good opinion, by having incurred the appearance of an advocate for slavery, in stating to you some of the difficulties I think appear likely to attend its abolition by compulsion. Should I ever be convinced that it is possible to be effected without creating more misery than it would prevent, no man would wish more fervently than myself for the accomplishment of so desirable an end. I cannot help sending you the following quotation from my newspaper: "*National Assembly.* Mr. Dillon moved, that the Deputies of Negroes and Mulattoes in the West Indies should not be permitted to appear at the Bar. He added, that if such a permission should be granted them,

he trembled while he informed the Assembly, that the Colonies would be *lost for ever*. He was interrupted by several Members on the left side; but he persisted in affirming, that such a conduct in the Legislature, at a time when the Colonies are in a state of rebellion, would add fuel to the flames. He declaimed most vehemently against that *mistaken and fatal philanthropy, which is less calculated to benefit the human species, than to overthrow Empires and Governments*. He therefore moved, that the complaints of the Colonial States be referred to the proper Committee. The whole Assembly unanimously assented to his Motion, M. Pethion alone excepted." This tends to confirm the apprehensions I have imbibed from my friend Captain Nelson.

Yours, &c.

M. MARTIN.

LETTER LXXXV.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

Dear Sir, *London, April* 4, 1791.

How could my friend, Sir Mordaunt Martin, admit the suggestion, in his last letter, of having forfeited my good opinion? He once talked of a glass window that admitted a peep into the heart. I fancied I had pried into his, and found there

honour, generosity, candour, and frankness; but he has not opened the casement of mine, or he would not have imagined that I could have taken any offence from difference of speculative opinions on slavery. His friend's letter I twice perused, but no other person saw a line of it.

But to return to the slave trade: in giving my slaves their freedom I acted from an impulse I could not overcome. Those negroes constituted a decent patrimony; I was injured by my executor: so that when I revisited my native Island, I found myself some hundreds in debt; nevertheless, I emancipated my slaves, and left myself pennyless. I had youth and health, and I never feared the world, whilst I remained without a female to suffer with me. In six months my profession brought me about two thousand pounds, and placed me again above want. But I would not recommend my example to general imitation: it would neither serve the master, nor mend the slave. A relation of mine was anxious to follow my example, but my authority alone prevented him. As he desired me to shew his letters to some individuals, if I can find one or two of them I will send them for thy perusal, to be returned to me.

So far as I have seen of the treatment of negroes, it is best explained by the treatment of horses: some masters treat these animals better than they would their wives; others ride them, and flog them, and spur them unmercifully, fo

no manner of reason; so I have seen it with negroes. As the laws afforded them little protection, they were left to the caprice of their masters. Some, of humane dispositions, made their negroes as happy as themselves. A sweetheart of mine in the West Indies, had a numerous band of slaves. She was visited by the first people of the island—she herself, indeed, was the first—she had frequent routs *within* doors of these higher ranks—*without*, her negroes were permitted to dance and gambol with equal jocundity. She would often shew herself from her balcony to her numerous slaves, who sang her praises, which she deserved, and kissed, with gratitude, the chains she gently threw over them. I was of all her *tête-à-tête* parties. How I have been transported with her princely liberality, and their responses of gratitude! No wonder, Sir Mordaunt, if a heart like mine, warmed with *Creole* blood, and animated with the *friendship*, I had like to have said *love*, of this enchanting woman, with few friends and without money, address, or figure, as I then was, should feel some transports, not to be explained on paper, but which an old soldier will guess. Would not my friend, fond as he must be of liberty, yield to the slavery of such a mistress? But reverse the picture:—see a brute, in the shape of a man, without the controul of sentiment or law; and picture the misery of a slave subjected to his caprices! Such Brutes are too common; in short, the contrast is almost incredible. I was

once sent for to cut off the leg of a negro, who ran away from a hard-hearted master, and was caught again! I need not add how greatly I was shocked.

I am not quite clear, after all, whether it would be advisable to stop the slave-trade entirely. I think, however, it might be done with political safety; but, I am sure, it behoves this Government to make a code of laws to protect the negroes. This, I believe, is preparing in some of the Islands. In these laws I would allow a negro to purchase a day or days in the week by his industry, till he purchases his freedom. By thus introducing habits of industry, as the price of freedom, the negroes would learn to enjoy that blessing, which, if immediately bestowed, would turn them mad.

As most of our slaves were born and educated as such, they cannot entertain those sentiments of freedom which we enjoy. To possess freedom distinct from licentiousness, is a high degree of political acquirement. We, who are born free, are in a very different natural and political capacity from slaves: freedom to them would be a burthen. It is by a higher degree of refinement, and civilization, that the human mind is capable of attaining a proper sense of freedom. My idea is, that we should gradually prepare our slaves for this enjoyment, by habits of industry, as I before hinted, and by rendering these habits conducive to their happiness. I doubt not I could

raise a race of negroes in the West Indies, that would enrich themselves, their masters, and this kingdom.

Perhaps the present pursuit of the Americans, to make sugar from the sugar maple, may promote some change in the Islands. Several estates have been doubled in value, in a few months, by this method of procuring sugar. There are hundreds of miles of the maple, whose juice affords sugar, molasses, and vinegar, equal, nearly, to the West India, though inferior to the East India Company's, which is now becoming part of their imports. The grain of this possesses a body and a strength that renders it superior to any thing ever known in Europe.

I think I told Sir Mordaunt, that the following question had been proposed by a learned body, (the Medical Society of London) "What are the diseases of great towns, and the best means of preventing them?" I put in for the prize, little expecting success; but so it happened that it was adjudged to me; and though it is but of ten guineas value in metal, I value it above 500*l.* My Essay consisted of 30 folio pages, chiefly written in my carriage; but it occupied so much time, that I was compelled to neglect my correspondents, who amount, I believe, to about two hundred. My Essay took in the History of London; but I see no time to prepare it for the press. I believe I must leave it as a post-mortuary legacy *.

* This MS. which on many accounts is extremely valuable, is now in the possession of the Editor. It may probably soon be published.

So far I had written at midnight, when I sought my bed; and this morning being called out of it, I resume my scribbling, whilst my carriage is getting ready. This gives me time to read afresh the gentleman's letter on the Negroes, which I admire, as a felicitous description of misery, about their lands, and their flocks, and their comforts. It brought to my recollection the question of Lysimachus, when all the feats of Alexander, his general and prince, were related to him, and whose standard he had long followed: "Where was I," he asked, "when all these feats were acted?" I have been in the West Indies, but the account in this letter is nearly a fable to me. I know that little portions of land are sometimes granted; and also that these portions are taken from them as soon as cultivated. Some have gone raving mad from such cruelty. I have been acquainted with the smaller Islands only, where perhaps there is, in proportion, less urbanity than is found among the greater tyrants. I will say, that many of our poor labour harder than many, many slaves.

I approve sincerely of thy philanthropic sentiments towards the abject poor. Government is grasping at money; parasites are paid and fattened as appears by the red-book, whilst the poor are sweating to support the affluence of others. As Government will not hear the cries of the poor, the time will come when they must hear the loud voice of want and misery. The evil is accumu-

lating, and must, ere long, be too great for confinement; it must burst through the mound of oppression, and a revolution of some degree must ensue.

The cry of the poor is not heard in the louder cry of the Minister for *Revenue, Revenue, Revenue.* If a war with Russia breaks out, more taxes, more revenue. Another million of debt may do more for the poor than all our previous reasonings, by bringing us back to first principles, and a greater equality of the comforts of life. My prayer is, that Ministers may avert the storm by a wiser and a more œconomical policy.

If I did not acknowledge before, I now do, the receipt of the seeds of drum-head cabbage, which I mean to cultivate, as I had done before. I want about half an ounce of the seeds of Swedish turnip; but I intend to write to Dr. Anderson for some. The Doctor appears to me to be a gentleman of candour and liberality, with a disposition laudably inquisitive.

I have just received a letter from Sir William Lee, of Hartwell, a practical man, who says, "I find both the leaves and root of this plant (Mangel Wurzel) excellent, both for fattening cattle, and for dairy cows, whose butter is greatly improved in flavour thereby." This experience, with my own, is sufficient to exonerate this vegetable from the suspicion which Sir Mordaunt has suggested. I never yet saw the least inconvenience result from its use. This intelligent person has sent me

some pounds of his own Mangel Wurzel seed, and I shall enclose some of it for thy acceptance. The time of sending off the parcel I hope to announce in the postscript.

I suppose this long letter has given thee a soporific for bed; but although it is a very desultory one, my desire is to evince how sincerely

I am

Thy assured Friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Sir M. MARTIN, Bart. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *April* 17, 1791.

I had this day the satisfaction of the following proof of the excellence of Mangel Wurzel, in the presence of two of the best farmers in this neighbourhood, who are known to be no friends to novel practices. Their respectable characters make me proud to mention their names: Mr. Layton, late of Burnham Overy, now of North Creak; and Mr. John Wright, of Stanhoe. I kept eleven cows in my yard, from ten o'clock in the morning (when they had finished my turnip rooted cabbages) till four in the afternoon, and then turned them into a piece of fresh grass, of which there was plenty, and at the farther end of which I had

strewed promiscuously two wheel-barrows-full of Mangel Wurzel, and as many Ox-Noble Potatoes, which had both been kept in hollow trenches, of four feet wide, and covered with a little straw, and a considerable thickness of mould, piled to an edge like the roof of a house. The field is close to the public road at the end of this town; and I called in every person I knew who passed; who were all convinced of the decided preference the cows shewed to the Mangel Wurzel. They then went to the potatoes, and the grass last; which, till we saw it, every one of us would have wagered a hundred to one they would have taken first. I think I have at least a fortnight's store of this delicious food, and should there be more, I have proved, that by moving it into a barn, and covering it well with straw, I can keep it perfect for my swine, till those of this year will be fit for use. Had the season of this year been like the Spring of 1789, they would have been worth a great deal of money. As it is, I shall have my barley sown before many of my neighbours will have cleared their land of turnips, though they begged their friends to take them for nothing, after they had exhausted their land more than a crop of corn. If I should be forced to mow a few acres for hay more than I expected, it will at least create some manure for my farm.

Yours, &c.

M. MARTIN.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

London, May 27, 1791.

Dear Sir Mordaunt,

Although I am in debt for four letters now by me, I must answer the last I have received in the first place. Sir William Lee, Bart. who is a warm advocate of Mangel Wurzel, sent me lately some remarkably fine seed, part of which I now transmit; as it was a present, so I forward it to thee, with permission to demand thy own price, and to give the product to any charity or poor persons in your neighbourhood. I would previously advise, that thou take for thyself as much as may ensure a decent produce on thy four acres appropriated to Mangel Wurzel.

Yesterday we finally settled the monument of Mr. Howard, the visitor of Prisons, which is to be placed in St. Paul's; the statue and accompaniments are to be executed by Bacon in marble, for 1800 guineas. We have already raised £1000, and I do not doubt success in completing the whole amount.

Perhaps thou would observe by the newspapers the death of M. Frehouven, Baron Hugueton. He lived in a garret, and during his illness denied himself the use of a farthing candle and a nurse.

Mrs. Augè, with whom he lodged, paid for the first, and supplied herself the place of a nurse. I attended this patient, and thought him, at first, a poor man. I soon, however, learnt, that his income was £17,000 a year, and his annual expences £50. The prints say he died worth £400,000; but I have reason to think it is £100,000 more. He has left, for propagating the Gospel, £90,000; £40,000 to the Philanthropic Society; and £20,000 towards cleansing Dublin of vagrants. He had few relations, and those he would not see. What surprized me most, he died with the calmness of a Christian. A little before his illness he went to the Bank for his dividend on £300,000; but the clerk, not knowing him, refused to pay it, thinking that a man clothed in the habit of poverty, could not possess the property of a prince. I hope and believe he has remembered the Humane Society; but I do not yet know the particulars of his will.

To revert again to Howard's Monument: we had Mr. Whitbread, the brewer, at our committee, in the chair. He asked me what sum I wished him to subscribe: I answered £100; he replied, I consent to put down what you like, Dr. Lettsom.

It affords me singular pleasure that a gentleman of thy nice discernment approvest of my ideas of gradually liberating negro slaves. As to provision for the poor among them, no difficulty would result; but perhaps it would occupy too much space to enter now on the subject.

I have never yet seen the paragraph respecting my son's oration at St. Paul's. He is thought by those who know him, one of the most accomplished youths in Europe. I think I can say, without bias, of any individual I ever yet knew, he possesses the most moral rectitude. He never offended me in his life. I never saw such inflexible rectitude. When an infant, as soon as he could speak, if at table he said he did not choose any thing more, whatever cakes or enticements came on table, he never changed his mind; and this without a single precept from me: for I never yet had occasion to give him advice, and wish myself I had half his stability, or his erudition. Sir Mordaunt will say, "I see the parent." But every body says the same. He is universally beloved—all the servants,—the cats, the dogs, every thing loves him. Old men court his company—he can philosophize with them,—he can amuse the young,—correct the gay,—and fix society to propriety.

With respect to the poor laws, and the political fortunes of our governors, our opinions are in unison; at the same time the simple plan which thou once suggested to me, would annihilate the poor's rates in 60 years.

Thy sincere Friend,

J. C. Lettsom.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From the same.

London, July 11, 1791.

Dear Sir Mordaunt,

For the taciturnity of a whole month I make no apology, because I know none will be demanded. I often long to write to my friend, but successive contingencies rob me of time. I am the more solicitous to write, from the avaricious motive of hearing from thee the sooner. This urges me to take up the pen without matter, in expectation of acquiring some from thee. Of all the letters with which I have been favoured, none has given me more pleasure than thy last, of the 13th of June. I have daily perused it, and the last time with as much enjoyment as the first. That Sir Mordaunt has a heart, every line evinces. The sentiments which result from the anecdotes of the horse, the dog, and the cat, prove how much an old soldier can feel. Happy are they in whom Heaven is pleased to inspire sentiments like these: the offspring of a heart humanized, and of intellect truly refined! Perhaps our persons may not bear similitude; but I trust, with grateful submission, that our hearts harmonize—The sheath or scabbard may be differently ornamented, but the sword is set to the same edge.

Suffer me, however, to censure, where censure is due. Why did I not know that some part of thy family were resident in my neighbourhood? Could it have been suspected that I could have known it without waiting upon the ladies? With their amiable characters I had long been acquainted at a distance: why was I not permitted to bring them nearer to me? These queries I put as charges, which should not have been applied to me had any branch of my family visited Burnham. Lately, when my gardener asked for a few days to go into Norfolk, I enjoined him to wait upon Sir Mordaunt, if he strolled within 20 miles of his seat. I mention this as a counterpart to the young ladies. However I forgive thee this once, and shall now speak of thy son, with that freedom which thy letter encourages. The character given by his master is, in my opinion, highly flattering; he is, in some measure, deficient in memory, but his *apprehension is quick, and his application is great;* the two last will amply compensate for the defect of the first. Many, I might say most, of the distinguished characters in medicine, have risen rather by application, than by the advantages of memory: for those who are blest with the latter faculty, are very often indolent, and thereby lose more in proportion from the want of industry. Brilliancy is not distinguished for solidity. Success in physic depends more upon judgment than quickness of memory. The first probes to the bottom, the latter skims the surface. I know, where

both are combined, the character will become more elevated; but they rarely associate; and the want of memory may be assisted by art. This defect is my lot. I believe I possess industry. I made artificial tables of my own; and, by arrangement and art, I appear to those who know no better, to possess memory. I suppose I have 40,000 notes, which I can refer to. Some years since I was desired to deliver an oration at a short notice. This I effected by my notes, and my auditory thought I possessed memory in a high degree, but, alas! it was factitious. This oration, on the History of Medicine prior to the Trojan war, I believe I sent thee, but for fear of mistake, I will now inclose the performance for thy son; and with it, for thyself, some seeds of the true Turkey Rhubarb, with a plan of a new Hospital and Infirmary, which I am endeavouring to establish at Margate, for the poor of London, whose diseases require sea-water. Last Wednesday I set out for this sea-girt town, staid two hours, and returned the same day, 144 miles in the day and night. I purchased two acres of land for the Structure, and formed a committee at Margate to correspond with one in London. What a chasm! What an epocha in my life did this seem to be! During the last 19 years, not one holiday have I taken, and this will probably be the last of my life, unless sickness compels me to seek leisure. Often do I wish for new resources to alleviate the woe, which in this metropolis abounds, and will abound. I almost envied the wealth of the

Dutchman Frehouven, whom I lately attended: what good might have been effected with his income of £17,000 a-year!

To return to thy son. Do not despair of physic—in my old age I may lend a hand; nay, I would lend two to serve the son of Sir Mordaunt, could my services be deemed of use.

To-day I received a letter from America, mentioning some honours conferred upon me. These, however, are of little moment; but, what pleased me more, a bust of Washington is now on the Thames. I have not yet seen it, though I long for the pleasure. My library at Grove-hill is about 45 feet long. I am ornamenting it with busts, among which Washington must be conspicuous. Speaking of America, the progress of it is astonishing. Within two years, some of my friends who laid out money there, for every hundred pounds have realized one thousand. Their debt pays regularly every quarter interest. One of my tenants had, half a year ago, £30,000. He offered me some, which I did not accept. He has sold it at 15 per cent profit. My correspondent, who is an American, says, that he himself is struck with amazement at the progress of this new continent, and he is no party man. I was about to buy 10,000 acres for £800, but before I could settle the bargain at such a distance, it rose to £2000, and by this time, now a year ago, I suppose it is doubled!

Thou must remember the affair of Bunker's hill last war, when Major Pitcairn fell. A friend of

mine, lately at my house on a visit from Boston, was a particular acquaintance of the Major's, and this officer was beloved by all parties. My friend loved him as a father, although he is an American born and bred. The Major received 30 balls through his body. He was brought into Boston, and buried in the King's church, in a vault by himself in a close coffin, in his regimentals, and is at this moment in a perfect state. I informed Drs. Pitcairn, the brother and the son, of the circumstance, who requested my friend to send the Major to England, and I hope and believe he accompanies my bust of Washington. Brave officers and humane, however adverse you once were, you have (I trust) void of animosity traversed the Atlantic! As history will record you as heroes, may politic oblivion render you associates and friends, in those calm shades where refined intellect alone can enter and associate! In that state, divested of all human follies and animosities, may the glorious virtues which actuated you, survive and flourish in a clime, where virtue alone unites the Christian heroes of all nations and of all degrees!

I had something else to say, but my bed-fellow has been asleep two hours, and I must leave my friend to seek my rib, and therefore bid him

Adieu!

J. C. Lettsom.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From the same.

My Dear Friend, *London, Sept.* 6, 1791.

Knowing, as I do, the difficulties attendant on the medical profession, I confess I feel a reluctance in recommending the pursuit of it; and yet I can say, were I to commence life anew, I know of no profession, arduous as it is, that I should so cordially embrace. The delay in acquiring employment, and the solicitude attending it, especially from the fatality which shades the best exertions of skill, may be urged against it; but I think a humane physician, who evinces by his conduct a tender interest in the recovery of his patient, never loses reputation by an event which no human means could prevent; on the contrary, oftentimes nearer attachments are acquired: for the sympathy of the physician makes him appear almost as one of the family, and mutual anxiety begets mutual endearment. This I have felt and seen daily, and sometimes the pleasures of rational melancholy, if I may so term it, are the most permanent, and the most consolatory to a feeling heart. On the other hand, when health follows skill, what pleasures result! Well might it be said by Cicero, "Nothing brings men nearer the gods than by giving health to their fellow creatures." You are a guardian

angel of the family, and a deity of health, and the sensations of your own breast are inexpressibly delightful. But it is not a lucrative profession. It is a divine one. It is above money, and is "not to be dealt in by attorneyship," as Shakspeare says of Love.

Were I a Legislator, I should like to have in my jurisdiction all the three thousand different kinds of religion that are said to be in the world. To see the various ways of addressing the Father of all, must be a glorious sight to a pious mind, and must, I think, be acceptable to the Author of our Being.

The constitutions of men are as unlike as their faces, and the bent of thought perhaps as dissimilar; but when all, though various in opinion, unite in the great act of adoration, the multiplicity of religions appears to augment the solemnity and grandeur of it. How irrational and impious then was it to destroy the property of the Birmingham Dissenters, and particularly of that man who, a century hence, will be ranked as the first luminary of the present age!

Remember me to the partner of thy bed, and the young shoots; and believe me

Thine, respectfully,

J. C. Lettsom.

LETTER XC.

Sir M. MARTIN, Bart. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *Sept.* 17, 1791.

I hope no one who has ever heard me mention your name thinks any thing was wanting to enhance my veneration of your character; but when a man, who tells me in one letter "that with an income of many thousands a year from his profession he cannot grow rich;" in another, "that his profession has allowed him but one holiday in nineteen years;" and in the next, "that it has not suffered him to sleep in his own bed for thirteen following nights;" and I find that man saying, "yet were I to commence life anew, I know of no profession, arduous as it is, that I would so cordially embrace;" can I withhold an enthusiastic rapture, at finding myself deemed worthy the notice of such a man? That my son may prove really so, seems the best earthly wish I can entertain for him; indeed, as it is wishing him a heavenly mind, it ought to be my fervent prayer. As to the probability of his taking a turn for the medical profession, I yet see no chance of it. If a man be "born a poet," how much more a physician! which, I fully agree with you, is "a divine profession." How nobly have you described the glorious joys attending it! The balance of account between satisfaction and

remorse, was jocosely stated by Dr. Warren to Lady Spencer, who had said, she thought the frequent reflection, that a different treatment might have saved their patients, must embitter the lives of medical men. He told her, that the balance was greatly in favour of satisfaction, for he hoped to cure her forty times before he killed her once. As to the profits, they are more likely to attend real merit in this than in any other profession. I have here seen as worthless a wretch as ever lived commanding the whole country by his professional fame, till he murdered himself by drinking in endeavouring to smother the thoughts of his misconduct. So far was he from wishing "to see all the various ways of addressing the Father of all," that he tried to persuade himself, that blind chance produced all the enrapturing scenes of Nature, and that any idea of spiritual life was irrational. He argued, "that the soul of man was never discovered by dissection." Could he have found a butterfly by dissecting a caterpillar?

That a mob should behave "irrationally and impiously" is no wonder. Every fresh instance of it will, I hope, contribute to shew those who mean well how injudicious it is to draw together a set of wretches, whose collected force is more difficult to direct than that of gunpowder or steam. The pecuniary loss in these cases, as far as can be ascertained, falls on the public; and the valuable, perhaps irretrievable, manuscripts, which have been destroyed, may also be reckoned a public

loss. May the examples of the poor wretches, who have forfeited their lives, prove a public benefit! Would to God some other mode than legal murder could be adopted for that purpose; and if it is not within the plans of unerring Wisdom, that the true spirit of brotherly love should yet pervade the universe, may it at least lead us to promote it by our example, as far as our influence extends.

I hope this is not an arrogant wish in

Your sincere Friend,

M. MARTIN.

LETTER XCI.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

London, Dec. 31, 1791.

Dear Sir Mordaunt,

Respecting the medical pursuits of thy son, thou observest that every one is not born a poet. However just this may be in degree, yet by early attention, there are few plants but may be shaped into the figure we choose the tree to acquire. Medicine is rather a practical than a brilliant art, and depends upon study as much as genius. Poverty led me to physic. I was placed with a country apothecary, whose fee was moderate. I had no particular predilection for medicine. I never pos-

sessed genius; my memory was bad; I made dictionaries and tables of my own invention, to assist memory; I formed indexes of what I read; and by industry acquired something. I came to London, and saw Dr. Fothergill; my ambition was inflamed, and I dared then to say, London shall be my theatre; but having no more money than to carry me through the hospitals, I could not attend many lectures, and upon this depended my improvement; for instead of hearing and learning of lecturers, I was compelled to learn at the bed of sickness. Here I saw nature, and learnt my art without the leading-strings of professors. I acquired an early habit of behaving with kindness to the sick, and having known want, I knew how to sympathize with distress. After two years in an hospital, I went to the West Indies to get assistance to bring me upon the theatre I now act. Six months abroad enabled me to revisit London, Edinburgh, and Leyden, and ultimately to sit down in the first city; and I know not why any other person, with £500, may not do the same.

Yours, respectfully,

J. C. Lettsom.

LETTER XCII.

From the same.

London, April 27, 1792.

Dear Sir Mordaunt,

Thy letter of the 20th of January, makes me blush, when I find another of the 30th of March, still unanswered. Both were acceptable, and both accumulating upon me new and additional obligations. Accept my thanks for the gigantic turkey, which faced with gallantry and undismay a group of different nations and sects. I had Sir John Peter, Consul at Ostend, Professor Blumenbach from Göttingen, besides a Scotchman, an Irishman, a Dane, an American, a West Indian, a Papist, a Presbyterian, a Quaker, a No Religion, a Sandemanian, and a Staunch Churchman, who all agreed in one Creed, that the dead Philistine or Titan merited their united benediction.

It was an entertainment that afforded me much gratification, perhaps more so, from the admired philanthropy of the donor. Happy sacrifice to the appetite of man, that thou shouldst effect more concord among different nations and sects, than even Reason, the proudest and sublimest of all man's gifts!

My eldest son leaves me next Monday, to spend two years on the Continent of Europe. He travels

under the care of my worthy friend Dr. Sims, President of the Medical Society of London. They will visit Flanders, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Prussia, &c. He will remain under Professor Blumenbach, about two years, at Göttingen. I shall afterwards send him to Edinburgh, Leyden, and perhaps Paris again. After this plan is effected, I do not care how soon he pushes me out of business.

I remain, Thine, &c.

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER XCIII.

Sir M. MARTIN, *Bart. to Dr.* LETTSOM.

Dear Doctor, *May* 17, 1792.

Notwithstanding the tenets of your persuasion do not inculcate any care about steeple houses, yet the commendations you have, on different occasions, so liberally bestowed upon the respectable part of our clergy, and the sublime wish you have expressed of seeing all the different modes of worshipping the Deity, assure me that you had rather see the ceremonies of the established religion of this country performed in decent places of worship, than in such miserable hovels as it is in too many of our country parishes. I therefore presume the inclosed "Outlines of a Plan for alleviating the

Poor's Rates, &c." will not meet with the less of your warm support for including a view to the repair of Churches. And to the more rigid members of your society, it may recommend itself by its tendency to lower (and in time prevent) church rates. I am aware that the money cannot be collected without time and attention, which we are apt to undervalue when they are required (perhaps in larger portions) for our amusements, but when demanded on account of business, they often appear inestimable. For by miscalling this *trouble*, it conveys the idea of the most frightful bugbear imaginable, and we run behind every screen to endeavour to avoid it. — I am flattered by being deemed expert (that is rational) in trimming a vine or a gooseberry-bush. I can leave such buds as will furnish wood for branches, or with a prospect of fruit when I wish for it, and can remove such shoots as would deprive them of nourishment. May not this be compared to that part of my plan which relates to the distribution of the money? I have also a practice by which I furnish juices to the fibres of new-planted trees, or such as, by being overloaded with fruit, or too much crowded by other plants, would not be able to support themselves. I take a common garden-pot of a size proportioned to the occasion, and making a little puddle, rub the bottom of the pot into it, and then let it dry, until it forms such a bed for itself, as prevents more water escaping than what settles into the earth from the hole in the centre of the pot,

which I keep replenishing with water as I find it absorbed. By these means the exhalation being less, the supply constant, a small quantity of water is furnished with more efficacy than a much larger quantity in the common way. I wish to compare these drops of water to the half-pence which strangers would, by my plan, bring to every parish. But, alas! in my plan I have to guard against the illiberal selfishness of mankind, and in my practice I have nothing to consult but the regular effects of nature. And if men will not concur in measures which have an evident tendency to promote the *public good*, I fear that no arguments, nor any powers of the legislature, can drive them to it. I am not, however, aware of any mischief which can attend a trial of this plan; and unless I knew of any imposts which bear equally on all, and are not evaded in some degree by individuals, I think I have reason to hope that the regulations proposed by my plan are capable of being sufficiently enforced to answer the very desirable ends for which they are proposed.

I am sure it is needless to urge your friendship to point out any faults which partiality to this bantling of mine has prevented my seeing, and to improve it by any additions which your more extensive information may enable you to make to it, before it is submitted to the public by

Your obliged and sincere Friend,

M. MARTIN.

Outlines of a Plan which, it is presumed, would (without subverting any of the established Laws of the Kingdom) promote Industry and Population, and the real Liberty of Individuals, alleviate the very unequal Burthen of the Poor's Rates, gradually annihilate them, and restore many of our Country Churches to a decent State, (which are, at present, in a condition which must be deemed a disgrace to any Establishment,) at the same time that it would reduce the Church Rates.

Whereas it is a frequent practice to refuse granting certificates to persons who could, by earning more money in a different parish than that to which they belong, benefit themselves, their families, and the community, more than by being compelled to earn less where they do belong, it is proposed, that all persons who can prove that they, or their properties, are assessed to the poor's rates in any part of the kingdom, at so much as has, upon an average of the three preceding years, amounted to three pence per week, be free to reside and exercise their lawful occupations in any place where established local prohibitions do not prevent them. And that every person, not being a parishioner, nor assessed in any other parish or parishes, to the amount of three pence per week to the poor's rates, shall pay, or cause to be paid, to some one of the parish officers or their deputies, one halfpenny for each day, except Sundays, while he or

she shall reside in the said parish, or exercise any trade or employment, for which he or she is paid by any parishioner or inhabitant of the said parish; the parish officers and their deputies to be furnished with proper books, in which to enter the payments, which books shall be exhibited at all vestry meetings, and to the magistrates acting for the district, when required by any of them. Any person liable to the said payments, not making them at least once in eight days, to incur a mulct of triple the amount of the sum due; which shall be proved before a justice of the peace; ninefold for the second offence; and for the third to be liable to be punished as a rogue and a vagabond.

Any person whatever, so long as he or she shall pay, or cause to be paid, one halfpenny per day to the parish fund where he or she resides, shall not be liable to be removed by being deemed "likely to become chargeable:" but shall, nevertheless, thereby be deemed parishioners of the said parish.

And it is hoped that no person, who is no where assessed to the amount of one half-penny per day to the poor's rates, would complain of paying this trifle towards the relief of those from whom they may, in many instances, be said to take their maintenance, especially as they will certainly charge it to whoever employs them, unless they are aware that their employers could get the work done by their own parishioners. Let every person pay to the said fund a small sum upon being registered

as a parishioner, as soon as the law deems him or her to belong to any parish in which he or she was not born; women introduced to a parish by marriage excepted: who should be registered gratis.

Let all penalties which the law directs to be paid to the poor of the parish, be added to this fund, instead of being immediately distributed. In like manner let all money taken from the fathers of bastards, to compound for the future care of their children, (which sum should be limited,) be added to this fund, and not spent before the demand occurs.

The tax upon births and burials is thought to be more productive of distress to poor individuals, than of benefit to the revenue; but has been said to be kept up for the purpose of ascertaining the state of population. It would be equally so, applied to this fund; and, as it would be collected without expence, would probably be paid less reluctantly. A small tax upon dogs could hardly be objected to, in addition to this fund.

The principal of which should be paid at the quarter session (or any time deemed more convenient), to the clerk of the peace (or other officer thought more proper), to be remitted to an office in London, empowered by Parliament to invest it in similar securities to those in which the properties of wards in chancery are vested, in the names of the respective parishes; which office should remit the interest arising from it to the clerk of the

peace (or other officer deemed more proper) of each county, to be paid to the officers of each parish at the quarter sessions (or times considered more convenient).

No poor's-rate to be levied in any parish until this interest be distributed to the satisfaction of the parishioners, and such magistrates as sign the rules.

Every parish to be allowed, once in twenty-one years, to draw for one-third of their capital, to be applied to the repair of the church, or any other parish purpose, which may, by the minister and parish officers (or vestry), with the consent of the magistrates of the district, be found to require it.

Should the interest of any parish fund exceed the demand for the necessary relief of the paupers belonging to such parish, so far as to leave more than one year's interest in the hands of the officers of any parish, such surplus to be paid to the Quarter Sessions (or, &c.) to the county fund, to be in like manner formed into the permanent fund, and the interest only applied to the purposes of the county rates; by which means such parishes as, by being less populous than the tillage of their land requires, and of course less burthened with the poor, would pay most to the county rates, and be induced to encourage parishioners to settle in them, instead of practising the tricks they now do to prevent it.

LETTER XCIV.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Dec.* 3, 1792.

It is evident to the world that you do not sleep that life away which you dedicate so uninterruptedly to the benefit of it. If I may judge of the pleasure you enjoy in your success, from the transient moments I have experienced of hoping I might render some service to my fellow creatures, I must set you down as an object of laudable envy. I think Dr. Falconer does not mention envy among the human passions; and I own in its general sense, it seems beneath the dignity of human nature; but as far as it can prompt me even to wish to seek the same end by the same means, it is surely as properly to be called a virtue, as a poet has said "War makes ambition virtue." I did not feel the truth of that assertion, and quitted the trade. God grant that the conduct of those who started with disclaiming it for themselves and their posterity, may not involve us in the horrors of it! Well may we be astonished at the events in France; but, thank God, we may yet speak our minds on either side of the question, which is more than I believe many there feel, with all their Liberty and Equality; and I hope the fate of those who first courted popularity with the mob there, will be a caution to those among us who

wish to repair our old mansion, how they take the keystone out of an arch without first securely propping it.

I should have began my letter with thanks to you for your valuable cargo of books, the intrinsic value of which is not reduced by my son's not being likely to make the use of them I could have wished; as the result of a consultation with him and my relation, Earl Spencer, is, that his lordship has promised his patronage to him in the line my son preferred—the church. Although your religious persuasion admits of no priests, you have exhibited so much candour, acknowledging the merits of exemplary clergymen, that I cannot help assuring you, that not only you, but your sect, meet with equal candour from them. My brother-in-law, who is one, was lately expressing his admiration of the conduct of quakers in a large company, when one of his assertions was combated by a lawyer present, who could not, however, contradict it. It was, that he could not produce an instance of a quaker arraigned for a criminal offence. I am not conversant with the Newgate kalendar, nor do I suppose you to be; but if such an instance ever did occur, I am convinced your whole fraternity feels it too sensibly not to remember it; and I promised to ask you when such a thing did happen. If it never did, why could it not be prevented in the professors of other religions?

Yours, &c.

M. MARTIN.

LETTER XCV.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

London, Oct. 15, 1793.

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My son, is just arrived from Göttingen, after nearly two years' absence, much improved. He stays with me to the end of this month, and then departs for Edinburgh. He will be of age on Christmas Eve, a period when some people make their neighbours and tenants dead drunk; to me it will be one of joy; but I hope to express it in a different way.

I think some philosopher proposed to illuminate a whole kingdom by means of the inflammable matter of iron; and that one cannon would supersede the use of candles for a province at least. A friend of mine has lately discovered the art of changing human flesh, particularly the fleshy part, into spermaceti candles. This is not a fable. He means to light up the large room of the Royal Society with the leg of a man. I advised him to go to the swamps of Dunkirk, to Lyons, Weissemberg, La Vendée, or Toulon, where he might find materials sufficient to supersede all the tallow of Russia. If this project succeed, we shall refine on the custom of the ancients in burning their dead. We may burn our friends over a supper or a pipe.

This scheme may puzzle the Materialists about collecting the remains against the last day. My friend has promised me some human candles; but my wife will not suffer them to be burnt.

I remember that when Montgolfier discovered the art of flying in the air, it was discredited by philosophers in London. Of one I won a wager on the occasion. When this discovery was made, poor Smeathman, who first proposed the Sierra Leone scheme for settling blacks, was in Paris, and gave me, twice a week, the best information on this *then* curious subject; and when I read his letters among the circle of my friends, they said I was duped by him. Execrable L'Egalité was one of those whom he described as an early balloon adventurer. He ascended in a grand car at that time: he will soon, or ought soon, to ascend in a more fatal species: the long-merited reward of a wretch who could publicly vote for the death of a good-natured prince, his near kinsman; who, if not innocent, was guilty from inadvertence; who wished, I believe, beyond any prince then in Europe, the Crown Prince of Denmark excepted, to render his people happy; who sacrificed the prerogatives of the crown to serve his subjects, and was disposed to stand as a barrier between the lower classes and the proud aristocracy; the latter he long considered with more jealousy than even the *Sans-culottes*. Excuse this digression in favour of a worthy character, as I feel a pleasure in avowing my sentiments in favour of the late Louis; and

dislike of the conduct of the French lawgivers, accusers, and judges. But however mad I think the French are, I would not hence infer, we are acting right, because I think we are unwise and impolitic in our present useless crusades in favour of Austria and Russia, the only two powers we need to fear, and which are inimical to us. We ought to have supported the French immediately after Louis had accepted the Constitution, and thus have prevented the war, and established a limited monarchy in France. Prussia should have protected Poland as a barrier against Russia, and leagued with France as a security against Austria, and England should have remained the arbiter of peace, and the umpire and glory of the world.

J. C. L.

LETTER XCVI.

Sir M. Martin, Bart. to Dr. Lettsom.

Nov 6, 1793.

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A Scheme to alleviate the Poor's Rates.

Whereas, it is a common practice to take a sum of money from the father of a bastard, which contributes to lower the rates for that year, and leaves a permanent charge upon the parish, it is proposed to establish an Office to receive these sums,

and all others which it may be found expedient to add to *an increasing fund*: such as the penalties already directed by law to be paid to the poor of the parish; those inflicted by magistrates for trespasses, &c.

That upon burying in any thing but woollen, the tax upon registering births and burials, to which might be added one upon being registered on becoming a parishioner by any other means than birth or marriage; and an exemption to every person who should pay a half-penny a day to it, from being moveable till they should become chargeable.

Were employers to be made responsible for a half-penny a day, (or more in proportion to wages,) for all labourers and workmen, not belonging to the parish, and liable to pay double for neglect, with a reward to informers, it would induce occupiers of land to encourage persons to become parishioners, instead of their present endeavours to depopulate the country; the effects of which were severely felt in many places by the quantity of corn spoiled, and the exorbitant wages paid in the harvest of 1792.

Payments to be made to the parish in which the master should reside, who should employ persons to work for him in other parishes. This would avoid disputes, and be some compensation for the number of persons (useless to agriculture) who are fixed upon country parishes by apprenticeship and service to those who pay very little to the rates.

Monthly or weekly returns to be made to the overseers, of strangers employed, and the wages they earned, and the money to be paid quarterly.

The capital to be vested on similar securities as the property of wards in chancery.

The interest to be remitted to the clerk of the peace, who should, at the quarter sessions, receive the principal sums collected by the parish officers, and pay them the preceding interest due, to be disbursed under the same limitation as the poor's rates are. Before any rate should be levied in the respective parishes, the account to be exhibited at all vestry meetings, and to the magistrates acting for each district. Whenever it shall appear that the overseers of any parish shall have more than one year's interest in hand, such surplus to be paid to the county rate. And when any parish shall have contributed to the county rate for a specified number of years, such parish to be entitled to draw for a certain portion of its capital, to be applied to repair the church, or any other work which should be recommended by such of the parishioners as should pay two-thirds of the rates, and be approved by the majority of magistrates who should have acted a specified time for the district.

Should their number be equal, the one who should have acted longest for the district, to have the casting vote.

Addition to the Scheme to alleviate the Poor's Rates, &c.

It is a common complaint, that the lower class of people seldom save any thing in their youth to prevent their becoming burthensome to their parishes in age.

I know three instances to the contrary within a stone's throw of my door. Two of them lent their money to neighbours who became insolvent. The third bought cottages, and lives comfortable in one of them now, as he works constantly with me, but the last time I had no employment for him, he was many weeks (I think thirteen) without a day's work; because the farmers knew he could not claim relief from the parish while he lived under his own roof.

In an adjoining parish (North Creak) I am told there have been two attempts to establish a box club. But from heavy charges in the outset, they have both become bankrupt.

Are not these disheartening circumstances to men who must pinch themselves hard indeed to save what they have so little prospect of enjoying comfort from?

Could not agents be appointed (in the first instance) by such persons as pay two-thirds of the poor's rates in every parish (or larger district as might be found convenient), who should find sureties in proportion to the money that would pass through their hands; in receiving quarterly such

sums as each individual in the district should bring to him, to be remitted to the office in London proposed to alleviate the poor's rates, &c. to be invested, in the name of the district, in a collective fund from all the districts in the kingdom, on similar securities to the property of wards in chancery *?

Such interest as should be deemed by the inspectors of the office appointed by Parliament a proper dividend, to be remitted at stated periods to the agents of each district, to pay to individuals in proportion to their capital.

Deducting from the whole, such a poundage as should be fixed, to pay him for his trouble. The sum to be subscribed, by each person, at one time, not to exceed what should be limited, to prevent the wealthy from crowding in large sums, to gain influence, and lower the dividends to those for whose benefit the scheme is proposed.

Every person to have a power of transferring his stock,† upon quitting a parish, to any other actual parishioner, and of bequeathing it at his death, with

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* This plan has, in a great measure, been carried into effect by the establishment of Saving-Banks. Ed.

† My wish to alleviate the poor's rates suggested this restriction, to prevent parishioners disposing of their property in their life time. But considering that preventing parents from fitting out their children, would have an evil tendency, and hinder them from vesting their little savings in this fund, it would, perhaps, be best to leave every one the power of calling in what part of their capital they please, by giving a limited notice to the agent.

as little expence as possible, and his heirs to be allowed to receive it within a limited time, with as little trouble as possible. Many lapses would probably happen, and the fractions in the interest, which would not divide to a quarter *per cent.* at each payment, being vested as capital, for the benefit of the district, would soon raise the interest to individuals, higher than that paid for the gross sum.

And no person being admitted to subscribe to the fund of any parish in which he had not been registered as a parishioner, would contribute to increase the fund for the relief of the poor, and to fix people to parishes.

And when the fund of any district should amount to a certain proportion of the property assessed to the poor's rates, then such contributors as should subscribe two-thirds of the money should elect their own agent, who should find the same proportionable sureties as before. The agents of each district to make returns at stated periods, to the office in London, of the gross amount of capital, which would be called for at the following period. And the broker of the office should (under the direction of the inspectors) against that time, sell out of the public funds, or call in such sums from securities as should produce the highest proportion of capital to be remitted to the agents of districts, to be divided, in proportion to the individuals, and any remaining fractions go to the capital of the districts.

M. M.

LETTER XCVII.

From the same.

Burnham, Dec. 19, 1794.

A neighbour lately repeated to me an epigram* which, though written in the first person, is not in language which accords with the style of your letters. You have probably had your laugh at it, and your genius soaring above the trifling wit of a pun, I did not recollect that *let* is a lawful term for hindrance, as well as for permission. It is admitted that love makes men poets, may not friendship have the same effect? Certain it is I never made three rhymes in my life, and you may ridicule my wit and poetry as much as you please, if you will but admit there is more good humour in the following, than in that which furnished me with the idea, and believe me

Your sincere and grateful Friend,

M. MARTIN.

Answer.

Such swarms of patients do to me apply,
Did I not practise, some would surely die:
'Tis true I purge some, bleed some, sweat some,
Admit I expedite a few, still many call

I LET-SOME.

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* Alluding to the following illiberal and ridiculous *jeu d'esprit*:

"When any sick to me apply,
I physicks, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If after that they choose to die,
What 's that to me,
I LETTSOM." ED.

LETTER XCVIII.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

London, Oct. 10, 1799.

Dear Sir Mordaunt,

Thy last letter of July 14th left thee under some degree of family solicitudes. Let us endeavour, ever so attentively, to obviate temporal cares: the most free from them are not exempt from their intrusion — in common social intercourse among friends — in the nearer alliances of consanguinity — something or other will intervene, to excite the sympathies of the heart, and to tell us, that "this is not our continuing city;" and that whilst we remain here, we may plant roses, and strew balm, but thorns and nettles will chequer the walk, and mingle their pungencies. But what is man without cares? His mercies he would forget; arrogance would domineer, where humility should direct; and having few calls to the exercise of sympathy, humanity, and its attendant charities, would neither meliorate the heart nor soften the manners: for these are only the bosom friends of virtuous sensibility. Come then, sedate Melancholy, and extend thy calm mantle over the heart that rejoices to excess, or counts upon dubious and deceitful pleasures, and throw ballast into the bark, whose

lofty sails are a sport to the winds, and I will welcome thee as my guardian angel! Thus, my friend, I reflected as I perused thy excellent letter, and courted and dwelt upon the mutual pleasures it conveyed.

I am sincerely,
J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER XCIX.

From the same.

London, July 28, 1800.

My dear Friend,

Although our silence has been too long for my satisfaction, my mind has been often occupied in thinking of thee, and lamenting that a crowd of immediate demands upon my pen has prevented me from saluting thee with a few lines. In my last, I had to comfort thee under a severe family affliction, when I little expected to be visited with an affliction that never can be healed. A few weeks ago I thought my mind would have recovered its wonted state; but, alas! time only opens wider and wider the wounds so deeply inflicted. I have amiable children left to bless me, but my deceased son was beyond human kind, and his death has broken the chain of every pleasurable prospect that declining years might have hoped

fondly to have indulged in. I know "we have no continuing city here," and that it is our duty to bow with submission to the dispensations of Divine Wisdom, however severe our allotment. I endeavour so to do, but every effort renews and augments affliction. In youth our passions are animated, ardour is warm, and pleasures and pains vehement; but in advancing life, although the brilliancy of the flame may burn with less heat, the embers preserve a more steady and durable warmth—*if* the external lustre is less brilliant, the latent heat consumes inwardly with longer duration. Thus I reason, because thus I feel. In my weakness I claim thy sympathy. In my repinings I ask for indulgence, and dismiss the subject.

I was pleased to see thy name enriching the Transactions of the Bath Society. With respect to myself, I have had no literary pursuits since the Naturalist's Companion, which I believe will demand a new edition in the Spring.

About London, and indeed through Herts, oats and wheat are, I believe, very promising; barley less so, and pease still more unfavourable. The grass about us was immense, and it was expected that hay would be cheap; but the summer has been so sultry and dry, as to reverse the prospect, for stock must be fed by hay, which is six guineas a load in our market. Oats, however, from 46*s.* a quarter are rapidly reduced to 36*s.*; and, it is supposed, that wheat will experience a consider-

able reduction, though at present our quartern loaf is 1*s.* 6*d.* a sum truly oppressive to the poor.

Here I relinquished my pen to attend a paralytic patient at Bush Hall, beyond Hatfield, Herts. I observed the oats to be very thin, and the land arid, and not so productive as I expected in this county. I travel all night again to visit my patient, and whilst others are sleeping I subscribe myself sincerely,

J. C. LETTSOM.

To the memory of John Miers Lettsom, M. D. who departed this life Jan. 29, 1800. Isaiah, ch. lvii. 1 and 2. By H. SMITH, Esq.

I.

Hark! Hark! I hear the shriek of woe!
The spirit flies to meet its God:
And leaves us mortals here below,
To mourn our loss, and kiss the rod.

II.

Full fast the tear for deepest grief,
In sympathy finds sweet relief;
And mem'ry yields the rising sigh,
To worth like *his*, which ne'er can die.

III.

His virtues bloom'd at early dawn,
And gave fond hope of riper day;
Alas! that hope matur'd is flown:
Thus all our promis'd joys decay.

IV.

Could mortals penetrate the gloom,
And view the ills that on them wait;
Cheerful they 'd greet the silent tomb,
Nor covet honours, wealth, or state,

V.

But faith unveils a brighter scene;
Where kindred souls, in bliss serene,
For ever dwell; — where we shall join
The heav'nly choir, in songs divine.

LETTER C.

From the same.

My dear Friend, *London, Nov. 26,* 1800.

Chequered as is the path of life with various vicissitudes; its turnings and windings sometimes present to the view fragrant flowers and the fairest plants, that seem to promise a perpetual evergreen; but, alas! all is transient here — the storms lour, and the bleak winds blight the scene — the flowers fade — and the verdant foliage withers, and is destroyed!

These painful transitions in the enjoyments of life are so frequent — youth fades, and age withers and decays — that we are made, even under fair prospects, "to rejoice with fear and trembling." The mind, however, chastened by reflection, often finds that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Thou and I, my friend — friends by sentiment — and not less so by domestic affliction, will not unfrequently retire to the house of mourning; and in those moments of calm contemplation, will learn to bow with

humble submission to the decrees of unerring wisdom, who knows that present time is but as the twinkling of the eye to that eternity of consolation ordained for the virtuous, and which should be our comfort in viewing "the solitary in families."

To overcome, even under our utmost resignation, anxiety and grief, is not in our power. Where congenial minds have been severed asunder — the wound will bleed — the remembrance of past scenes of mutual comforts never to return — the void of reciprocal participation of present enjoyments and future prospects — and a thousand tender recollections — will never suffer the chasm to heal, or the tear of sensibility to dry up — nor would I wish it. In this tranquil state of domestic melancholy the mind feels some solace; and, with my friend, we will not cease to court a tender, though an active grief. That chain of affection which bound us together here, I trust will unite us hereafter, and I do not wish one link to be removed.

In advancing age, when our connexions here have been long cemented, and our separation from futurity cannot be far distant, that grief is more durable than in youth, though less violent. If the embers do not blaze and appear vivid, they long preserve an equable warmth; and the mind, weaned from the pressure of former connexions by the inroads of time, expands to contemplations connected with another life; and looks forward

to a more durable union of soul and purity of sentiment. Come then, sweet Melancholy, and with thy balm soothe, but do not heal our wounds; under thy influence we will retrace with sedate sensibility past enjoyments, and cast an eye of hope towards the future, ever preserving prominent in our minds, that

"Whatever is of God ordain'd, is right."

I trust I know so much of my friend — of his manly heart, softened by domestic comforts, and humanized by virtuous reflection — that he will go with me in sentiment, and sympathize with me in affliction, as I do with him; and under its meliorating influence, acknowledge with an ancient, "It was good for me that I was afflicted."

In feeling for, and with my friend, I could not find power to advert to any other subject, but remain affectionately,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CI.

Sir M. MARTIN, Bart. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Doctor, *March* 8, 1801.

Having yesterday dispatched a small parcel of Mangel Wurzel seed for you by the Fakenham coach, give me the comfort of feeling a pretence for troubling you with this information of it. Indeed I value the benefit of your correspondence so

highly that I gladly catch at any matter to form a letter to you. A severe return of my dreadful malady (gall-stones) prevented my attempting to answer yours of Jan. 3d at the time. Thank God, pain has this time been my most distressing symptom. I think rubbing mercury on my breast has not weakened me so much as the quantity of calomel I took in my former attack, and the pills of soap and rhubarb have apparently done me so much good that I have some confidence in their preventing the violence of any future attack, if applied in time. Worried, as you describe yourself to be, "with professional calls," I should feel no small comfort in being within reach of adding to them.

Although you were, in some degree, accessary to passing the brown bread act, you observe, that "fine bread will somehow be had, at least from American flour." That was not the case here; and to children, sick persons, and many labourers, who had nothing but that and water, the effect really justified Mr. Horne Tooke's epithet of "The poisoning act." Observe, it is not the *general* but the *indiscriminate* use of it which I think did the harm. At all times I prefer it for my own breakfast, and continue to use it in my own family. My own wheat (which I had the good fortune to house before the rain) sifted in the coarsest hair sieve, and what that takes out I think is more profitably applied in my farm-yard than it would be in my family.

I see by the paper of this night that the potatoe premium bill is rejected. I cannot refrain from repeating to you the purport of what I wrote a few days since to a member, who has complimented me with giving me credit for the papers which I could not get inserted in the newspapers.

"Happily there has been time to repeal the brown bread act; but that cannot be the case with the measure now proposed respecting potatoes; which, taken in all its consequences, makes me shudder. The food so much wanted at present will be applied to sowing much land ill suited to the crop. A quantity of land will be taken from more immediate produce; the grass land which will be destroyed for it would furnish beef and mutton, or dairy produce and pigs; and in dry arable land much of it will be taken from corn, which is more portable and preservable, and returns straw for future manure without exhausting the land near so much as experience tells me a crop of potatoes does; and they cannot be taken up in large quantities till harvest and gleaning time is over. Do not suppose that I am unfriendly to the growth of potatoes in suitable soils; what I deprecate is, the forcing by premiums an unnatural produce on a quantity of land which experience would lead the occupiers to apply to more profitable crops. If popular clamour must be indulged with premiums, had they not better be applied for the greatest quantity of any crops produced on an equal space of ground, which would lead occupiers

to study the nature of their soils? But even that would lead to robbing a large space to make small spots extravagantly rich. Premiums upon the greatest space throw all competition into the hands of the great occupiers, while the little ones labour under disadvantages enough already, which seem to be daily increasing."

I have lately perused and re-perused a book, in which I do not in all points enter into the sentiments of the author; for I fully agree with you, that "no two persons think alike on all subjects;" but if Fellowes's Christian Philosophy, 2d edition, falls in your way, I think our hearts will beat in unison in reading the 109th and 110th pages.

The last lines of the book give a trait of his own character, from which I think I see more of you than in your picture, for I am much mistaken if you "ever heard, without a wish to soothe, the piercing cries of human misery." It is this opinion which animates my fervent hope of becoming worthy of the title of

Your obliged friend,

MORDAUNT MARTIN.

LETTER CII.

From the same.

Burnham, Norfolk, Sept, 7, 1801.

Dear Doctor,

I must avail myself of your own plea for my late silence. Far from proceeding from want of respect, it has been the conviction, that your time is engaged far more usefully than in attending to letters without a subject, which has debarred me the pleasure I always find in communicating to you any thing by which I can hope to recommend myself to your notice. I must not, however, wait till I have made myself master of your Treatise on the Cow Pock, before I thank you for your valuable prescription for my own complaint, which, thank God, I have had a long respite from any severe attack of. Anxiety of mind and thoughtfulness are, alas! visitations that no bars can exclude. Gentle exercise on horseback I take many hours in the day; and during the summer evenings my solitary walks have been protracted to late hours. Affectionate and attentive as my dear daughters are, they cannot supply the place of the beloved partner, whose parity of age and inclinations rendered us truly suitable companions.

That my immortal part may, from reflection on her life and death, be trained to be fit for the

society of hers in a future state, is the main point to which I wish my thoughts now to turn. When they do, I am sure they must make me exert myself to communicate comfort to my fellow-creatures. Thus I soothe myself in endeavouring to make my little farm the source of comfort to a larger circle than my narrow income would enable me to reach without it. "The making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before" has ever been my pride, and of course my pleasure. I now pester every agricultural man I meet with to look at my sainfoin, on two parts of which I strewed gypsum at the rate of only six bushels per acre, in the Spring of 1797; and now that I have mowed it five times, the superiority of its verdure is as plain to be seen from an opposite hill as the writing on this paper; but it is about half a mile from my door, and few, very few, people think they can spare time to go so far. This gypsum (of two sorts, French and English) was purchased at the George Inn in the Borough, where I have repeatedly sent for more, but cannot procure it. As I have been honoured in this neighbourhood with the title of the Father of Sainfoin, I am the more anxious to promote this great improvement in the culture of it. Could I make myself talked of on this subject, it might gain more attention to my favourite Mangel Wurzel. My being singular in its culture, as long as I am successful, rather encourages than depresses my zeal in the pursuit.

I do not understand by your letter that you have yet acquired the acquaintance of Lord Nelson. Should that day arrive, I trust he will bear testimony to the respect and admiration with which we have talked over several of your much valued Letters. His brother, whom you mention as having been at your house, is since dead. The Divine I have lately seen here, after some years cessation of intercourse, arising from an unpleasant subject, on which time seems to have convinced him of his mistake. I hope his Lordship will not be so long in finding out that, "covered as he is with glory," his old neighbours shrug their shoulders at his name. It is his happiness I wish, when I hope to see him restored to that domestic felicity I have witnessed (at least the appearance of), and on which I am told he has decidedly turned his back. My high opinion of him, which was formed before he had the opportunities of acquiring his great fame, arose from his filial duty to his infirm father; and when he reflects on the time Lady Nelson has dedicated to the same object, he must suppose the world gives her great credit for it.

The old man is now at his living of Burnham-Thorp, and I am told Lady Nelson is expected. Should any opening offer, in which I could be conducive to making both parties' sensible of their true interest, by looking at their own errors, I should feel the satisfaction of having done the duty of a friend, a name I hold too sacred not to

doubt the propriety with which you apply it to your party of 360, but it was a party of pleasure. Let me now have my pleasantry, and offer my individual self as a larger party, a friend for every day in the year, being *365*.

Yours, &c.

M. MARTIN.

LETTER CIII.

From the same.

Burnham, Norfolk, Sept. 16, 1801,

Dear Doctor,

Your elegant, ingenious, and ingenuous book reached me safe. The perusal of it will be a great treat to Mr. Thaul (my friend and apothecary) who is as zealous an advocate for the Vaccine as you can be; but its progress here does not seem much more rapid than the culture of Mangel Wurzel. As I do not admit the want of popularity an argument against the one, I must not against the other, as both appear to be owing to the reluctance with which people take the trouble of a fair investigation. From what mistakes I know not, but a few instances of failure have got wind, which have more weight with mothers than many of success.

I do not see in your book that you, or any of the authors you quote, go so far as to assign a reason

why the Vaccine renders a patient incapable of receiving the Small Pox at a future distant period.

One of your valuable books gives a history of Grigris. What think you of burying the slank calf under the gateway with its heels upwards, which some of my neighbours deem me an infidel for not practising?

Whilst I was writing my last Letter to you, the lightning was so vivid as to make me draw my table from the window. The rain here was nothing unusual; but my servant observed he had never seen so much water before the house. I was soon after informed that two of my corn stacks were knee deep in water. I found it indeed too deep to attempt to walk to them, but took my horse after breakfast and rode to trace the current to a spot above four miles from hence, where it had swept away about five acres of mowed barley, which was left as a high water mark on both sides of the valley from that point to this. Two other valleys, which lead from the Westward to this town, had no uncommon quantity of water in them; but a farm to the North-west suffered considerably, and one to the West of that still more. However, thank God, it does not amount to a national concern. Our wheat crop was all safe, and I hope will prove a good one. Of barley I think widely otherwise; straw will be scarce; hay from artificial grasses (except sainfoin) never so scarce in my memory, with a worse prospect for next year; and turnips severely injured by insects in the drought; but I trust the alarm

will set people to spare in time and thereby make plenty at last.

That the milk which was drawn from the cows should be sour from the thunder, which ceased about six o'clock, in the morning, did not surprize me; but, that milk which was not taken from the cows till near six in the afternoon, should be quite sour before nine the same evening, is a fact I cannot account for, unless by the impression of terror on the animals. My dairy maid is a cleanly girl, and declares her business was done in its usual churn.

While I am on the subject of milk, I must mention the apparent benefit which a consumptive young lady, who is on a visit here, has received from butter-milk; not that furnished by sour cream, but new milk churned in an earthen vessel fitted up for the purpose. Neither asses milk nor any preparation of cows milk but this ever agreed with her

I am aware that a farmer gets out of his sphere when he writes thus to a grave physician; but, I hope, Doctor Lettsom will always allow the friendly freedom of opinion to his

Much obliged
and grateful servant,
MORDAUNT MARTIN.

LETTER CIV.

From the same.

Burnham, Norfolk, April 6, 1814.

Dear Doctor,

At the time I received your kind Letter my mind was so agitated between the affliction of having lost my nearest relation and dearest friend (the Countess Dowager Spencer) and the joy of receiving my eldest daughter, after an absence of many months (during which she had encountered so severe an illness that I much feared I should not have seen her again) that I could not command my attention to the perusal of the papers you so kindly sent me.

But as the season approaches for sowing Mangel Wurzel seed, I sent you about half a peck by the Fakenham coach without writing, and in the bag a small sample of what I bought of Mr. Newby of Cambridge, at 8*s.* a pound. I sold this year 3 cwt. of my own growth to Messrs. Mackeys at the Norwich Nursery at 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb. part of 401lbs the produce of one rood of land. At Mr. Newby's price this would produce £641. 12*s.* per acre; but I am *modestly* content with £200. per acre, and (what I prize more) the credit of having, by my perseverance, contributed so much to bringing it into such demand.

The leaves which my cows eat in the autumn of 1812, the roots which my bull and my swine ea

after the seed was reaped in the autumn of 1813, and the stalks which are now in use for kindling the fires in my house, I set against the expence of cultivation.

Would to God that the same perseverance might introduce the adoption of *increasing* parish funds. I do not presume to enter into the details of the management of populous parishes, though I cannot conceive that an increasing fund can be an evil in any parish.

Last week I was applied to by a man of exemplary character, who has brought up a family without assistance, and worked twenty years as an excellent brickmaker for a great neighbour of mine, till the misfortunes of a broken leg, and the contraction of sinews from rheumatism, disabled him from standing to work. He is now, at the age of 69, endeavouring to earn his bread by mending sacks; but, not finding sufficient employment, has applied for parish relief, and he was required in the severe weather of this winter to go two miles to keep crows from the stacks of a great farmer. Had there been a fund to relieve him without going to the pockets of individuals, would this have been done?

I beg leave to retain the History of Mangel Wurzel at St. Helena, till I can copy it, as I purpose sending it with some seed to my son, who is judge and magistrate of the extensive district of Garruchpoor in India. Believe me, Dear Doctor,

Your much obliged
and sincerely admiring friend,
MORDAUNT MARTIN.

LETTER CV.

Dr. LETTSOM to Sir M. MARTIN, Bart.

London, March 28, 1814.

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I think the public in general, and the agriculturists in particular, are indebted to your perseverance and judgment for the growth of Mangel Wurzel; for without your systematic support it would now, in all probability, have been entirely lost to this country. It is now much cultivated, and is perhaps the most productive vegetable we possess. Two roots I had from St. Helena, by favour of Sir Hugh Inglis, weighing each, without leaves, 56 pounds! I send you some papers, on this and other subjects, which I wish you to return, and with them may I request you to send me half a pound, or what you please, of Mangel Wurzel seed. I send you also some of the seed which I have just received, with the following memorandum, from Mr. Fishwick:

"Herewith I send you one pound of Mangel Wurzel seed, of such as has been represented to me as the true stock seed by Mr. Stevenson of Hatfield, who is the largest and most successful grower of the root above-mentioned in the king-

dom, and who has had not less than 60 tons per acre this year, and on some land 75 tons."

Mr. Cobbett, Author of the Political Register, told me that his roots weigh 25 pounds each, and that he gathers 40 tons per acre. I think he added that he planted the roots at a yard distance, to allow the plough to pass between them to turn up the soil and clear the weeds.

The reason I ask you for seed is on account of my friend Professor Duncan, of Edinburgh, having required seed of me, as he means to cultivate it freely. I hope to get some seeds from Mr. Cobbett; and, as it may take some time to get a packet to Dr. Duncan, perhaps I may the sooner hear from you.

J. C. L.

LETTER CVI.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE, B. D.

Rev. Friend, *London, Sept.* 1, 1804.

In the hasty manner of my letter I did not advert to "Nelson's Address*," but in consequence of thy recommendation of it, I sent to my Book-

* An Address to Persons of Quality and Estate. A Representation of the several ways of doing good, by Robert Nelson, Esq. Lond. 1715. ED.

seller to procure it, which he has not been hitherto able to do, though I should wish at some future period to peruse it. At present I am engaged in some literary pursuits, which will prevent me from adding a fourth volume to my "Hints," for some months at least. To this consideration it may be added, that a man nearly threescore should relinquish the task to some more powerful and juvenile arm.

I thank thee for thy favourable opinion of my religious sentiments, to which I am no bigot; ever thinking as well of other religions and sects, as I do of that in which I was born, and now remain — as I believe, the only Quaker in the world a *West Indian*.

I associate more with the Clergy than with my own Society; and I claim a major part of my rational pleasures and friendships from them; nor do I scruple to attend them in Divine Service. I consider all the rational creation my brothers and sisters, of one independent, impartial, and beneficent Father. Whilst we admit few ceremonies, I do not condemn those of others, wishing every one to pursue that system which his belief convinces him brings him nearest to his Creator, to whom he is amenable. Under these feelings, which I acquired when young, and which I cannot now abandon,

I remain respectfully

J. C. LETTSOM.

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LETTER CVII.

From the same.

Rev. Friend, *London, Sept. 25*, 1804.

Besides the favour of thy excellent letter, I acknowledge the receipt of the Garden Calendars, with many thanks. They contain a great deal of useful matter judiciously sorted and condensed, in a manner better to be understood, and easier to resort to, than Miller, Mawe, or Abercrombie. The two latter, I believe, are one and the same person. I think, however, that if the sheet were done in the same-sized letter, but in a pocket set, or volume, it would be more durable, as well as more readily consulted. Perhaps if it were printed on card-paper, one month to occupy one card, and then fitted in a case, it would form a very acceptable companion for the traveller, as well as the resident gardener or horticulturist. A Society has recently been formed here, under the title of Horticultural, which I think must be highly national and useful in a Country where the produce of the garden constitutes nearly, if not wholly, one half of our vegetable diet, and almost the whole of our luxuries in the vegetable kingdom.

I have taken the liberty of transmitting a performance of mine; but, like Diomede, I can only give a brazen shield for the golden one of Glau-

cus. With respect to the pamphlet* proposed to be lent to me, I think it at present unnecessary to send it, for I shall not be able to add any additional volume to my Hints for the space of a year to come. My professional duties incessantly occupy me, and compel me to write all my essays in my carriage, which is a material cause of their incorrect state. Every month there is a Letter of mine on Prisons in the Gentleman's Magazine. In the next European Magazine will appear my Memoirs of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of Vaccine Inoculation. I have begun Memoirs of Dr. Johnstone, of Worcester, deceased; and the Life of another friend; so that, at a period of life when I should commit the task to some strong and youthful arm, I am engaged in too many Herculean labours: mine, indeed, seem to be with an HYDRA: for as soon as I think I have dispatched one head, others spring up, and I do not seem to be any the nearer to the end of them. Permit me to repeat my wishes for the success of thy literary labours, and believe me, respectfully thine,

J. C. LETTSOM.

* Nelson's Address. ED.

LETTER CVIII.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE, to Dr. LETTSOM.

Hinxton Vicarage, Nov. 27, 1804.

Respected Friend,

Your munificent and obliging present reached me here on Sunday, and to-day, on my return to Cambridge, I found your farther favour of a Letter. I beg you to accept my most sincere thanks for all. I am sorry that my time at present will not permit me to read all your communications with the attention I could wish, but I read Dr. Valpy's excellent Sermon * on Sunday evening, and have just read Grove Hill †. As a book, it is beautiful, as a work pleasing, and, should I ever get into a place where I am at all likely to be settled, I shall endeavour to imitate your plans in a humble way. I have been a *great*, though *not* a *useful* traveller, in my time; having taken several journeys on foot to the Lakes, Scotland, Wales, &c. In the course of these I have seen much delightful scenery, and gleaned ideas of various kinds, and I once had it in contemplation to bring them all together in an

* The Anniversary Sermon of the Royal Humane Society for 1806. ED.

† A Descriptive Poem, with an Ode to Mithra, by the learned Author of Indian Antiquities, Lond. 1799, 4to. The wood-cuts by Anderson are unrivalled, perhaps, for the elegance with which they are executed. ED.

imaginary tour. I should have supposed the traveller to have set off for the North, and got to a part hitherto undescribed, where a nobleman resided in a castle, situated on an extensive lake; and I intended to give an account of the various plans he had formed for doing good to all about him: to describe the castle, with its library, museum, pictures, statues, &c. his modes of life and amusements, the town, inn, the country, &c. &c. and to have accompanied it with plans and views, some of which I had sketched; but more important occupations have prevented my pursuing it. Your book (Grove Hill) would revive the idea, should I find leisure. But of that I see no prospect at present. Your books will grace a small case which I appropriate to presents from authors. I fear it but too often happens that one favour conferred makes way to the requesting of another. I think it possible that you may have some of the Silhouettes (may I ask from whence that word comes) and heads, separate from your "Hints." I took the liberty of applying to Mr. Bernard in case he should have one of his own to spare, not caring to spoil the book by taking them out, but he had none; so I had his and Count Rumford's copied, to place among the *worthies* over my own Rumford chimney-piece. If you have any, and it is not too great an intrusion, may I beg the favour of "The Trifles," but which I can assure you I shall value highly. I have lately inquired for your Naturalist's and Traveller's Companion, but my

bookseller says it is out of print. I hope it will be reprinted.

I took the liberty about a fortnight ago of sending you a Sermon, which I have lately published, and which I hope you have, ere this, received. I am happy that you approve my Calendars.

Yours, &c.

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

LETTER CIX.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

London, Dec. 1, 1804.

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It may be a cause of wonder, that in a metropolis of nearly a million of inhabitants, an humble individual may be found out. About 20 years ago, a letter from the Indies, which came *vid* Liverpool, having neither the city nor the nation of my residence, came safe to me. I do not mention it as a matter of analogy; but it is said that Boerhaave's Letters were sometimes directed to him in Europe; however, a Letter directed to me in London is sufficient; my residence, really, is Sambrook Court, Basinghall Street. The Camberwell postman lives in my lodge, that opens to Grove Hill; he has the residence for the trouble of opening the gate. I am rarely there, as my professional duties oblige me to remain a denizen of

the metropolis. My wife likes the country, where I dine with her, usually every Sunday, with a party of select friends, and now and then sleep there; many of my associates are clerical, because they are a learned and improved part of the community. The religion of a quaker, as far as I know, is as expansive as the air; at least I entertain no partialities for sect.

I will not brand my kind correspondent *as a sturdy beggar*, because he is an acceptable and laudable one; I shall therefore put up a packet of Heads, not like those of Saracenic or Turkish vengeance, reeking in gore; though quiescent, the bodies from whence they were decapitated, still live and breathe to serve or ornament society.

With respect to thy projected plan of a modern Arcadia, it may evince the goodness or expansion of thy own heart; but I fear the heart of a great feudal possessor of castles and domains, will not be found equally capacious and liberal as the Vicar of Hinxton. He may, like Fenelon, give examples of what should be by his Telemachus, and you by your imaginary Arcadia.

Mr. Willett, a gentleman of great fortune near Dorchester, lately deceased, published an account of his library, which exhibited in its paintings and statuary, the progress of religion and of the arts; and perhaps I may be able to send it for thy inspection, as I think it would suit a person of thy cultivated taste, and it may be returned to me when convenient. I am now finishing a letter to

my amiable friend Dr. Madison, Bishop of Virginia, and the celebrated Dr. Ramsay, of Charleston; and if no vessel be soon sailing for those parts, I shall inclose them for thy perusal, and they may be returned in a week or two. I send t' em merely because they convey my ideas of the different species of man, and of the durability of the American Republic; but I am an incorrect writer: —it is however excusable — I write my correspondence in my carriage only, and being interrupted by alighting at the houses of patients, I become almost unintelligible from want of connexion; indeed, this is written with company in my coach; and I have the facility of writing and conversing at the same time, though not like Cæsar, who could dictate to 12 scribes at once. Perhaps one of the most learned and best-informed men in Europe is our amiable King, and I think I have seen him converse with two persons at once; but his astonishing capacity is almost equal to any thing, though inferior to the amities of his heart. As an individual, I have personal reasons for acknowledging his kind condescension

I have read your excellent sermon with the more pleasure as it quadrates with my sentiments of the character of our Saviour, and my ideas of rational conviviality. At the last Anniversary of the Royal Humane Society our party was about 300 at dinner; and round the room walked three times a vast body of victims snatched from the grave. What a luxury! How such a sight must have tormented

the unfeeling heart of a Malthus, whose book, written against that first command of God, "be fruitful and multiply," ought to be publicly burnt.

The 3d edition of my Naturalist's Companion is out of print; two editions of 1500 sold within twelve months. If I meet with a copy at a sale, I will purchase and send it to you.

J. C. L.

LETTER CX.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE, to Dr. LETTSOM.

Hinxton Vicarage, Dec. 8, 1804.

Respected Friend,

Since I last troubled you, I have read your Apology *, your Appeal †, your Address to Parents and Guardians, and the other papers you obligingly sent from the Magazines on the subject of the Jennerian Discovery, and on the other leaf I send you the result ‡, which I beg you to consider as *my mite* towards forwarding the cause of Vaccine Inoculation, and which I send for your approbation and remarks, both with respect to the matter and the poetry.

* An Apology for differing in Opinion from the Monthly and Critical Reviewers. By Dr. Lettsom. Lond. 1803. ED.

† An Appeal addressed to the Calm Reflection of the Authors of the Critical Review. By Dr. Lettsom. Lond. 1803. ED.

‡ Vide Appendix, No. I.

Trifling as the mean is, yet I may do some good, as I am sorry to say there is much prejudice against the Cow-Pock in this part; partly owing to prejudice, as is generally the case, against any new practice, and partly from the injudicious application of it four years ago at Ickleton, a case which I think was laid before Dr. Jenner. The world of literature must acknowledge themselves under great obligations to you for your noble stand against the despotism of the Reviewers, and I beg you to accept my thanks, not that they can be of any value to you, but for my own satisfaction in discharging the debt of gratitude.

I am certain your candour will forgive me, if I confess my sentiments to be somewhat in accord with those of the Monthly Review (of which I knew nothing till I read your pamphlet), with respect to your engraving of the *sacred* cow. The late Mr. Jones, of Nayland, in his "Reflections on the growth of Heathenism amongst Modern Christians," shews how much the age is given to heathenism, and I fear that the infidel Revolution of France has tended to spread it farther. Nor does our continuance of the heathen names of the days and months seem to me to be exactly parallel, for we annex no ideas of veneration to them on that account, and I should think that scarcely one in a thousand knows the meaning and origin of the names. But the word sacred is in every one's mouth, and I believe it is seldom used but with some ideas of religious devotion. I have no

objection myself, as you see, to *praising* or *commending* the *cow*; but, as she has once been the object, indeed still is, in some countries, of *religious adoration*, perhaps it were better, that the epithet Sacred were not attached to her.

Yours, &c.

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

LETTER CXI.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

London, Dec. 15, 1804.

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I have perused, *con amore*, the poetry on the cow, which I admire and approve, and see no reason to alter a word. I once saw, or at least heard, a song on the same subject; but on somewhat an heathenish construction. Juno, being jealous of Io, persuaded Jupiter to punish her, by changing her into a cow; but she bellowed so affectingly, that Juno relented, and requested Jupiter to restore her; but this he could not do, as the Fates had sealed his decision; as some remuneration, however, to succeeding beauties, he condescended to give her the cow-pock, that beauty and comeliness should, for ever after, be secured from the ravages of the small-pox. My Rev. Friend, al-

though he might approve the result of the fable, would not approve the allusion.

Thy friendly mode of disapproving my application of the term *sacred* to the cow, evinces much candour, which I respectfully acknowledge.

J. C. L.

P. S. In our printed paper, there is an account of a fête given by Mrs. Crespigny, which I drew up and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine. The following will convey some outline of this lady.

Dear Mrs. Crespigny,

I did not peruse your Memoirs, in the Public Characters, till last night; and I had heard it intimated that I had been the author. I write this to assure you that the charge is not applicable to me. The writer might be a friend, but the cold praise of a friend is more injurious than the cold invective of an enemy. There is no invention or design in the biography. You are brought into the book, because you are individually prominent in society; but it rather lessens than increases your magnitude. It is a mirror that reflects a shade, but it wants tint. The author possesses no microscopic eye; he finds an outline, and he attempts to fill it up with patches of loose paint, but the colours are neither soft nor brilliant. Your suavity of manners, that makes all around you happy, and which gives the rare felicity of making us pleased

with ourselves, is not delineated. Your enchanting conversation, which makes the heart better, whilst it enlivens the mind, is forgotten. Your condescension and liberality, which, in your management, become interesting and dignified, are inserted in no part of the portrait. That dignity which has given importance to Camberwell, and rationality to the social intercourse of its inhabitants, occupy no part of the canvas; which is *sombre* where it should *enlighten*; and *opaque* where it should be *brilliant*. There is, indeed, something about family extraction, but your acquirements enable you to say with Turnus, "Vix ea nostra voco." Alas! the author has neglected all sentiment. He never saw you enter into a company, where instantly the living seemed to spring out of the dead—where your frankness has inspired social intercourse—where ease of manners has given facility to conversation, and the light of the sun has cheered, and sweetly mingled with the sedate rays of the moon. These I have seen and felt, where vivacity has meliorated sedateness, and diffused enjoyment to

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXII.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Clare Hall, Dec 29. 1804.

Respected Friend,

My most grateful thanks are due for your very generous and acceptable *present*, and for your as great and additional kindness in the books which you have *lent* me. I have been confined to my rooms here ever since last Tuesday fortnight, by indisposition, and your box did not reach me till Thursday the 20th. Your works have amused and instructed me and my friends, many an hour since. Mr. Willett's book pleases me much. It is in a very admirable taste, though not altogether free from heathenism. I allude more particularly to the chimney-pieces. I see he considers Mahometanism as having tended to convert great part of the heathen world to the knowledge of the one true God. Do we not rather consider it as an apostacy from Christianity? He has also *omitted* the *cross* in the compartment which represents our Saviour and his religion. The *temple of fame* too, I think, might have been better managed, by introducing no live characters but those who have been contemporary with George the Third, and by putting *deceased* worthies into statues, busts, or medallions. But I had rather it had been some-

thing relative to *religion*, and the king represented as "the nursing father" of the church. Perhaps, now, the king returning thanks at St. Paul's were a good subject. But on the whole it seems to me in a far superior taste to the generality of such designs, and might, I think, be imitated with success, even in a very humble way, by means of cheap prints to furnish rooms, if no other can be afforded. For my own part, I had rather have a good subject moderately executed, than a bad subject by the very first master. With Young's Night Thoughts I cannot say I am equally pleased. It is a curious book, but the designs are too much in the Fuzeli style to please me: like any thing rather than nature.

Of your own works, I have read the History of the Tea Tree, with much pleasure, being a great tea-drinker myself, finding it the most refreshing beverage after the greatest fatigue; but I always drink it with plenty of sugar and milk, and bread and butter. Your History of Medicine I have not yet read; but I have lent it to my friend Mr. Frederick Thackeray, who attends me, a young surgeon, I believe, of considerable ability, (and a great advocate for the cow-pock,) and who is much pleased with it.

Of your munificent present of prints and silhouettes, some already ornament my rooms; Dr. Lettsom, Mr. Neild, Mr. Colquhoun, and Dr. Jenner. Into one large frame I have put the two prints of Apparent Dissolution and Returning Ani-

mation; the silhouette of Dr. Hawes between, with the two sides of the medal above and below him. Under the Morning's Walk in the Metropolis *, I have written the following lines from Shakspeare's King Lear, A. iii. S. 4.

> Take physic, Pomp!
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
> That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,
> And shew the Heav'ns more just.

The rest I shall arrange in due time.

Your American letters I have read over more than once, with attention and pleasure; but they are of too political and scientific a nature for me to form any decided opinion of them. Your thoughts on the gradual emancipation of slaves, by civilization, seems excellent. I attempt, in my humble way, the introduction of similar objects to civilize and lead the way to virtue and religion. Respecting the original production of more races of men than one, I have not made up my mind. Mr. King, in the second volume of his Morsels of Criticism, 4to. has the same idea, and the British Critic seemed to think it worthy of consideration.

Of the history and state of America, I am equally incompetent to form an opinion. At the time of the American war I was an incurious boy; and since I began to think, other objects of nearer concern have pressed upon my attention. Mr. Malthus's book I have not read; I have seen the ac-

* See Hints, Vol. I. p. 5. Ed.

count of it in my Review, and agree with you. I have done all I could to encourage matrimony in my parish. Not that I think very early marriages desirable, but in the present dissolute state of society, I consider early marriage as preferable to early and promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, and the best step to the due regulation of virtuous marriage; and, though a *young bachelor*, I have twice preached in favour of *marriage*, and the *blessing* of a *large family*.

I have taken the liberty of supplying the place in the box, of those things which I was to keep, by some of my own productions, and I wish they were not only better in their composition, but also in their original design. My Plays must be considered as youthful follies, but though they might have been better, or perhaps had better not been at all, yet I hope there is nothing very reprehensible in them. The observations on Hamlet I must certainly consider as curious. I see you are an admirer of Shakspeare. They may, perhaps, afford you an hour's amusement, if not conviction. I am happy that you approve my Song of the Bow.

With many apologies for this long letter, and with the good-wishes of this happy season,

I remain,

With great esteem and respect, Your much obliged and devoted humble Servant,

J. PLUMPTRE.

LETTER CXIII.

From the same.

Hinxton Vicarage, Jan. 25, 1805.

Respected Friend,

I fear you will have too much cause to think that you have encouraged a very troublesome correspondent, and that your kindness has involved you in difficulties; but the case is, that the perusal of the many works and papers with which you have favoured me, has imparted some of your zeal to my mind, and I am become myself a zealous friend to vaccination. Indeed, till now, I did not know how malignant a pest the small-pox, shall I say? *was*. I have a sermon * to preach before the University, on the 24th February, and I design that *that* shall be the subject. Disease and death, we find from Scripture, are the effects of sin. Indeed, sin itself is figuratively called disease; and plagues in particular were often sent as the imme-

* This Sermon, intituled, "The Plague Stayed; a Scriptural View of Pestilence, particularly of that dreadful Pestilence the Small Pox, with Considerations on the newly-discovered remedy by Inoculation with the Vaccine or Cow-Pock; with copious Notes and Illustrations," was published in 1805. This, together with a Sermon on the same subject, and by the same author, preached at Hinxton, March 3, 1805, is well worthy of perusal by every advocate for, and opponent of, Vaccination. Ed.

diate punishments of sin: as we find in Numbers, ch. xvi. and ch. xxv.; 2 Sam. ch. xxiv. v. 15-25, and other places. The small-pox, we are told, had its rise in Arabia, with Mahomet, the angel of the bottomless pit, in Revelation, ch. xix., and propagated by the Saracens, and was the scourge of corrupted Christianity. Surely, therefore, that which is to mitigate or exterminate this disease is a sign of the favour of God; and, as such, ought to be *welcomed* with *thankfulness*. That it had its rise in this country, which, though stained with many crimes, is, perhaps, *one* of the purest, if not *the purest*, upon earth, is worthy of remark. Connected with this, I shall consider the plague, properly so called; the leprosy, introduced into Europe by the Crusaders; the gaol fever (which will introduce the mention of Howard); and the typhus (which will introduce the Houses of Recovery). The *natural causes* of disease seem to be intemperance of all kinds, dirt, sloth, and famine; and that they arise amongst the poor, from the negligence of the rich and intelligent. The *natural remedies* are the contrary of these: all virtues pleasing in the sight of God. This will give you a general idea of what I intend to be the subject of my sermon; and my object in writing to you, is to request any hints which you think may be useful. What I want particularly to know is, somewhat of the extent of the ravages made by the small-pox. I wish also to know, how far the antidote, the cow-pock, has *spread*; if you can

send me any *farther* information than is contained in your Hints and Address, and the papers you have already sent. I have Dr. Booker's Sermon, and Warren's Address. I have also Howard's two volumes on Prisons and Lazarettoes. I know not that you would think myself and my intention worthy of mentioning again; but lest, by chance, you should, may I beg the favour of you *not* to do it; as I think, were the idea to get abroad, that I am going to preach upon the subject of the cow-pock, abstractedly considered, it would create a prejudice against it with us; but if I am allowed to unfold the subject as I intend, I think it will rather give satisfaction, and may be made a very interesting discourse.

I remain,

Your most obliged and

Obedient humble servant,

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

P. S. Can you inform me what author says that we have the small-pox from the Camel. I am taking your Hints, for the second time, morning and evening, along with my tea.

LETTER CXIV.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

Rev. Friend, *London, Jan.* 28, 1805.

So far from thy correspondence being importunate, I must acknowledge that a more acceptable letter I rarely have received, than thine of the 25th, which afforded me the gratification that a powerful volunteer in the cause of vaccination was likely to become a champion before the scientific world. The mode of ratiocination, and the historical and pious application, will equally enlighten and convince; and teach an admiring audience humbly to ponder over the ways of Providence; which is merciful, even in punishments, the infliction of which is the commencement of future good. Some of the great parishes in London are not reported in the Bills of Mortality; but from the reports of the deaths by the small-pox, we may pretty accurately calculate, that in 500,000 inhabitants, where deaths are reported, 2000 annually die by the small-pox, or 4000 in every million. Now Europe contains nearly 200 millions, and consequently the annual deaths in Europe would be 400 thousands; though writers calculate one-fifth more. The globe contains probably 1200 millions of inhabitants, and the deaths by the small-pox may be in the same ratio. We know that in some countries, and even counties in

England, the infection does not appear for the space of some years; but when it does appear, it is more fatal; owing probably to this, that in great towns the infection being always prevalent, it is caught without the accumulated danger of air peculiarly favourable to epidemics; whereas, when it comes at stated periods, its malignity seems to be augmented by some unknown but deleterious state of the atmosphere. Thus in America, the East Indies, &c. it kills, under these circumstances, eight out of ten; but in London about one in seven or eight of those attacked. I think, from my own experience, that the malignity even in London is augmenting. When I first practised here, 35 years ago, one in ten was the calculation; but I think one in six is now a fair proportion. Inoculation of the small-pox used to destroy one in 500; now it may one in 2 or 300. The reason of these changes I do not know, as I cannot account for them by any unfavourable changes in habits or living. In my answer to the Reviewers, I believe in the First Part, there is an account of all the deaths by the small-pox in a certain given number of years. This table is copied from Dr. Jurin, which may afford a calculation of all the deaths by the small-pox in England, Europe, or the World, supposing the number of inhabitants ascertained.

About three years ago, vaccination produced a sensible effect upon the annual deaths in London, which were 1200, the year before last 1100, and the last year 600; so that instead of 6000 deaths,

we experienced only 2900. In Germany, vaccination has nearly extinguished the small-pox. In Vienna the small-pox, I learn, has only killed two in two years, but I do not know what were the usual deaths antecedent to vaccination. In some parishes in England, the small-pox is extinct, or in other words, every inhabitant has been vaccinated.

In Richmond, Sir David Dundas, Bart. (serjeant-surgeon to the King,) told me this was the case, except in two children. A woman who suckled the child of an emigrant, having a superfluity of milk, was allowed to suckle her own child likewise. A person came from London in the small-pox, and gave it to this woman's infant. Sir D. Dundas immediately vaccinated that of the emigrant's. These infants continued to suck this woman together, till the child of the woman died of the small-pox, whilst the other infant passed through the cow-pock without any disease. Indeed, I never attend any person in the small-pox but I inquire if any children in the house have not had the small-pox; and if not, to persuade them to be inoculated with the cow-pock, and I never knew any instance of such taking the small-pox. Almost three years ago, a child was born in a lodging-house, wherein the small-pox was raging. This infant was inoculated within an hour of its birth, and it escaped the variolous infection, and is at this time perfectly well. The number who have been vaccinated in and about London I should

estimate at about 40,000, or nearer 50. At the Royal Jennerian Society, 13,000; about as many, or perhaps more, in the Hospital for Inoculation; and nearly as many at the Cow-Pock Institution. Besides, in private practice, and in small institutions, we might calculate at least 20,000 more. At present I believe that the deaths by the small-pox, in London, are chiefly among the poor. I am told that the small-pox is nearly, if not altogether, extirpated in the principality of Geneva. Vaccination is also very general in France and Italy, spreading rapidly in Asia, particularly among the Gentoos, who deify the cow. In short we have reason to think that it is more general in every part of Europe than in England. Even the fatalists of Constantinople adopt the practice, and the infidel nation that gave variolation to the Christian world, have the boon amply returned by the blessing of vaccination.

I rarely ever write a letter but in my carriage, which I mention in exculpation of this unconnected, desultory letter, being compelled to throw my pen aside on every visit to a patient. So that consider this as unconnected interlocutory *chit-chat*. Sometimes at the end of a long stalk, a few good corns may be found, though I fear they will require a good deal of winnowing from chaff.

I know that diseases have been said to originate from brutes, as the itch from the hog, the hooping-cough from the fox or wolf, the influenza from cats, and the small-pox from the camel; the authority I

do not recollect, but if I should before this letter be sealed, I will mention it. I am happy it is in my power to send thee some books on the small-pox, &c. Woodville has not published a second volume, and his constitution is nearly exhausted, although not much above 40. I dined with him a few days ago, when he was unfit for company.

In Vol. VII. folio, of Universal History, page 270, may be seen the fabulous account of the raising the siege of Mecca; underneath are the authorities, among which I believe are what is wanted respecting the origin from the camel.

I am, respectfully,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXV.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Hinxton Vicarage, March 1, 1805.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Your parcel arrived duly, and the books gave me exactly the information I wanted. I accordingly wrote my Sermon, and preached it before the University on Sunday last. Being Sacrament day in most of the College Chapels, I had but a small congregation of University men; though a large attendance of the lower classes, and the whole regiment of Surrey Militia; and I may say, that, upon the whole, my Sermon was

far better received than I had expected. The *serious* were, I believe, all struck with my view of the subject; and though it is considered to have been upon the small-pox and cow-pox, rather than upon *pestilence* in general (which was my object), and is thought to have been strange by those who did *not* hear it, yet I have reason to be satisfied with the reception it has met. I mentioned the *benevolent Howard by name*, as having done much to purify our gaols and hospitals, and as falling a sacrifice to the attempt to find an efficacious remedy for the plague.

It is my intention to publish the sermon, with copious notes and illustrations, both theological and medical, which are, at least, three times as long as the sermon itself; and to add to it the sermon I have written on the same subject, for my country congregation next Sunday; so that it will make a large pamphlet. I shall take the liberty of inscribing it to Dr. Jenner, and will, with your permission, keep your books till I can send you *my treatise* along with them; and perhaps you will give me leave, through your hands, to send copies to those persons, to whose writings upon the subject I consider myself as so much indebted. On account of the popularity of the subject, I think I shall venture upon an edition of 500 copies.

J. P.

LETTER CXVI.

From the same.

Clare Hall, April 4, 1805.

Respected Friend,

As neither my prose nor my poetic powers (such as they are) can cease contemplating the wonderful discovery of vaccine inoculation, I have lately penned the foregoing song* on that subject, and I send it you now, to be in time in case you should think it deserving and appropriate to be sung at your next Jennerian Festival, which is, I think, on the 17th of May. To this I have added the Life-boat, which I mentioned in a former letter. I wish that they were both written in a better style; but to write to a tune, which is often adviseable, for the sake of the music, is nevertheless a sad clog upon poetical composition, particularly to one who otherwise halts in his verse.

Yours, &c.

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

* Vide Appendix, No. II.

LETTER CXVII.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

Reverend Friend, *London, April* 20, 1805.

For my own sake I ought to have sedulously answered thy highly valued favours, because I should thereby have been more frequently gratified with the repetitions; for every one of thy Letters conveys something worthy of being read again, and pondering over. That of January 25th gave me the hope of perusing what I should have listened to with mental enjoyment. The Sermon which includes the subject of Cow-Pock, I suppose the refractory pressmen have retarded the publication of. But I must revert to thy letter of the 24th of December, to acknowledge thy politeness in placing my head, where it has been for 30 years past, near to that of Dr. Hawes. He is a man whose memory will be dear to posterity. The quotation from King Lear, Act 3d, Scene 4th, I shall preserve for a future purpose. Next Wednesday will be the Anniversary Festival of the Royal Humane Society, when Hawes will be all animation. We usually meet 300 strong. Lord Henniker is to be the chairman. The music and singing, the procession of those raised from the dead, all combine to render this festival equally rational and pathetic. My good friend the Hon. P. Pusey joined me in a subscription to supply

each of the restored objects with a Bible, which in the procession accompanies each object. My brother-in-law Counsellor Garrow (yesterday elected M. P. for Gatton) has supplied them with appropriate religious books; so that the mind has been in many instances restored to life as well as the body. Good James Neild, the modern Howard, is engaged to be my neighbour at dinner; and I hope that Jenner, who is a steward, will come from Berkeley to attend in his place. Shouldst thou visit us on the occasion, our board will be more highly enriched thereby. Dr. Burgess dined last year with us, but cannot this; he has, however, volunteered to be a steward next year, and accompanied his proposal with a present of 20 guineas. I imagine we shall have the Bishop of Bristol at the dinner. On the 17th of May, being the birth-day of Dr. Jenner, we shall commemorate it by a festival also, and Jenner will be present. I hope then that a proper use may be made of thy appropriate poetry, which thy letter of the 4th of April conveyed to me. I am glad that many persons of the middle classes attended the Sermon, and especially the militia, to whom, with the volunteers, we are perhaps indebted for life and liberty. My youngest son is a lieutenant; my eldest in the ranks; one son-in-law in the same; and another, Colonel Elliot, commands the Westminster Volunteer Cavalry. I am physician to two Companies, and the King has been pleased to gazette me to a third. May I fall by the sword

rather than live to see this free Country the domain of a Corsican murderer and usurper! As a Quaker I could not adopt a military character, but unknown to me I was thus appointed. To the King, as an individual, I feel sincere respect and gratitude; he has always been very kind to me, and admitted me more than once into his presence without a Court dress, which I never could assume, and perhaps I am the only person who ever kissed his hand unpowdered and unsworded. It is true that I never did ask a favour of him; and on my part I have gratified him with a medal or two not purchaseable. We are apt to talk much of the King, as if we were familiar with him; but of all men in the kingdom I think he is the least known: from the little knowledge I possess of him, I believe him to be one of the best-informed men in Europe. In speaking German and French he has no hesitation, and he is the finest reader I ever heard. In philosophy, mathematics, mechanics, and in the higher sciences, I doubt whether any character living can claim such a happy combination. He is friendly to his inferiors, and kind to his servants and domestics; and if Heaven grant him health, the great political interests of the country will be safe. These are the sentiments of

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXVIII.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Clare Hall, April 23, 1805.

Much respected Friend,

On my arrival in College yesterday, I found your very obliging letter of the 20th, and am happy to be able to answer it to-day, by sending you my Sermons; in the second of which I have taken the liberty of publicly making my acknowledgements for the many and undeserved favours which I have received from you. I shall be anxious to hear your *real* opinion of the work; it seems to me to be curious and interesting. I take the very great liberty of troubling you with a small packet to Dr. Jenner, who, I understand from your letter, is in London at this time, and with packets to several others, whose particular addresses I do not yet know, and to some (Dr. Waterhouse and Count Rumford) not in the kingdom; but you may perhaps know where to forward the latter in London, and the former, I recollect, you have frequent communication with. I fear you will think me forward in the many copies I have intruded on strangers, but you will see that it is a subject which has made no ordinary impression on my mind, and I almost feel acquainted with those with whom I have so long been conversing

in their writings. I return the books you so obligingly lent me, and which I ought to apologize for having kept so long, but I hope you will not think they have been thrown away upon me. I am sorry that society have lost Dr. Woodville. I had hoped for the honour of presenting him with a copy. Mr. Neild's book I read with infinite pleasure, and you will see in my *errata* that I could not excuse myself for omitting his name in a list of worthies.

'I could add much on what you say respecting our good King. I believe that the execrable writings of Peter Pindar (for such they must be, if they have had that effect,) have done much to degrade him in the eyes of his subjects. I am obliged to conclude this hasty scrawl with repeated apologies; and am

Your much obliged and
Obedient humble servant,
J. PLUMPTRE.

P. S. The Sermon will not be *published* before Saturday.

LETTER CXIX.

From the same.

Clare Hall, April 25, 1805.

Respected Friend,

I did not discover till after I had sealed up the parcel to you on Tuesday evening, that I had omitted Nelson's Address. As I am about sending a parcel to Mr. Rivington, I inclose it in that, and also add a piece of information, which I think I forgot in my letter; namely, that my village Sermon had its desired effect, and that vaccine inoculation is begun in my parish. The first child was inoculated on Monday, and the whole parish are to be inoculated from that in due time.

In great haste

I remain your much obliged

and obedient humble servant,

J. PLUMPTRE.

LETTER CXX.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

Rev. Friend, *London, May 7*, 1805.

My brother-in-law, Counsellor Garrow, dining with me at Grove Hill to-day, afforded me a frank,

which I embrace hastily to acknowledge the very distinguished honour you have conferred upon me in addressing your interesting Sermon on staying the Plague, &c. to one so undeserving your regard. I cherish the honour, however, in a high degree, as proceeding from a character universally esteemed, and coupling my name with that of Jenner. Neild has acknowledged your notice of him, and has inclosed, for my perusal, a copy of his letter to you. I expected this benevolent man to be of my party to-day, but I was disappointed, I fear from indisposition; for in truth he is sacrificing his life to prison pursuits. If you may not have seen the last account in the Gentleman's Magazine, I now inclose it. Miss Porter, the author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, favoured me with the manuscript from Stockdale's Ximenes. I formerly proposed a festival on the 17th of May, the birth-day of Jenner. He assures me he will be in town. Will you partake of the feast of Reason, and allow me to introduce you to him. After dinner, a bed is at your service at my Tusculum at Grove Hill, three miles from the standard in Cornhill. Do not disappoint me; but if you previously inform me of your acquiescence, I will engage Jenner to sleep with me. *Tria juncta in uno.* I am almost sorry that the French are so much wiser than us, as to propose a general inoculation of the cow-pock throughout France. Chaptal, the great chemist, Minister of the Interior, directs this; and France will save 50,000 subjects in one year, whilst we are foolishly

losing half that number by our obstinacy. Thus they are forming a sinking fund of human life adequate to all the losses by war. In London, about 15 murders are weekly suffered of infants, all of whom might be saved by vaccination. Last week, two patients consulted me—one inoculated with the small-pox is blind of both eyes; another, a child of fortune, is rendered a miserable object for life. I am almost angry to think of our obstinacy.

Who could read your Sermon and hesitate a moment? Some parts are incomparably conclusive, and formed to engage attention in every rank. Thus far I write—at eleven a message calls me 15 miles off. I must travel all night, and conclude, with much esteem

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXXI.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Hinxton Vicarage, May 11, 1805.

Much respected Friend,

On my arrival here yesterday, whither I came to attend the third inoculation for the cow-pock in my parish, I found your favour of the 7th, and beg to return you my grateful thanks for its most obliging contents. Mr. Neild's obliging letter, and present of his book, had before satisfied me of your having received my parcel; and your favour-

able acceptance of my dedication adds to the many obligations I already lie under to you, as does likewise your kind invitation to the Jennerian festival, and offer of a bed at your Tusculum, which I am sorry it is not in my power to accept. My first excuse, in which I am certain you will acquiesce, is, that, besides a great pressure of business, it is on our next day for vaccine inoculation; but I will detain Mr. Thackeray to my mutton-chop, and afterwards we will commemorate the day in drinking Dr. Jenner's health, and success to the cause of vaccination. But, were I more at leisure, I know not that I dare make one in so large and so illustrious a meeting. Always of a retired habit, which has grown upon me in the eight years that I have lived in my sequestration at Hinxton, and owing to my still indifferent state of health, it is more than I can encounter; and humble as my talents are with my pen in my snug parlour at Hinxton, I should absolutely make a cypher, or perhaps an incumbrance, at a meeting where all should be talent, animation, and glee. I beg of you to present my best respects to Dr. Jenner with "*Multos et felices.*" But should I visit London, as I perhaps may do in the course of the summer, or in the autumn, it will give me most sincere pleasure to avail myself of your kindness, and pay my respects to you in person at Grove Hill. I have already mentioned that vaccine inoculation was begun in my parish, notwithstanding the prejudice against it, mentioned in pp. 67, 68, of my Sermon.

A boy of my clerk's, about a year and half old, was inoculated on the 22d of April, and the 23d of May was fixed for a general inoculation; but on that day only three would be inoculated. I then had recourse to farther private conversation with some of the parents, and yesterday seventeen were inoculated, of whom four were grown persons; one of them, my principal farmer, an intelligent man, about 36 years of age, who has been three times inoculated for the small-pox; without taking it; and I make no doubt but that on Friday next we shall celebrate Dr. Jenner's birth-day with a much larger number. I have likewise to thank you for the extracts from the Gentleman's Magazine, which are valuable. I live out of the way of Reviews, &c. seeing only the British Critic, and Orthodox Churchman's Magazine. I am anxious to see what the Reviewers say to me.

I am, Sir,

With great esteem and respect,

Your much obliged and

obedient humble servant,

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

P. S. The books you so obligingly mention in your postscript will be received "with open hand and grateful heart."

Before I have sealed my letter your munificent present is arrived; handsome in itself, and, I make no doubt, highly valuable as to its intrinsic merits; and I should say to my friend, that he has heaped

too many favours upon me, did I not conceive, with respect to yourself, that generosity has its return in its own breast (Acts, ch. v.); and, for myself, I trust it will prove, that "a grateful mind, by owing, owes not, but still pays; at once indebted and discharged;" and therefore once more subscribe myself

Your much obliged,

J. PLUMPTRE.

LETTER CXXII.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

London, June 3, 1805.

Reverend Friend,

Yesterday Dr. Jenner, Sir Christopher Hawkins, and a few friends, dined with me at Grove Hill, when your name was mentioned as one of the benefactors of mankind. Last Thursday I was asked to meet Jenner at dinner, with my friend Bernard, at his Treasurer's house at the Foundling Hospital. I could not command time for dinner, but met the party at tea, when your Sermon was mentioned by Jenner; but Bernard said, that he had received a copy immediately from your hands.

If you make the subject of Prisons your Sermon against the next Assizes, I think you will effect it to general approbation, for you will do it *con amore.*

Your song on the Blind Boy was sung at the fes-

tival most excellently; it will appear in the next Gentleman's Magazine but one, with Jenner's and Travers's speeches. The Cow was not sung. I am preparing a new work on the Cow-pock, in which I shall have occasion to introduce your name. Under the chapter of Hindû inoculation, I mean to introduce the song on the Cow; that on the poor Blind Boy, under another chapter. But, alas! my incessant avocations preclude dispatch; and perhaps I may add, *tempus fallit et semper fallet.* Supposing that I could get a church for you to preach in London, could I hope for your services in favour of the Humane Society? It is a fine subject, and not exhausted; for the treasury which supports humanity is inexhaustible. The amities of the Gospel over-canopy every department of misery; its sympathies pervade every avenue of distress; and its light shines into the most darksome abode of wretchedness.

To-day, I find, by invitation, I must dine with Jenner, at Bernard's, Foundling Hospital, and shall prefer their society to a concert, for which I had two tickets, and have given them away. The company will be at Willis's, and the number of tickets 700; to serve Miss M., whose father destroyed an estate of £9000 a year, in electioneering for Shaftesbury; and the daughter, worthy in birth and fortune of a Nobleman, seeks her support in a musical party. She is of a pleasing figure, about 22, and is an affectionate good girl.

Speaking of music, I may notice a fine concerto

I lately witnessed (Wednesday) at my friend and patient's, Abraham Goldsmid's, the rich Jew, where Lady Hamilton, Braham, and others, charmed the party. I was acquainted with Lady Hamilton when Miss Hunt. In Italy, she and Sir W. Hamilton were particularly kind and useful to my late Son *, and I have ever since remembered her kindness. At Naples, when he arrived with my letter of introduction, she thus addressed Sir William: "This is the son of my friend Dr. Lettsom: he shall be in my house, even if you are jealous of him." Poor Sir William, loaded with years and honours, passed an evening at Grove Hill with me not long before he left sublunary grandeur. At Goldsmid's ball, I met a man I had wished much to know, Sir Sydney Smith; so I told him, and he assured me he had a similar *penchant*. We ate a sandwich together, and then hob-a-nob'd our glasses of porter. He was very conversable and *tout éveillé*, although he had been detained at supper by the Duke of Sussex till four in the preceding morning: he then met the King at Woolwich, and was on horseback the whole afternoon; and at half-past one in the morning I left him dancing with a Jewess. He told me he was on shore to have a little rest, but I could not see much rest would result from such exertions.

By Dr. Jenner I learn that the Portuguese have sent the cow-pock to Brazil, and to their African

* Dr. John Miers Lettsom. Ed.

Settlements. The Spaniards have followed the same line of conduct: so that, probably, in one year, the small-pox will only be known in Britain.

Excuse this letter of nothings, from

Your Friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXXIII.

From the same.

London, July 2, 1805.

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In consequence of some wicked and foolish papers against the cow-pock, Dr. Moseley and others have inoculated with the small-pox, and the disease is now spreading in London, and proving very fatal. No less than 25, in the last week, died in London. These infantile murders give me extreme pain. What have not the abettors of variolous inoculation to answer for? To shoot a dozen or two innocent people in the public streets of London, would not be half so injurious as allowing the murderers to kill the rising generation, the future hope of the state. Nothing can shew the supineness and ignorance of the Government more than legalizing these variolous murders. The parliament should not be prorogued till this destructive process is stopped. Our

houses have now party-walls; and a man setting his house on fire is nothing, compared to the destruction by variolous inoculation. I am now attending where the small-pox has killed every person in the family who had not previously had the disease. In another family, with three children, to whom I recommended the cow-pock, the mother said, she would not suffer them to have a bestial disease. They have caught the small-pox; two are dead, and the other is maimed for ever: worse than death. Do not you think that the Legislature should interpose? If we are hardy enough to oppose or refuse the blessings of Providence, other nations must institute quarantine laws against English ships, as being the only ones that convey the worst of all pestilences; for nearly all Europe, except England, has eradicated the small-pox. You and I, as Jennerians, will remain clear of innocent blood.

Yours, &c.

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXXIV.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

June 8, 1805.

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I have not yet absolutely fixed upon the subject for my Assize Sermon, but I rather think I shall

make it on James v. 19, 20, as that which I can easiest execute amidst my *variety* of business (which is perhaps worse than *quantity)*, as being that which will require me least fresh study and reading. I shall treat it in the light of *preventing* crimes by early religious instruction and civilization; and, when committed, by reclaiming the offenders (which will introduce *Prisons)*, and affording opportunities of returning to society, which will allow of an allusion to a Samaritan Society.

I had thought of Luke x. 27—" Love being the fulfilling of the Law." The *Prisoner*, Psalm lxxix. 12, would be a fine subject, but I do not feel competent to it at present, if I may ever use the word competent. I have read Beccaria, but do not feel satisfied with him: he seems to me to be more of a politician, or moral philosopher, than a Christian legislator. The Duke de Liancourt, which you intend sending, I shall peruse; and shall accept the pamphlet you mention with pleasure and thanks.

Dr. Jenner has favoured me with a letter, which I received yesterday. I have great reason to rejoice at the success of our vaccination here, and at the prudence with which Mr. F. Thackeray has conducted it. We began in my clerk's family, who is an intelligent man, and who had two children, which had not had the small-pox; the youngest was not well, and Mr. F. T. would *not* inoculate it. The child died yesterday; and I make no doubt, had it been inoculated, that its

death would have been laid upon the cow-pock; though, possibly, had it been vaccinated, it *might* have given a turn to its constitution, that might have preserved its life.

J. P.

LETTER CXXV.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

London, July 14, 1805.

Reverend Friend,

Although a layman, if I might give an opinion on the texts you mentioned for your Sermon I like that of your namesake the best—"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." This opens a wide field for the encouragement of mutual good offices. I approve it the more, as it affords a strong proof against the doctrine of necessity and predestination. If we save one from ruin, who would otherwise have been lost, there could have been no predestined event; for what was predestined would not have been retrieved.

There is a woman here, of the name of Joanna Southcott, who pretends to have free intercourse with the Divine Spirit; she has made many converts, and they have already established two or three chapels. I have never been at one, but I have met with one or two of her votaries, who conceive that the Scriptures never were explained, till her conversations with the Almighty were given out. These converts are zealous, and absolute devotees to her opinions and illuminations. Yesterday in riding near the City Road, I saw in gold letters, "To be had here, the Prophecies of Joanna Southcott." I bought one pamphlet, but there appeared about thirty more. This I send. I read part of it, but I found it unintelligible, and did not choose to waste my time in reading the ravings of an hysterical woman, bordering upon derangement. I am told, however, the converts multiply very rapidly. It seems strange, that religious opinions the most inconsistent with reason, generally rivet the mind most powerfully. I imagine she is a new Jacob Behmen, or Baron Swedenborg. There was some years ago in London one of these madmen, Count Zinzendorff, who sometimes experienced his possessions in the filthy gutters of the streets, like a hog. Happy it is, that most of the mystics are harmless, as the followers of Fenelon, Madame Borignon, and others. If the Cromwellians were mystics, they, however, offer an exception, for they were persecutors of others. The Quakers, who appeared about the same time,

were always like Borignons, Quietists; and never persecuted, when they had power, as in Philadelphia; the only religious body, indeed, among Christians, who never exercised religious power over any other religious body. In this respect they stand *unique*.

The Theophilanthropists of Paris are, I suppose, extinct. The religion there, if any remain, is that of the Cyprian Goddess, who has in her train 60,000 licensed votaries, and about as many more unlicensed. Alas! what contrasts are afforded by human weakness, and what numberless evils from depravity! Your text, however, encourages each to endeavour to rescue from ruin those who depart from the truth; and that you may enforce the doctrine with your wonted energy, is the wish of

Yours, respectfully,

J. C. LETTSOM.

P. S. About fifteen years ago, there was a middle-aged man, who chose to live in Shoreditch Workhouse. He had a room to himself, which he worked curiously with straw. He appeared to know the whole Bible by heart; and would say thus—"Take two of the first words in such a verse, and the last line of such a verse." Thus he would proceed for a whole day; and when these were put together, they read connectedly. He was thought to be inspired, and was much followed. I attended him once or twice, and his strings of

words, when put together, appeared like a connected sentence. Crowds followed him to know their fate, and what was going on in the future world, which Poor Helps, as he called himself, explained to his followers. I observed, that these enthusiasts and predestinarians, who consulted Poor Helps, had dark crisp hair and swarthy complexions, as almost all methodist preachers of this class have. Lady Huntingdon, whom I attended for the last five years of her life, was fair, and very lively: accident, not constitution, made her a methodist.

Poor Helps was originally, I believe, a thief, and adopted his prophetic plan to elude prosecution. I have since attended him as a gentleman, though he still calls himself Poor Helps, and maintains his prophetic delusions with certain persons, particularly with a lady who used to receive girls of the town; but she has acquired about four thousand pounds a-year income, and has left off the girl-business, and has become a saint, in order to wipe away all stains. J. C. L.

LETTER CXXVI.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Clare Hall, Nov. 21, 1805.

Much respected Friend,—for by that appellation I trust that you, my dear Sir, will still give

me leave to address you, since our personal acquaintance during my late visit in London; in which I must say with Posthumus, in Shakspeare, "I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still."

In the midst of the present opposition to vaccine inoculation, I cannot forbear sending you an extract, trifling as it is, from the letter of a friend of mine, Mr. Walter Trevelyan, (of Netherwitton, Northumberland,) who is himself a vaccinator, and is now on a visit to the Rev. Mr. Borlase, of Castle Horneck, near Penzance: he tells me, Mr. B. "so much approved of my Sermon on the Cow-Pock, as to resolve to become immediately a vaccine inoculator in that neighbourhood, notwithstanding the very strong prejudices which he would have to encounter; and that he (Mr. Trevelyan) prevailed upon several to be inoculated, who all went through it well." He then informs me of the sad effects of the small-pox there, and the terrible way in which it is mis-managed; and sends me some "additional facts concerning the cow-pock, communicated by Dr. Jenner to Mr. B." which, though new to me, are no doubt not so to you, and therefore I need not transcribe them.

Yours, &c.

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

LETTER CXXVII.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

Reverend Friend, *London, Dec.* 18, 1805.

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months. The second edition of 1774, of 500, in two months.

I have several of the late Jonas Hanway's Works, but am not in possession of the performance mentioned in your letter, which must have been interesting to you from the similarity of subject.

Yours, respectfully,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXXVIII.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Stamford, Aug. 25, 1806.

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Your packet, for which I return you my best thanks, contains a rich mental repast. The Report of the Royal Humane Society is particularly interesting; and the Emperor Alexander, in personally restoring to life a poor drowned peasant, seems to me much more to deserve the name of *The Great*, than the *Man-killer* of Persia*.

* In the year 1806 Mr. Grange communicated to the late benevolent Dr. Hawes, then Treasurer of the Royal Humane Society, the interesting fact of Alexander, the Emperor of all the Russias, having, by his own humane perseverance and personal exertions, rescued a Polish peasant from apparent death, by drowning. The Gold Medal and Honorary Diploma were voted to his Imperial Majesty, for his noble, unwearied, and persevering efforts, by which, under Divine Providence, life was re-

I have been induced, at the desire of a friend, to read Dr. Squirrell's pamphlet on the Cow-pock. It is full of either the most gross ignorance, or wilful falsehood, that can be, most of which I could answer myself. His style too is very abusive. I have sent the book back to my friend with these lines from Cowper's Task, b. vi.

——————————— Ventures forth
* * * * * *
The Squirrel, flippant, pert * *'
He perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud
With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

J. P.

LETTER CXXIX.

From the same.

Clare Hall, Oct. 16, 1806.

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Your letter of September the 7th reached me only on Friday last, on which day likewise your very obliging packet arrived: for both I beg you to accept my best thanks. The Report of the Royal Humane Society has given rise to the lines* which I send upon the opposite leaf. You will, perhaps,

stored to one of his subjects, who otherwise would have been prematurely consigned to the grave. Vide Annual Reports of the Royal Humane Society for 1807 and 1815. Ed.

* Vide Appendix, No. III.

have the goodness to suggest amendments, for my friend is himself a poet. J. P.

LETTER CXXX.

Dr. Lettsom to the Rev. J. Plumptre.

London, May 15, 1810.

Reverend Friend,

I have no other method of attacking you but on the highway, *super strata viarum*, which will apologize for the autograph. The Royal Humane Society still supports itself with distinguished character; our finances are favourable, and our ardour not cooled, though we lament the loss of its founder.* That we respect his memory you will be convinced by the Report of 1810, the second of my treasurership. If I live to finish that of 1811, I hope you will find it interesting. I imagine it will be the last I shall engage in. Under an indulgent Providence, I am as alert as in the days of my youth; but various avocations press upon me; and, my friend, you know, that the mind should take a pause between the two worlds, if it can a little plume its wings, and prepare for a flight into that which, although invisible, is durable. Alas! what have I done to enable me to take that flight upwards? In the last Anniversary Sermon for this Society, the preacher†

* Dr. Hawes. Ed. † Rev. Henry White, M. A. Ed.

introduced, among the providential means of saving life, the subject of Vaccination, with an ardour animated and impressive. At our dinner about 250 members assembled, with a flow of soul, and not less of pecuniary support. The Anniversary Dinner of the Sea-Bathing Infirmary was more numerously attended than at any previous meeting; indeed Charity in this metropolis is more liberally supported than ever was heretofore known. At the Anniversary of the Society for the Deaf and Dumb 3000*l.* were subscribed, of which 700*l.* were brought by Abraham Goldsmid the Jew. At the Jews' Hospital 2500*l.* of which about 1000*l.* by the Christians. Thus Charity, which descends from Heaven, is designed to canopy the whole earth; and England, like an immeasurable mirror, reflects the heavenly rays from pole to pole.

I am, respectfully, &c.

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXXXI.

From the same.

Reverend Friend, *London, June*, 1811.

I thank you for your kind letter of March, containing an invitation to your ensuing Installation; but truly, I would rather enjoy your academic

ground with leisure, than in the tumult of adventitious pomp; though I do not mean to condemn what adds dignity to science, emulation to genius, and reward to literature. Your volume has not yet got into the Trade-winds, to be conveyed to America. The Non-intercourse Act against reciprocal commerce extends to literature; but the means of communicating science and promoting morals, should be free as air. You are ever so much interested in promoting benevolence, and those amities which Christ practised, and the Gospel promulgates, that I feel a pleasure in resorting to subjects that gratify your mind, because they are near your heart. Hence I inclose to you my last Report of the Royal Humane Society, with the additional information, that the objects of the Institution are prosecuted with the ardour that Hawes inspired, and with an increase of finances, that characterizes the liberality of the Nation. I think you will find this year's Report more interesting than any preceding one. Amidst the crash of thrones, and the outrages against humanity, with what pleasure can we contemplate the Christian virtues of the British nation, which are exemplified in perpetual subscriptions and benefactions in favour of suffering humanity; to the stranger as well as to domestic wants! Our charities have each been this year more liberally supported than heretofore: hence morality and subordination have more and more humanized all ranks of

the community, and the poor in particular. Heaven preserve such a combination of virtue!

By the death of Lord Romney, the Earl of Liverpool has accepted the presidency of the General Sea-Bathing Infirmary, which prospers. His Lordship dined with us lately, staid five hours with us, and gave us 100*l.* When Lord Peterboro' had passed some time with Fenelon, he said, "If I stay any longer I shall be a Christian in spite of myself." So condescending was Lord Liverpool, that had he staid an hour longer he would have made a ministerialist of your friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXXXII.

The Rev. *J.* PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Clare Hall, July 7, 1810.

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I am truly rejoiced at the good account you send me of your health and "alertness," and hope you will live to draw up many more Reports of the Royal Humane Society, and other writings: you have talked of a fourth volume of *Hints*. What you say on the subject of "a pause between the two worlds," reminds me of a passage I lately read in Bishop Taylor's Sermon on the death of Sir George Dalstone, printed at the end of his Worthy Communicant, in which he quotes a saying of

the Emperor Charles the Fifth, "Oportet inter vitæ negotia et diem mortis spatium aliquod intercedere." That such a space is desirable, where it can be had, is most certain; but, where the life has been employed in the service of Him who sent us here to do his works, a shorter pause may suffice than for the speaker just quoted. And though the best man must find his best works defective, yet God is pleased to accept the imperfect endeavours of those, who have acted in obedience to his commands, and offered them through the merits of his Son, and will consider them as "good and faithful servants," and bid them "enter into the joy of their Lord." Few, I believe, have more truly passed their lives in doing good to man, for the Lord's sake, than has Dr. Lettsom.

Wishing you every happiness in this world, and everlasting happiness in that which is to come, I remain, with most sincere respect and regard,

Your much obliged,

J. PLUMPTRE.

LETTER CXXXIII.

From the same.

Aldborough, August 6, 1810.

Much respected Friend,

I think I mentioned in my last letter to you that I was going out of college to the sea-side, at Aldborough, and that I would keep your hint of

a song for the Anniversary of the Margate Infirmary in mind, and write one if I could. The foregoing * was written on the 26th of July, but the following day I met with an accident in bathing, being driven by a wave against the ladder of the machine, which put out my right shoulder, and bruised me very much, and prevented my writing for some days. But bad as my accident was, I have great reason to be thankful that it was not worse, that my arm was not broken, as well as dislocated, and that I was not carried out to sea. It was reduced within two hours of the accident, and since that I have not suffered any thing which can be called pain; some little uneasiness and some inconvenience to myself and those about me, but nothing farther; nor has it been attended with fever, owing probably in a great measure to the good state of my body from my generally temperate habits. Though from home, and in one sense amongst *strangers*, yet I have most truly found myself amongst *friends*, and have experienced every attention and kindness which my case required. My landlady lived 14 years as housekeeper with the same master, and nursed him in a long illness. So that I may truly say that I have great cause for thankfulness in my affliction, and *feel* the force of the last verse of my song.

I am, Yours, &c.

J. PLUMPTRE.

* Vide Appendix, No. IV.

LETTER CXXXIV.

From the same.

Clare Hall, Friday, Nov. 22, 1811.

Much respected Friend,

You have, no doubt, heard of the dreadful fire we had here a short time ago at Emmanuel College. It was astonishing how much persons were *at a loss* what was to be done in such a case, what was to be obtained, what arrangements were to be made, and where the water was to be directed. On reflecting on this, it occurred to me, that as it is useful always to acquire knowledge when young, in order that it may be ready to be applied as wanted,—and as we have books on "The Arts of Life," on "Trades," &c. it might be useful to have one on "The Accidents of Life," with the best means of preventing or relieving them. The book should be a 12mo volume, with cuts, and be made an amusing book for young persons, but yet of sufficient respectability that persons more advanced in life may not think it beneath them. I mentioned the idea to my friend Mr. Thackeray, who highly approves it; and I mentioned it yesterday to Mr. Newton Bosworth, who lives here, and keeps a school for the sons of respectable farmers, &c. and who was a little while ago one of the Editors of the Pantalogia, but was obliged to give

it up on account of its injuring his health. He greatly approves the idea, and would undertake it readily had he time; and I hope he will be prevailed upon to execute it, though he desires a few days to consider of it *. I should be glad to know your sentiments on the subject. I desired one of the booksellers here, some time ago, to get me a copy of Count Berchtold's "Essay on the best Contrivances for saving Human Life from all Sorts of Danger," mentioned page 3 of the last Report of the Royal Humane Society; but he said it was not to be got.

I am, Yours, &c.

J. PLUMPTRE.

LETTER CXXXV.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMTRE.

Reverend Friend, *London, Nov.* 23, 1811.

Two persons I esteem highly, thought of me at the same time; for your letter, and one from Dr. Jenner arrived at the same moment, and of the same date; and your's I answer almost instantly, because you seem to be under some solicitude to

* In 1813 Mr. Newton Bosworth published, "The Accidents of Human Life; with Hints for their Prevention, or the Removal of their Consequences." The correction of unfortunate errors, and the communication of useful knowledge, entitle this Work to the highest commendation. ED.

possess my late worthy friend's work (for I had the honour of more than an interview with Count Berchtold) on saving Human Life, which I imagine was never printed here; but as to his other work, containing Directions to Travellers, in 2 volumes 8vo, I can purchase in London, and which I would do for you if you require it. I quote from Dr. Jenner's letter the following sentence: "I have considered London as the centre of opposition to the Vaccine practice; but even there, in spite of the base and murderous designs of a few bad-minded individuals, the small-pox has wonderfully decreased; and in the provinces its mortality has lessened in a still greater proportion. For the great and grand effects of Vaccination, the eye must pass this little spot, and survey it among other European countries, and still more particularly among the vast empires of Asia and America. In Mexico and Peru the disease is nearly extinct. The documents which pour in upon me from these distant regions fill me with inexpressible delight: you shall have copies when I can get them transcribed."—Your ideas of publishing on the means of preserving from Casualties, might be of great use. Mr. Parkinson has published on Dangerous Sports, a work of useful caution and instruction. The means of preparing for, and of avoiding it, when it occurs, would prove of essential benefit, and I am glad you have suggested the subject.

Dr. Anthony Fothergill is now living in Philadelphia, and I received a letter from him a few

days ago. He was a friend, but not a relation, of my patron the great Dr. Fothergill.

Next Wednesday, being the birth-day of Dr. Hawes, the Humane Society will dine, at five o'clock, at the London Coffee-house: Dr. Lettsom in the Chair. If you will favour us with your company, we will retire to Sambrook Court to take a bed. This must not be considered as a Society-dinner; but as a private meeting (at their own expense) of the directors, managers, and select friends of the Society, and of the deceased Founder. Among the number will be the coadjutor and surviving founder, Dr. Cogan. I expect it will prove a day of social rationality, and sedate conviviality. Do come and oblige

Your friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXXXVI.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Clare Hall, Monday, Feb, 10, 1812.

Much respected Friend,

You do me too much honour in thinking me capable of making any useful suggestions to *you* on the mode of proceeding in cases of *fire*. I really do not think that I can, as it is a situation in which I never was concerned, and upon which I have had little opportunity of reflecting. Mr. Bos-

worth has made but little progress in his work; but he keeps it in mind, and hopes now to get on with it. He wishes, when he has completed three or four of his Addresses, to send them to you, and so of the others, for your opinion.

But, not to lose time and paper, I proceed:—On the first knowledge of fire to any one, the most important thing seems to be to collect all one's *presence of mind*, to *think*, and to do that with energy and decision before one acts—a custom to which young persons should be trained by their parents and teachers. The alarm should first be given; and, in case of a person being shut in by the flames, I have heard of some wrapping themselves in blankets (perhaps wetted), and rushing through the flames. But this I should suppose to be very dangerous. To escape from a window or other outlet may be preferable. If it be upstairs, and especially any height from the ground, there may be a connexion with the leads or roof of the house, or by some projecting ledge to some other part; but if not, then the best means of escaping from the window must be considered. Perhaps by means of a rope, or by tying the sheets together; and we should be aware even of such particulars, as—What is the best *knot* to tie them by, so that it may not slip? What are the best things to tie them to? How is the person to let himself down by them? Is he to let the rope or sheet *slip* through his hands, or is he to remove his hands alternately lower and lower? In one of the late

murders in Ratcliff-highway, Turner, the lodger at Williamson's, escaped by tying his sheets together, and fastening them to the bed-post. If this cannot be done, and it seems necessary to get out *suddenly*, he should consider, if there be more windows than one (as in a room where there are windows on both sides of the house), whether there be not softer ground on one side than the other; and whether it be best to *jump* out, or to *drop down*, hanging first by the hand as low as possible, and then letting go, and whether with a spring, or not. Let him consider what *clothes* he should put on: perhaps *breeches, coat, and shoes,* are the best in such haste. In cases where there are children, they might be lowered down in a basket, or by a sheet tied round the body. Females, who might not have presence of mind to act for themselves, might be so lowered down.

With respect to the *building*, the first thing should be to give the alarm generally, to collect assistance, to send straight to the fire-offices and engines, to collect buckets and pails, to consider where the nearest and best supply of water is to be had, to range the people in a lane to it—the men on one side to hand the full buckets, &c. and the boys and women on the other to hand the empty ones. When the engines arrive, where are they to play? Not, I suppose, upon the *flames*, but on each side to prevent their spreading. Consider how the communication can best be cut off, and

provide wet blankets to put upon neighbouring houses, stacks of corn, hay, &c.

Something should be said on the *construction* of houses. Every house, if possible, should have two staircases, and in large houses, colleges, &c. &c. as many party-walls as possible; and the partitions of the rooms should be stuccoed and not wainscoated.

I had been told that the fire-offices had printed directions for what is to be done in such cases, to give away, but, on inquiry at the principal offices here, I find they have not any. Should not all the offices have such? Should there not be in every town some person resident as a superintendant, accustomed to acting at fires, to be ready on all occasions? He might follow some other business also. Regulations should also be proposed for preserving and guarding property.

Your much obliged and very sincere,

JAMES PLUMPTRE.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

Reverend Friend, *London, June 22*, 1812.

I was about to congratulate you upon your distinguished presentation to Great Gransden, when

I thought it rather due to your parishioners, who will in you find a pastor and a friend upon every suitable occasion—one who, whilst claiming the dignity of cultivated science, can descend to instruct the peasant and the poor. How often have I proposed and wished to see you at Cambridge; and great as this gratification might be, I had rather see you at the vicarage of Great Gransden in your patriarchal character, dispensing the amities of the Gospel to your flock. I quit this subject (but not to forget it) to express my satisfaction in perusing part at least of the Stage you have corrected and improved; the prefaces, and elucidations, and parallelisms, almost render it an original of your own, and at the same time highly valuable*. I think I sent you the Report of the Royal Humane Society. The Anniversary was highly interesting from the conduct of the Chairman, Mr. Garrow. He had his only son, the Rev. Mr. Garrow (who preached the Anniversary Sermon) on his left hand. Somehow, in an apostrophe, he gave an eulogy on his own son, which drew tears of sympathy from the company. The son attempted to speak in reply; his voice faultered, and he was unable to proceed, from the affectionate

* "The English Drama purified: being a Specimen of select Plays, in which all the passages that have appeared to the Editor to be objectionable in point of Morality, are omitted or altered." With Prefaces and Notes, 3 vols. 12mo. This Work reflects infinite credit on its amiable Editor. Ed.

and filial emotions which were thus unexpectedly excited — but the whole together was truly the feast of souls. The company exceeded 300. I wish you had made it one more.

The Anniversary of the General Sea-Bathing Infirmary was well attended, with Lord Eardley in the chair. The Earl of Liverpool, our President, had engaged to favour us with his company; but, alas! just as he was leaving the House of Lords, the assassination of Mr. Perceval was perpetrated. His Lordship sent us 30 guineas, and gave us last year 100*l.* But the news of the assassination arriving whilst we were at dinner, a sudden gloom overspread the company, and after dinner no toast but silent ones were permitted. The collection, however, was liberal, and the Infirmary prospers. To that kind, as well as to other Charities, you have contributed; and it is gratifying to witness that the pressure of the times has not lessened either pure benevolence, or liberal donations, to every species of Charity in this City of partial degeneracy, but of ample virtue and expanded philanthropy. To such philanthropists I would apply a passage in your Jane Shore, which I perused to-day—

> "And court the offices of soft Humanity;
> Like these reserve their raiment for the naked,
> Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
> And mix their pitying tears with those that weep."

Have you seen the Address of Friends to the Prince Regent? If the Address be excellent, the

Answer is gracious and temperate. As a peaceable sect, we might be admitted to deprecate war, as connected with religious, not political views. The Address, &c. are in the Gazette of Saturday, and in the Morning Chronicle of to-day. It was composed at our Anniversary Meeting prior to the assassination of Mr. Perceval; or probably some allusion might have been made to that atrocious act.

I think I read, about 50 years ago, Vegetable Sermons. Perhaps these are Village Sermons; but I think, in your pious and enlarged mind, you might favour your parishioners and the world with Rural Sermons, to raise religious gratitude and sentiments from the contemplation of the providential provision afforded by cultivation and vegetation, which might include some beautiful allusions to natural history, to nature, and the AUTHOR of nature. The birds which frequent our fields, which we destroy as our enemies, are our best friends in destroying desolating insects. Perhaps the brood of one nest consumes as food 10,000 caterpillars; and even crows, that eat our seed-corn, cleanse the land of worms; and the mole, who defaces our fields with hillocks, is our kindest friend, in destroying the chrysoles of the cock-chafer, in desolation sometimes imitating the locust itself.

I am sincerely your's,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

The Rev. J. PLUMPTRE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Great Gransden Vicarage, near Caxton,
Saturday, Sept. 10, 1814.

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As I was finishing the foregoing paragraph, I was interrupted by the arrival of weekly letters and packets from Cambridge by the butcher; one of which is a packet from Longworth, the bookseller at New York, containing a copy of Bosworth's Accidents of Human Life, reprinted there, having been revised, and with additions. I have not had time minutely to examine it; but I see that some of the additions are the directions of the New York Humane Society, and Dr. Mitchill's Observations on Colds.

I had sent the book to Count Rumford, at Paris, in the hope he would get it reprinted there; but I never heard whether it reached him; and the last Cambridge paper but one (the only newspaper I see) gave an account of his death. I consider him as one of my best benefactors, as I am indebted to him for much comfort in improved fires, &c. and for many pounds saved in the year. Is there any memoir of him published? Had he published any thing since his eighteenth Essay on Coffee? Or has he left any thing for publication?

Did I in my last mention the death of Mr. Neild?—good James Neild! I think not; and especially as you do not say any thing about him in yours. I conclude that you have written a memoir of him for the Gentleman's Magazine, and had some of them printed off on separate paper: if so, I will beg a copy. I have his print, given me by himself; and he gave me, at different times, his publications, his last great work in quarto being one of them.

J. P.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE.

Rev. Friend, *London, Nov.* 31, 1814.

I am pleased to hear of the extension of useful performances like that of Bosworth's Accidents; for what is not useful ought not to be published. Count Rumford's decease I consider as a great loss to the community. His instructions were, perhaps, more useful in promoting the comforts of life, and the economy of human gratification, than those of any contemporary author. I believe his Essay on Coffee is the last of his finished performances; though I doubt not but that he has left many precious unfinished pieces, though sufficiently arranged to inform in the useful scenes of domestic life.

Soon after Neild's death I wrote to his son for materials for his father's biography, which he promised me, but hitherto I have not received them*. Neild had this only son; he made no will, and, I presume, died worth 3000*l.* a year. But, alas! where is the perfect man? To his eldest son he was said to be more cruel than was Howard to his only son; the death of each is attributed to their respective parents. The subject is too painful to dwell upon; and almost incredible, from the exercise of severity, if not cruelty. I made some efforts to raise a statue to Neild, as I had succeeded with Howard; but his treatment of his eldest son was so notorious as to thwart my endeavours. I mean, however, to make a biographical sketch, for his qualities were many, luminous, and generally humane.

My grandson, William Nanson Lettsom, has just entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a youth of great promise, and of character unblemished; no way presuming on the prospect of the vast fortune that awaits him.

I am, your's &c.

J. C. LETTSOM.

* It was not in the recollection of Dr. Lettsom that he possessed a memoir of Neild, written by himself, up to the year 1806, which is now affixed to the Correspondence of Neild and Lettsom in this volume. ED.

LETTER CXL.

From the same.

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London, March 28, 1815.

Your letter of February 9th did not seem to demand an early answer, and principally referred to the character of our deceased friend Mr. Neild, with an apology for a part of his conduct respecting his son, so opposite to the general tenor of his character, expanded as it was by extensive acts of philanthropy. The goodness of your own heart gave utterance to these apologies; but, indeed, I may painfully say, that I think the repulsive treatment of one son, and the parental kindness to another, for the space of months and years, cannot be attributed to the source you liberally suggest. He did, indeed, receive him at his table, when he ventured to intrude himself; but the parent never relaxed to open his mouth on such occasions, except to censure and repulse.

J. C. L.

LETTER CXLI.

JACOB BRYANT, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Cockspur-street, Dec. 14, 1778.

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In respect to the Deity Esculapius, it is a character upon which I have formerly reflected, as well as that of Hippolytus, which has in it something singular; but I do not know that I have committed any thing upon these heads to writing. There are several other personages in ancient mythology, whose history deserves to be inquired into; for, from a proper collation of their qualities and attributes, I am persuaded much light may be obtained. Should I find, when I return into the country, any notices to the purpose which you mention, they shall be at your service; but I think that I have nothing of this sort.

J. B.

LETTER CXLII.

Dr. LETTSOM's Reply.

Sir, *London, May 24, 1779.*

I received thy obliging letter, dated the 14th of last December, and should have acknowledged it sooner, had it not given me to hope for thy further notice after thy return into the country. In the perusal of thy New System of Ancient Mythology, I was so pleased with this stupendous performance, that I formed a running index to the three volumes, as well as to thy Observations, formerly published; and therefore I can probably point out some passages respecting the supposed God of Physic in these works, which may have escaped the author's recollection, and from reading of which I did not doubt, but from his etymological knowledge, and from a proper collation of the qualities and attributes of this personage, much new light might be thrown upon the Is-Calibi, of Sanchoniathon, which seems antecedent to the Esculapius of Epidaurus, who partook of the Eleusinian mysteries in Samothracia. I suspect the curious piece of sculpture in Lord Shelburne's possession, does not apply to Esculapius. I understood that under the seat of the Deity, a dog was placed; but, upon inspection, it appears to be a dragon or griffin, which, I think, was never con-

sidered as his attendant. The cock sometimes has been as well as the dog; the snake twines very naturally round the baton, which is terminated with a nest of birds, which the serpent seems to be approaching with his mouth.

I should be very happy to be favoured with thy future information; and am very respectfully, &c.

J. C. LETTSOM.

P. S. References to Esculapius, in the New System of Ancient Mythology; vol. i. p. 177, 437, 457; v. ii. p. 129, 432; and under Asclepius, v. ii. p. 463, 468.

LETTER CXLIII.

JACOB BRYANT, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Cypenham, near Windsor, May 28, 1779.

SIR,

You do great honour to the Analysis, and to its author, in taking so much pains about it as to form an index for the easy discovery of its principal contents: of this I shall be glad to have a sight, and possibly may request your permission to copy it.

The ancient history and meaning of Esculapius, I think, I know well, and have digested it in my mind; but as yet nothing has been consigned to writing. It shall be my purpose very soon to give an account of this deity, in consequence of your

request; and it shall be transmitted to you, as soon as finished. I may be prejudiced, and perhaps mistaken; but every inquiry which I make, seems to corroborate my original system; and the history of Esculapius will be found to afford much light to the several parts which have preceded. The History of Vulcan would do the same; and that of Cecrops, and of many others, would be found equally interesting, if examined, analyzed, and compared, as those have been which are already laid before the public. At present I am pretty much engaged on some other subjects, which will retard, for a little while, my putting into execution what you have delegated to me; but very soon, God willing, I will endeavour to afford you a satisfactory account of this Medical Deity, in whose history will be found some extraordinary circumstances.

In the mean time believe me, Sir,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

LETTER CXLIV.

From the same.

Sir, *Cockspur-street, Nov.* 12, 1779.

I have not till lately been able to afford you the intelligence which you so long ago requested

You have at last my thoughts about Esculapius, and I shall be happy if they are found to answer your expectation. They are designed for your private consideration; on which account I should be sorry to have them introduced into the world; especially as I do not send the treatise as a correct and finished performance. I have no other copy of it; so that I shall be obliged to you to return it, at whatever distant time may best suit you. It will scarcely merit more than a bare perusal; but if you should choose to make extracts from it, or to copy the whole, you have my full permission.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

LETTER CXLV.

Dr. LETTSOM to JACOB BRYANT, Esq.

Sir, *Dec.* 18, 1779.

It is difficult for me to express how much I think myself obliged by thy elaborate and copious History of the origin of the God of Physic, which has afforded me more satisfaction upon the subject than any thing I had previously seen; for the ancient historical relations of this personage are vague and uncertain, and much more confused

and involved in darkness, the higher they carry his antiquity; but in the History before me, this is reversed; as the higher we ascend, the more light and connexion break forth, and a strong presumption is afforded for crediting what appears most probable. I wish, however, some notice had been taken of his emblematic figures, the serpent and the dog; at least of the latter, and of the origin of the baton.

I am not ignorant that many objections have been urged against the new Analysis of Ancient Mythology, and that the author has been condemned for a partiality to a favourite system; but, if it appear to be a system the most rational, as well as the best connected with historical data, such a partiality is founded in reason, and not prejudice.

In the immense labour of the new Analysis, where the materials lay scattered and almost buried in oblivion, we must rather wonder that it contains so few imperfections.

I remember, though it is long since I read Richardson's Dissertation, that he urges many objections against the Analysis, because some of the persons and exploits commemorated in Grecian history, connected with Eastern nations, are in the records of the latter; and he frequently, I think, instances Persian history. It is very extraordinary, that the same writer, who in some cases lays so much stress and authority upon Persian history, should in another part of his work admit,

or, at least, it may be admitted, that in their whole history there is not even any account of so notorious a character as Sapor, who was so conspicuous when the Roman Empire existed in its grandeur. Certainly, if their history affords no authority in one instance, why should it be so decisive in other instances, still more remote and uncertain?

But to return to thy polite letter: I have taken extracts from the account of Esculapius, but shall not publish any thing upon the subject, till it has been seen by thyself, if I may be allowed the liberty of asking the favour of thy perusal.

I have also herewith sent my Index to the Analysis, but, as I have not a copy of it, I hope great care will be taken of it, that it be not mislaid. I can spare it for a month or two, if wanted. I purpose to write it fair, and bind it with the Analysis.

I shall take the liberty soon of waiting upon my very obliging friend, and of testifying the respect of

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CXLVI.

JACOB BRYANT, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *Cypenham, Sept.* 19, 1785.

It has been my fixed purpose not to publish any thing more, though I have a variety of treatises by me, most upon sacred subjects, in which I endeavour to elucidate, and maintain the truth of, the Sacred Scriptures. My intention is, to leave them to the perusal and judgment of my executors, and if they should think any good may proceed from them, they may hereafter send them into the world. However, as you desire to publish the Treatise upon Esculapius, I cannot, after your repeated civilities, refuse you any such request; and it accordingly shall certainly be at your service; though I could wish to have it printed without my name *. Another thing I must beg of you is, to let me see it, that it may be revised, for it was written in haste, and the quotations and references will demand a second collation. There is in my possession a rough copy of it, from whence I judge, that it may be in some parts better adjusted, and some little introductory histories premised, by which the evidences, which come after, will be greatly confirmed.

* It is printed as the first Article in the first Volume of the Medical Society of London. ED.

I am confident that my system will one day be thought to be well-founded; and the Analysis will have the patronage of the learned. At present I rest contented with the approbation of some select and excellent friends.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

LETTER CXLVII.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Cypenham, Dec. 22*, 1785.

It has been my misfortune to make you wait much longer than I purposed; but the whole Treatise wanted much alteration, especially in its disposition: in consequence of which it has passed through a new arrangement. It has been likewise put into the hands of a very learned friend, to whom very few in the kingdom are equal in knowledge; and has undergone a revisal by him. This made the completion of the whole so late.

I purpose being in Town next week; when I will either bring the Treatise, or send it to you. If nothing should interfere, I believe I shall be at my lodgings on Wednesday the 28th.

I am with great truth, Dear Sir,

Your most sincere Friend

and humble servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

LETTER CXLVIII.

From the same.

Cockspur-street, Dec. 29, 1785.

Dear Sir,

I came to Town yesterday, as I purposed; but I had a slight cold; and the weather was otherwise too unfavourable for me to venture out in the evening: which prevented my calling upon you. I send you with this letter my Treatise, which has been entirely altered in respect to arrangement; and many things are added. You will probably have it copied by your amanuensis, and then send me his copy; or let me rather have my own, that I may be able to correct the press by it. It was not my design to appear again in print; though I have a variety of things by me, which may one day see the light, if those, who come after me, shall think them of sufficient consequence. As this Treatise is only a part of a larger work, I have been obliged to prefix a short Introduction, together with a prefatory Epistle to yourself. All this is by way of explaining my purpose, and to afford some short intelligence of those arguments which have preceded. I fear that I shall not be able to see you while I am in Town; which indeed will be only for one day beyond the present: for on Saturday I must return. I had forgot to mention, that most of the Greek quotations are

translated. If there should be found one or two in the notes otherwise, the reason is, because the meaning has been previously given; and no new light could have been afforded by a translation.

am with great truth, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

LETTER CXLIX.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Cypenham, Sept.* 28, 1786.

I am greatly obliged to you for your very kind present; which is a very elegant work, and worthy of the person whose history it contains. The engravings are well done, and the impressions very delicate.

As to the propriety of prefixing *Isis of Saïs*, the accounts given of the Goddess warrants the application. Saïs was a city towards the upper part of Delta; in which this Deity was particularly worshiped. She was supposed to be the revealer of the Mysteries of Nature, and to have been an universal benefactress; but more especially to have presided over medicine. This science she was said to have invented; and to have first discovered the salutary use of drugs and minerals; and the essence of all beneficial plants. By these she wrought wonders; and they did not scruple

to aver, that she could by her skill bestow immortality. The Professors of Medicine gave out that they were often admonished in dreams both by her and Esculapius, and forwarded in their process; so that many cures were effected by the interposition of those Deities. These things are mentioned by various authors, but especially by Diodorus Siculus, L. 1. p. 22. and Plutarch, Isis et Osiris.

The Summer is past, and I have not been able to see you: for I am now never long resident in Town. I hope, however, an opportunity will happen.

I am, my Dear Friend,

Your ever affectionate,

JACOB BRYANT.

LETTER CL.

Rev. G. COSTARD to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *Twickenham, Nov.* 29, 1779.

It is now a twelvemonth ago since I received the obliging present of your book, for which I immediately returned you my best thanks. What I said to you then, relating to Esculapius, I forget, but I know it would be but little to the purpose. I have not lost sight of him at times ever since, and pursued him through all the coins and inscriptions I could come at, but found they all came too

late to be of any service. So that I began to despair of ever finding him. I will not say I have now found him, but think I am nearer to him than I was twelve months ago. For, meeting with a quotation from Damascius in Photius, I began to think it might serve as a clue to conduct me through this labyrinth. I will not trespass so much on your time as to transcribe all that I have collected on this subject. I shall only begin with what Damascius says, and observe, that when I formerly had minuted it down, I did not attend to it enough, till lately meeting with the passage in Reinesius, which is this: Ὁ ἐν Βηρύτῳ Ἀσκληπιος ουκ εστιν Ελλην, ουδε Αιγυπτιος, αλλα τις επιχωριος Φοινιξ. Upon which in his note on Inscript. CXIV. he judiciously observes, "E Syrorum igitur, Phœnicumve lingua, etymon *Asclepis* petemus, rectius quam Græcorum." So that, with regard to the Greeks, Asclepius was a foreigner: and in that supposition I am farther confirmed from two passages in Pausanias.

The remains of the Phenician language are so very small that nothing can be expected from thence. But we may very well suppose it had a near affinity with the Hebrew: and while I was thinking so, I accidentally opened my Hebrew Bible at Ezekiel v. 1, where the prophet is ordered to take a sharp instrument, תער הגלבים LXX, Ῥομφαιαν οξειαν υπερ ξυρον Κερεως. The word גלב *galaḇ*, or in the plural *galabim*, is read no where in the Bible but in this place. Our

translators render it *Barbers*, as it really seems to signify, from the circumstances of the place, and all the other concurrent versions. But I suspected that originally it might have had a more extensive signification, and comprehended *Surgeons*. For in those early times, you know, Surgery made the principal part of Physic. And with this agrees Macrobius, and long before him Celsus, as I had formerly minuted down from him.

As no hopes could be entertained from the Hebrew, my next concern was to have recourse to the Arabic; a language much more copious than the other, and of which there are larger remains.

In this language, the verb جلب *i. e.* גלב, in its primary sense signifies to *draw*; and from thence come many derivative senses, as may be seen in the Anthologia Veterum, published by Schultens, and likewise in the 4th Consessus of Hariri, published by the same author.

From this primitive sense of *drawing*, I suspected might come another of *drawing a skin*, and so *closing*, and *healing* a wound. And upon turning to Golius' and Castell's Lexicons, to my great surprise, I found my conjecture right.

In this same language, the word اس *As* *, signifies Medicus Chirurgus: and thence, by combining these two words, we have اس جلب *Asgleb*, or, as B and P are easily changed in the pronunciation, the *Arabs* having no P in their language,

* This seems to be a mistake for اسي *Asy*. J. M. G.

Asclep, and *Asclepi*. And hence the Greeks, by adding their termination ΟΣ, would very easily form the word ΑΣΚΛΕΠΙΟΣ; or, with the Η, ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΟΣ. The meaning of which will be, Medicus cuticulas vulneribus obducendo insignis, or, what is shorter, Medicus vulneribus sanandis insignis. So that Asclepius was, probably, a famous Phenician *Surgeon*, before he was known to the Greeks.

I don't know whether any one hath attempted to explain the word ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΟΣ in the manner I have here done. But whether I am right in my conjecture, or not, I have the satisfaction of shewing an attempt to oblige you, as far as lies in my power; for I imagined such a communication as this would not be unacceptable.

I cannot close this letter, however long it is already, without observing, that Dr. Russel hath very obligingly lent me a very fine *Arabic* MS. which is a kind of Dictionary of Eminent Persons, in an alphabetical order. Under Asclepius he says, that his staff, round which the serpent is seen twined, was made of the wood, or plant الخطمي *Al-Hatmai*, or *Hitmai*, which, according to Golius, signifies the *Althea*, commonly supposed to mean a kind of *wild mallows*. And the reason which he gives is, because this *Hatmai* is of a "middle temperature between hot and cold," and that, by this, Asclepius would recommend the like equability in the affairs of life. Where this author met with his information, that this staff was

of this wood, I know not; but considering the symbolizing temper of those times, it may not be improbable that some wood in *particular* was meant. And it is very certain that the *Arabs* met with Greek authors, that are now *lost*, at least not known.

I have only to add, that dipping into Erpenius' Grammar, I found a proverb which says, that the "*Barber* learns to shave on the Orphan's Head." The word for *Barber* here signifies likewise *Chirurgus*. And this will justify me in supposing that the word for *Barber*, in *Ezekiel*, might signify likewise a *Surgeon*.

I am, Dear Sir, your very faithful
and obliged humble servant,
G. COSTARD

LETTER CLI.

Dr. LETTSOM's Reply

Dear Friend, *London, Dec.* 7, 1779.

I think myself particularly honoured by both thy obliging favours, the first of which I had, for some time past, intended to answer, but for want of proper materials, to proceed upon the history of Esculapius, I have deferred it much longer than I ought, or wished to have done. I have not been able to meet with the person who gave me the explanation of the Arabic characters; but I design to renew my inquiries upon that subject.

Thy learned and obliging letter of the 29th of last month, has afforded much information upon the dark subject I wish to inquire into. The supposition admitted by Bochart, and followed by Le Clerc, never appeared to me well founded, that the name of Esculapius was derived from *is-calibi*, vir caninus, from the dogs exhibited in his temple, in consequence of the Grecian fable of his being nourished by one of those animals; to which, indeed, this explanation is ingeniously suited; as certainly many illustrious families, both in Greece and Rome, claimed a similar origin; but the Chaldean or Phœnician Esculapius, had a more ancient, and probably a nobler extraction. Neither does the idiom of the language above-mentioned authorize the deducing the name of a person from an allusion to his emblem. Among the Chaldeans and Egyptians, and the colonies which issued from them, the doctrine of good and evil spirits very early prevailed: the former were supposed to preside over the clean, and the latter over the unclean beasts, under which the dog is ranged by the fabulists. The barterer of a dog was even forbidden, by Moses, to approach the altar, by whom we also learn that it was customary to sacrifice to evil spirits, in order to pacify them. As prior to the time that physic became a science, the art of healing was in the hands of priests; and as diseases were at the same time attributed to the wrath of superior beings, it was natural, under such a superstition, to apply to the ministers of the deity, in diseases whose causes or removal were beyond the exercise of their sagacity,

as well as to confer superior honours upon those who were supposed capable of averting evils so incomprehensible in their nature and event.

In those early ages, whoever therefore was peculiarly distinguished for skill in the healing art, most probably would have acquired some title expressive thereof, and the definition given in thy last letter, from Asgleb, Asclep and Asclepi, Ασκλεπιος might be naturally derived.

Etymology, however, must be admitted with great caution; and, I think, only as collateral evidence, where other can be discovered; but with respect to this personage, our data are so very scanty, as sufficiently to justify a considerable dependence upon etymological evidence. I am not conversant with eastern languages, but it had also been suggested to me (merely, however, from etymology), that the Chaldaic terms, *asik* and *rapion*, signifying a great healer, might not improbably have given rise to the Esculapius of Greece.

In the fragments of Sanchoniathon, Priest of Berythra, preserved by Eusebius, we find the first mention of Asclepius or Esculapius, as the son of Sadic the Just; and one of the Cabiri; and, consequently, many hundred ages prior to the Grecian Deity of the same name; it is therefore in Phœnicia and Egypt that we are to seek for the original Esculapius.

From these countries, where he was honoured as a God, his worship passed into Greece, and was first established at Epidaurus, a city of the Peloponnesus, bordering upon the sea, where pro-

bably some Phœnician colonies might have been settled, and established his worship there, about one hundred and fifty years before the Trojan war.

The celebrated Mythologist, Bryant, considers the first Esculapius the son of Sadic the Just: a title applied also to Noah or Ham, as one and the same person; and he is further confirmed in this from some traditions respecting the birth of the former, as referable also to the *arkite* Patriarch.

I have taken the liberty of throwing out these remarks, in hopes of thy further investigation and elucidation; for I confess, in the pursuit of this subject of antiquity, I am still involved in great difficulty, as to the real personage, as well as to his companions, the dog, the dove, and the serpent. This reptile, even prior to the deluge, was deemed one of the greatest of the evil spirits, and, as such, capable of afflicting mankind, in which point of view it was consistent with the Esculapian superstition, to introduce the serpent into the temple of the deity, whose power extended over that of this harbinger of evil. Probably the serpent worship, which has prevailed over most parts of the world, has, like other kinds of superstition, originated from fear rather than gratitude or reverence. If any thing further should occur to thee upon these subjects, or upon the baton of the Esculapian Deity, I shall be extremely happy in thy future communications; and am, very respectfully,

Thy truly obliged Friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

MEMOIR

OF

JAMES NEILD, Esq. LL.D.

(Written by Himself.)

I was born 24th May, 1744 (old style), at Knutsford, in Cheshire, in the neighbourhood of which my family possessed some good estates. My father died when I was too young to retain the slightest remembrance of him, leaving myself, three brothers, and one sister, to the care of our mother, who carried on the business of a linen-draper. She was a woman of merit and piety, and devoted herself to the bringing up, and virtuously educating, her children. I passed through the ordinary course of education at the town where I was born, with tolerable success, but quitted it before I was thirteen. A skilful preceptor would, about this time, have discovered the true bent of my temper or disposition, from the manner in which I was struck, at seeing a print of Miss

Blandy, in prison, fast bound in misery and in irons, for poisoning her father; and another of Miss Jefferys and John Swan, whom she procured to shoot her uncle; and my frequent visits to the shop where they were exhibited for sale. The real principles of action, and a character impressed by nature, are in this way most likely to be found; for the efforts of nature * will very rarely, if ever, deceive.

After quitting school, I went to live with my uncle, who farmed one of his own estates; with him I continued about two years, but not liking the farming business, I solicited my mother to put me apprentice to some trade or profession. An opportunity presented itself, and Doctor Leaf, of Prescot, near Liverpool (all surgeons and apothecaries in the country are called *Doctors*), was desirous of having me; but in the conclusion of his letter he says, "After Mr. Neild's five years are expired, he needs only take a trip or two to Guinea, and he will be qualified to practise any where." This excited my curiosity and inquiry, and final rejection of the offer.

An advertisement about this time appeared in the newspapers, from a person styling himself a jeweller; and of this business I had formed some idea, from the good-nature of a Jew, who, being a kind of itinerant jeweller, passed through Knutsford every year, and seemed pleased at the effect and inquiries, which the shewing me his box of

* Ulysses adopted this mode to discover Achilles.

stone buckles, buttons, &c. produced; a treaty was set on foot, and soon concluded.

I accordingly set out for London without either friend or recommendation there, and arrived the latter end of the year 1760. In a very short time (about a month) I found my situation very different to what I had expected, and that the preservation of my character required my immediate removal. Without a single acquaintance, and not much money in my pocket, I knew not what to do. I wrote a particular account of my situation to my mother; and my aunt, who was a woman of singular merit and abilities, wrote to a gentleman, who had been an officer of high rank in the army: he interested himself so far as to get me released from my then situation, and placed me with Mr. Hemming, the King's goldsmith. After a short trial, I disliked the business; but in this connexion I was enabled to choose for myself, and soon agreed with a jeweller. Having a mechanical turn, I had here ample scope to indulge it; and in the latter part of my apprenticeship made many very curious articles*, with which I waited upon several of the nobility † and gentry, who patronized genius; and, among others, one of the vice-presidents of the Society of Arts. Here

* One of which was a man of war in full sail, with guns on board, which I set in the head of a ring.

† Duke of Marlborough, Countess Welderen, Ladies Gage, Gideon, and Banks.

I had frequent opportunities of meeting men of genius and learning, and of cultivating acquaintance, which was of the greatest service to me afterwards. We had an old German in our shop, a good chemist, and he took great pleasure in communicating knowledge to me; till, in one of my experiments, I had nearly destroyed myself, and blown up the workshop. This put an end to my chemistry, in which the injudicious use of quicksilver had likewise done my nerves some injury. To the stated hours of work I generally added one or two daily; sometimes learning to engrave; sometimes to model, sometimes to draw. I was extremely assiduous in whatever I began, but wanted patience to make myself perfect, before a fresh pursuit engaged my attention. I learned to fence tolerably well, and was very expert with the *single stick*. In 1762 the young man (W. Pickett) who had been my elder apprentice, got embarrassed, and thrown into the King's Bench for debt. As soon as I was acquainted with his situation, I visited him. There appeared nothing of what I conceived to be a prison except the door of admission, and high walls. There was a coffee-room and a tap-room, both filled with persons drinking, though it was Sunday, and I had never before seen such a number of profligates and prostitutes, unabashed, without fears, without blushes. I thought, to be sure, all the wicked people in London had got together there. With this impression I hastened to his mother's, who lived in Denmark-street, and

told her to get him out directly, or he would be lost—he would be ruined *for ever*. I visited him several times during his confinement, which was not of long duration, nor did it seem any punishment: he felt much less for himself than I felt for him. What became of him after he was liberated I know not: I believe he went to sea: I never saw him afterwards. My ideas of a prison not being at all answered in the King's Bench, I procured admission into Newgate, as far as the press-yard and the room extending over the street, which had a windmill ventilator. In this room all the prisoners were in irons, and amongst them, one, a very stout man, seemingly at the point of death. The tap-room was lighted by lamps, though it was noon day, and struck me with horror: the shocking imprecations, and the rattling of the chains, the miserable wretches ragged and drunk, frightened me so, that it was some time before I durst venture into another prison. I had gone alone into the tap, without knowing any person for whom I could inquire, and was glad to leave a shilling for a gallon of beer to secure my person from insult.

About six months afterwards, going down Wood-street when a felon was being taken to gaol, I went and peeped through the apertures of the wooden-grated door, and the turnkey said I might go in; Yes, but, says I, will you let me out again? he said he would; so in I went, and looking down a very long flight of steps, a cellar seemed full of people

in irons, drinking; this was called the tap-room, but I had been so frightened in Newgate that I durst not venture down. So, putting threepence into the turnkey's hand, for a pot of beer, was glad when I got into the street again. I concluded that all the gaols in which felons were confined were the same, and my curiosity would bring me to some mischief, therefore dropt the pursuit. In 1766, being then in my twenty-second year, I had a desire to see my friends in Cheshire; but I took the stage only to Derby, intending to pass one day there, to see if the gaol was like those in town. This gaol had not been long built, and the situation was both airy and healthy; there was a large dungeon in it down a few steps, but in every respect it was so much better than Newgate, or Wood-street, that it gave me courage to visit others before my return. The conveyance by the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal to Warrington cost me but sixpence; and for about half a crown more I reached Liverpool, and from thence to Chester for a few shillings. As I had never seen either of these places, I carefully concealed the motives of my visits, particularly from my uncle, who doated upon me, and made his Will during my stay, in which he left me almost the whole of his property. At Liverpool there was the same promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, the same drunkenness going forward which I had observed in London; but the dungeons were worse, and so very offensive I did not stay to examine into them.

In the Bridewell I saw a ducking-stool complete, the first I had ever seen; we had two at Knutsford: one in a pond near the Higher Town, and another in a pond near the Lower Town, where the school-boys were accustomed to bathe: in these, scolding and brawling women were ducked; but the standard in each, was all that remained in my memory. I never remember them used, but this at Liverpool enables me to describe it. A standard was fixed for a long pole, at the extremity of which was fastened a chair, on this the woman was placed, and soused three times under water till almost suffocated. At Liverpool, the standard was fixed in the court, and a bath made on purpose for ducking; but why in a prison this *wanton* and *dangerous* severity was exercised on *women*, and not on *men*, I could no where learn. This mode of punishment seems formerly to have been general, for it is in the memory of persons now (1806) living, when a machine of this kind was in the Green Park. This, however, was not the only cruel punishment used at this Bridewell, for the women were flogged *weekly* at the whipping post. In the polite city of Chester I expected to find better prisons; a better police I certainly did. The keeper appeared to me to be a civil humane man; but, as I went down steps, near seven yards below the court, to visit the dungeons, I almost now feel the horror with which I was then struck. There were six of them, very small, and as dark as pitch; three felons slept in each every night;

not a breath of air but what was admitted through a small hole in the door. The same drinking and intercourse of the sexes as in Liverpool and London. The dungeon of the North-gate was yet worse than those of the Castle; it was nearly as deep, and had 14 inches deep of water in it. These subterraneous places, which are totally dark, are beyond imagination horrid and dreadful. On my return to London I do not recollect visiting any prisons; till, in 1768, I re-visited my native county, calling at Derby as before. My uncle died soon after I came down, having quitted the farming business in a short time after I left him in 1760. I was now out of my apprenticeship, and had taken up my freedom of the city. This year I employed myself in embanking some meadow land to protect my tenant from again suffering the great loss which the floods of a preceding year had occasioned. The large sum of money requisite to set up as a jeweller, made me hesitate whether I should go into business or not. The first thing I did was to pay off the legacies and incumbrances on my father's estate, which I did by selling some detached property. My rental then was not sufficient to support me as a gentleman, and I returned to London to consult my friends. They were unanimously in favour of trade, and their opinion was decisive. In 1770 I settled in St. James's-street, and immediately made it known to those ladies and gentlemen who, when I was an apprentice, had promised me their support. At this time French fashions

were prevalent, and I thought a trip to Paris would give me a sanction and advantage. My house was under the care of my excellent aunt, and I left my shop to the care of a jeweller with whom I had been long acquainted, and set out, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Evans, bookseller, of King-street, Covent Garden. This gentleman could speak French fluently, and had several correspondents at Paris. On our arrival at Calais we went to see the prison, and likewise at St. Omer's and Dunkirk, and the city prison at Lille; there were, I think, no prisoners in any of them. Some years afterwards, I visited Sir William Burnaby, Bart. who resided there, but he was not willing to accompany me to the prison in the Citadel, and I could not gain admittance. When we arrived at Paris, I got, through the interest of a bookseller, admission into a prison called Fon l'Eveque, and Petit Chatelet. The dungeons were dreadful, and, I then thought, worse than any I had seen in England. There were several prisoners in both, but I think not in irons. My recollection of them is, however, very imperfect. Colonel (afterwards Sir Eyre) Coote lodged in the same Hotel with us, and I made application to see the Bastille, but was unsuccessful. Mr. Evans said he believed I was prison-mad, and that my impertinent curiosity would perhaps send us both to prison; after this reproof I was silent on the subject. He, however, accompanied me to many of the hospitals, which appeared to be affectionately attended by some female religious order; and this

I observed in the provincial gaols, which in my several visits to France I visited. On my return home I found I had lost a diamond ring, in the place of which some sharpers had substituted one of paste.

Fresh imported from Paris, from whence I had brought many curious articles, my shop soon became visited by carriages, and I found my business increase beyond my capital; but I found no difficulty in borrowing five hundred pounds; which, with the frugal management of my aunt, in my household concerns, soon opened flattering prospects. In 1772 a sermon was preached, on behalf of persons imprisoned for small debts, at which I was present. A general approbation of the idea was declared, and a few of us formed ourselves into a committee, and visited the prisons to search out proper objects. The distress and extreme wretchedness to which we were eye-witnesses, determined us to lay an account before the public, who instantly caught the flame, and enabled us to reach out the hand of pity to a very large number of miserable sufferers in confinement.

In May 1773, the Society for the Relief and Discharge of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts, was instituted or formed; and, in 1774, I was unanimously elected the Treasurer. At this time, I visited some of the prisons in and about the metropolis, and reported upon them every week. The finances of our society increased, and my

visits and inquiries extended; so that, in a few years, I had travelled over a very considerable part of the kingdom.

In 1778 I married the eldest daughter of John Camden, of Battersea, Esq. by whom I had two sons and a daughter.

In 1779 I went through Flanders into Germany, and getting acquainted with Colonel (afterwards General) Dalton, I was, through his interest, permitted to visit La Maison de Force, at Ghent. This was, without exception, the best planned and the best regulated prison I had seen before, or, I think, since. It is situated near a canal; the plan octagon; separate courts for men vagrants and men criminals: one side is for women, and in the middle of their court, is a bason of water for washing the linen of the house; and a large wooden horse, to ride by way of punishment; their bedrooms uniform, and in a range, something like Chelsea Hospital; every range opens into a gallery or lobby, which is open to the air of the court; the prisoner has an uniform clothing, with the number of his room. The work-rooms are on the ground-floor, and there were more than one hundred prisoners, with only one person to superintend them; he was at one end of the room, with a desk before him, and a large book, in which were entered the names of the prisoners; the crimes for which they were committed; the time of imprisonment, from one to twenty years, according to their crimes; the day the work was

begun; the day it was finished; the measure of the piece; the task due per day; observations, such as sick, lame, &c. &c., and deficiency of task; punishment, &c. &c. &c. Though this room was so crowded, not a word was spoken by any of the prisoners during the time we inspected it; no noise nor confusion; all were silent and attentive to their work; in short, it appeared a most noble institution. A few years after, being at Ghent, I think in 1784, having no acquaintance there, I could not gain admission; but was told, the manufactory was destroyed, and the whole in a very bad state. At Bruges, the prison is on a much smaller scale; some were employed in making cloaths, and others in making saddles, bridles, &c. &c. for the army. In 1780, I had the honour of the King's Commission in a Corps of Volunteer Infantry, in which I was actively employed, till there was no further occasion for our services. In 1781 I visited Warwick Gaol, and in the dungeons caught the gaol fever or distemper. Mr. Roe, the keeper, was too ill to accompany me, and sent his turnkey. Roe's death was, I believe, accelerated by drinking. When I found myself sick, which was almost immediately, I took a post-chaise to Stratford, where I arrived just as the coach was setting out to London. I got into it, and soon reached St. James's-street. I did not, however, recover for some time. This sickness, and my young family, made me more cautious of entering dungeons, which had now become less

necessary, from the labours of the immortal HOWARD, whose visits and inquiries comprehended every class of prisoners, whilst mine were particularly directed to the debtors.

I did not wholly abstain from making remarks on felons, particularly in the dungeons of the two prisons at Chester and Liverpool.

The Acts which passed in consequence of the benevolent Howard's Reports, produced an immediate and general reform in prison police, by the abolition of taps. Several new gaols were built, in which solitary cells supplied the place of dungeons; and, in many prisons, women were not loaded with irons. From this period to 1791, my visits were less frequent, and extended to the country, as business would permit.

This year I lost a most amiable wife; my own health was rapidly on the decline, and my business increased beyond my abilities or power to manage. In 1792, having only two sons to provide for, I retired from business, with a very ample fortune; and, as my health became restored, recommenced my prison visits and inquiries, reports of which (as far as related to debtors) I made regularly, at the meetings of the committee, in Craven-street. In 1800, when the excessive dearness of provisions, and the difficulties of the poorer classes of the people required an extraordinary relief, the necessity of a general visit and inquiry into the state of all the gaols struck me very forcibly.

I set about it immediately, and in 1801* published my first Account of Debtors; by which it appeared, there were thirty-nine prisons in England and Wales, which did not furnish the *debtor* with any allowance whatever; and in these there were, in the month of April 1800, four hundred and twenty-seven persons confined to this wretched state of captivity. Lord Romney, as President of our Society, did me the honour of presenting this book to the King, and his Majesty was pleased most graciously to receive it. The approbation with which it was honoured by the public, together with the very considerable benefactions to the Society for Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts in consequence of it, induced me to publish a new and more copious edition, in 1802, and likewise extend my visits to Scotland and Wales.

As I kept a diary, so I wrote to my benevolent friend, Doctor Lettsom, an account of the most striking occurrences; and to his suggestions alone the publishing my prison remarks owe their origin. It had been my constant practice, in my various prison excursions, during a period of thirty years, to wait upon the magistrates, particularly of cities and boroughs, and respectfully to represent what I saw amiss in their gaols. I was always received with cordiality and kindness; and, as they were struck

* The two-penny loaf in London, August 1783, weighed twenty-one ounces. In March 1801, the two-penny loaf, in London, weighed only six ounces.

with compassion at the recital, reform was determined upon, and resolutions entered into; but, after a lapse of eight or ten years, guess my surprize, when I found nothing done! So total and general a neglect must be produced by some cause. I inquired into it, and found many who were magistrates, from local situations, and before they were acquainted with its duties, were out of the commission; others, whose active situations in commerce denied them time; some, who had large families, were afraid to venture *inside* of the prison; and many were numbered with the dead. Under these discouraging circumstances, I had almost despaired, when Providence raised up a man, by whose labour the cloud was dispelled; and that life, hitherto spent uselessly, became *fruitful*. If Howard owed any thing to Fothergill, I am in a ten-fold degree indebted to Doctor John Coakley Lettsom. He first suggested, nay requested, permission to publish some of those crude remarks, which I had sent for his perusal; and by which communication I had found a sensible relief: they were begun and continued without design; written in the hours of fatigue, lassitude, sickness, and the bustle of inns; little calculated to appear before the public, except in matters of fact.

These remarks on prisons were introduced with a preface, which caused a general sensation, and brought a degree of celebrity on the Visitor of prisons he neither desired or deserved; whilst it

enriched his funds, as Treasurer to the Society for Small Debts, in the sum of 328*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* evidently occasioned by the reading the Gentleman's Magazine, in which they were inserted.

The benevolence of my friend did not rest here; for, as he was no stranger to the *inside* of the prison-house, so did he frequently accompany me to those abodes of guilt and misery, and suggest what his professional skill so well enabled him to do, to my great advantage, and the prisoners' comforts. Many new gaols are now (1806) building; and, from the alterations and improvements which have been making these four years, and are now daily making, the particulars of which my "State of Prisons" will notice, my visits will become less necessary. As soon as this work is published, and I can provide for my necessary absence, I propose visiting Ireland; and happy will the short remaining period of my life be spent, if I can suggest to a brave and generous people, any improvements in their Prison police, and of which I am informed there is much need.

[The Memoir here terminates, but not so the benevolent labours of Mr. Neild. His health did not, however, allow him to visit Ireland as he intended; but he continued to inspect the various prisons of England, Scotland, and Wales, and to suggest numerous improvements, both in regard to the construction of the wards, and the internal management of these establishments.

In 1812 he published the "State of Prisons,"

above alluded to, in a large and very elegant 4to volume, with a portrait of the author. It is a work teeming with valuable information.

He continued his exertions, as Treasurer of the Society for Small Debts, until the time of his death, which took place Feb. 16, in the year 1814.] ED.

ON JAMES NEILD, ESQ. LL.D.

By MISS PORTER.

Hence the true Christian, Lord of Appetite,
The conqueror of low but fierce resentments,
Which in a painful fever keep the soul
Free from impediments, pursues with ardor
All that adorns and meliorates the man;
That polishes our life, or soothes its ills.
Where'er compassion with her glist'ning eye
Points to the squalid cottage of Affliction,
Jews, Moors, and Infidels are all his Brethren.
Could he, in some remote and barbarous land,
By powerful gold, or salutary arts,
Make pale Distress give way to blooming Joy,
He 'd traverse wilds or swelling seas to court
The god-like office; his expanded heart
In every climate feels himself at home.

LETTER CLII.

JAMES NEILD, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Chelsea, Oct. 8, 1807.

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When I was at the Isle of Wight last month, by the printed account given me, it appeared there were six farmers, who had, in the year 1805, paid the penalty of ten pounds each, rather than take an apprentice out of the House of Industry. The great end, therefore, proposed by the benevolent Mr. Howard, is not answered, and confirms me in opinion, that the food and lodging of these children are so much better than any state of servitude will allow, that they become lazy and restless; and that if each parish maintained its own poor, and relief, where necessary, was administered at *home*, less money would be expended, and a hardy race of lads introduced, to whom labour and coarse diet would be familiar; leaving (with a sound policy and true humanity) families to themselves, to make the most of their respective exertions, to enjoy the entire fruits of their own industry, and to bring up their children in their own hardy and laborious way. In this there would be no violence to the strongest attachments of our nature; and I believe it was the practice of the statesmen in Queen Elizabeth's reign, to hold out every induce-

ment to families, *by affording them the means, with proper industry,* of feeding and clothing themselves. But I am getting into a wide field, and into business I am not competent to; it is easier to find fault, than to suggest a remedy. I wish you would lend me Colquhoun on Mendicity, when you can spare it, for a month, any day you pass the Property Office. Adieu!

Yours, truly,

JAMES NEILD

LETTER CLIII.

From the same.

Monday Night, 12 o'clock.

My Dear Friend,

I am weather-bound — asthmatic affections, cough, &c. have arrested my progress, which I must wait for the sun and warm weather to dissipate, or at least to alleviate.

Your packet contains more interesting matter than I have time to reply to.

In reading your Son's letters, there is a mixture of pleasure and pain. That the expences of young people exceed every expectation of age, I have myself experienced—but so it was from the beginning, is now, and ever will be. We may fairly conclude, without reasoning on the subject, where

one gets riches, others must become poor. Nothing continues in one stay. We have now an instance of the richest subject in Europe, a prisoner, kidnapped like the friendless black, and dependant on the caprice of a fell tyrant, whether he eats his daily bread in a costly room or a *dungeon*.

Look at a stone just plucked from the quarry.

Such is the mind of man in its infant state, rough and unhewn.

See it formed by the sculptor.

I will not, cannot, go on with the subject; the driver's lash, and the negro's shriek, vibrate in my ears. Yesterday I read the 14th Isaiah, which I think, with the two last verses 22d Jeremiah, strongly pourtray the present times. When you have leisure, pray peruse them. I have been writing the whole day, and it is now the last hour; exhausted and fatigued, I must conclude,

Yours, truly,

JAMES NEILD.

LETTER CLIV.

From the same.

My Dear Friend, *Dec. 22*, 1808.

I little thought my letter of congratulation would be so soon followed by one of condolence *, though your letters seem rather to have presaged it.

* Alluding to the death of Mr. Pickering Lettsom, which took place a few weeks only subsequent to his marriage. ED.

It was my intention to have written, and then to have called, last week; but being detained that day by an extraordinary circumstance, at the Borough Compter, both were omitted. Business, too tedious to enter upon, occupied the two succeeding days, and I got such addition to my cold at church, as has confined me to my bed and room ever since. Mr. Thomas says, very modestly, that I am more indebted to confinement than medicine for the ease I at present enjoy from my cough and asthma.

By you, my good friend, whose life is the continued exercise of administering relief, and doing good, this heavy affliction will be borne with becoming philosophy; you will not suffer yourself to pine with unavailing sorrow, for that which is irrecoverably vanished.

Sharp as the sorrows are which arise from the loss of those we tenderly love, yet it must be observed, that affection between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must some time mourn for the other's death.

When I am well enough to venture out with safety, you will hear again from,

Dear Sir,

Yours, sincerely,

JAMES NEILD.

LETTER CLV.

From the same.

Chelsea, Nov. 30, 1809.

My Dear Friend,

I am at last returned safe and sound to Chelsea, after a four months excursion, in which I have visited the gaols in the counties of Essex, Herts, Northampton, Warwick, Leicester, Derby, Notts, Lincoln, York, Durham, Northumberland, Berwick; and in Scotland, Greenlaw, Jedburgh, Dunbar, Haddington, Musselburgh, Edinburgh, Leith, Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, Ellon, Peterhead, Fraserburgh, Banff, Cullen, Fochaber, Elgin, Forres, Nairne, Inverness, Perth, Stirling, Glasgow, Paisley, Renfrew, Ayr, Irven, Kilmarnock, Dumfries, Kircudbright, Annan. Enter England: Carlisle, Appleby, Kendall, Lancaster, Preston, Manchester, Stockport, Liverpool, Chester. Enter North Wales: Flint, Denbigh, Ruthin, Wrexham. Enter England: Shrewsbury, Worcester, Oxford. It has been a severe contest between a strong mind and a weak body, which at length became so enfeebled by constant fatigue, that I could neither get in or out of a carriage without assistance. I lay in bed two days, which greatly recruited me, and am now tolerably recovered.

I found Dr. Lettsom and his friend spoken of every where—

> "Others may owe their future fame to me;
> I borrow immortality from *thee*."

I have every where been received with the most marked and polite attentions, particularly by the Lords Provosts, Magistrates, and Council in Scotland; and I trust have excited such a general and zealous activity in the reform of their prisons, as will be attended with the best effect.

I have not yet made my appearance, because I am not fit for intense application, either of mind or of body; both want rest. In a day or two I will send for your perusal some newspapers I found on my return home, together with the high honours conferred upon me in the Freedom of the Cities of Glasgow and Perth, and the Burghs or Boroughs of Paisley and Ayr. The flattering terms in which they have been pleased to express themselves, as far exceed my merits, as that most distinguished honour did my expectations; for neither my vanity nor ambition had ever led me to expect it. I was sufficiently rewarded by the very serious and humane attention paid to my humble endeavours of alleviating human misery.

I have no Magazine since July, so I know not what has appeared. I think you had Maidstone and Oxford; but I will thank you to let me know what has appeared, and what you have by you: we must not totally drop the subject for which thousands have reason to bless you. I do not like

to make my appearance in the city yet. I am over head and ears, busy with our Society's Transactions in my absence, and it will take several days to methodize and arrange the benefactions and disbursements on the Jubilee occasion.

I am, my Dear Sir,
Your ever grateful
JAMES NEILD.

LETTER CLVI.

From the same.

Chelsea, August 30, 1811.

My Dear Friend,

I enclose you a very melancholy letter, just received from Castle Rushen; perhaps it may be in time for our next Prison Remarks; *though* I doubt it, if Mr. Urban intends their insertion in the Magazine for August. In your letter you chiefly treat upon Castle Rushen. I gave the six pounds I received for the relief of the prisoners there to the Rev. Mr. Ferryman, who is Chaplain to the Bishop, and he promised to expend it for their benefit, in such a manner as his Lordship and himself, after a personal visit, should deem the best.

I sent the Bishop one of my books, and Mr. F. requested his influence to get a new prison built. I likewise desired Mr. Ferryman to tell his Lordship, I would subscribe one hundred pounds towards this work of mercy. Mr. F. assured me I should hear from the Bishop immediately on his arrival. If I receive no letter next month, I propose writing to his Lordship.

The benevolent gentleman who sent me five pounds for the prisoners in Castle Rushen, has just remitted me ten pounds; and having left it to me to appropriate the *whole*, or *half*, to Castle Rushen, I have given him my reasons for appropriating the *whole* to that prison.

I am just returned from a prison excursion, and brought home more company than is agreeable; but now being thoroughly cleansed and comfortable, I shall set doggedly to work, and finish my *State of Prisons*.

It is very late, and I am tired and sleepy, scarcely able to read what I write, which I regret, because my hand is steadier than usual.

Yours, most sincerely,

JAMES NEILD.

LETTER CLVII.

From the same.

Chelsea, Oct. 21, 1811.

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As you very kindly desire, I will be free enough to express my opinion of your Preface to the Poultry. Let me entreat you not to recommend schools in gaols; they only can be useful in houses of correction, where the mother herself should not be permitted to see her child but in the presence of the matron, and that for a very short time. Children ought never to be suffered to come into a gaol, but upon *very particular* occasions. Nothing can more certainly ensure their destruction. The frequenting a gaol takes away the dread of being confined in one; the empty obstinate obstreperous mirth exhibited by some; the indifference, and, indeed, shamelessness of others walking about with their irons; the profligacy and indecent expressions with which the ears are every where assailed, must impress the *early* mind too deep to be totally effaced. I could write a volume on this subject.

I have read Mr. Watts's letter, which I return; have long been acquainted with his truly benevolent heart, and the exercise of his philanthropy;

but he is too partial to *your friend.* The great *Howard* stands alone. I scarcely emit a ray of his excellence, and should be hurt extremely by any comparison; the utmost I aspire to, is an humble imitator. My reason for publishing a work, which has been the labour of many years, will appear in the conclusion.

J. N.

LETTER CLVIII.

From the same.

Monday night, 12 *o'Clock.*

My dear Friend,

I send you a very long prison history, and I wish for your interest with Mr. Urban to give it insertion, all at once if he can, because it is to forward a great purpose; however, if he cannot, we must make two of it; let your preface merely introduce it, and no more, if it is to be all in one magazine; you shall afterwards be regularly supplied with one for every month. I should like to have given my opinion on the system of imprisonment from courts of conscience in agricultural counties, and proving how destructive they are to morals and to health, in increasing poor's rates; and that if the plaintiff recovers his

debt, 10*s.* 6*d.* has lost more time than the money is worth; but as he seldom or ever does recover the debt, he loses both: it is a species of tyranny vested in standing Commissioners, who have large salaries, directly or indirectly.

Lady Lucan sent me her draft for 100*l.* this morning. So much for prison remarks in the magazine, my friend. Adieu.

Yours truly,

J. NEILD.

LETTER CLIX.

DAVID PIKE WATTS, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *Portland-place, Sept.* 19, 1811.

I thank you for the favour of your present of the three volumes of "Hints on Beneficence," &c. I shall peruse them with attention, although some parts of them (as I see by their titles) are familiar to me, such as the "Samaritan Rules," &c. &c.

You have rendered durable service to the community by compiling those particular papers, and by your own valuable hints, admonitions, and excitements.

It has occurred to me, that if a small select society were formed on a moderate fund, simply to order and arrange the insertion of the useful Hints, from time to time, in the provincial

newspapers, all of which have agents in London, the circulation of such Hints through the counties of this island would enlarge the sphere of beneficence, would ameliorate the condition of the poor; and, by harmonizing the two orders of high and low, render the latter more contented, the former more happy.

It will be apparent that such a simple process could not be very expensive nor troublesome; and it need not be observed how powerful is that engine, the press, in disseminating either good or ill impressions. It has been said by an eloquent orator in the senate, "Give me but a free press, and I will defy all weapons," &c.

The press in this free country has not been made a sufficient auxiliary in the cause of beneficence; I mean the diurnal prints.

Had a well-disposed society, of rather modern institution, expended the sums in newspaper reports which they have incautiously spent in prosecutions, it is considered by some of the friends of that society, that they would more have prompted and promoted Virtue, than they have suppressed Vice, by legal pains and penalties; and this is my individual opinion among others.

With this and other constant occurrences in view, it would seem that a new society, few in its members, simple in its rules, practicable in its object, under whatever name it might be constituted, would be well employed in superintending the publication in newspapers universally, such

suggestions for the common good as your Hints and the experience of the times strike out and recommend for practice.

On the subject of the Sea-Bathing Infirmary, it may, at a proper time, become a consideration whether *all* the patients should pay five shillings a week for board? This, however, is an important question in the present state of the finances of the Infirmary, and therefore must be at rest at present. Another question may arise, whether the idle time of some of the patients might not be directed to means for their own maintenance in the Infirmary, or partially so?

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

D. P. WATTS.

P. S. Is there a Manx or Isle of Man newspaper or journal generally circulated in the provincial language of the place? It would be well to insert extracts of the Castle Rushen Prison Letters therein; and this I would urge on your attention without delay: "better late than never."

The words Tabitha and Dorcas, as signifying in both languages a roebuck, are in my Concordance.

Tabitha—Syriac. Clear-sighted.

Dorcas—Greek. A goat or kid; but in both cases, when applied to a roebuck, mean the female; but the figurative meaning in all their applications is, domestic utility, fidelity, docility, affording help, nutrition, and clothing; and ad-

ministering generally to the comfort and convenience of life.

How comprehensive and sublime is the rich imagery of some of the original tongues in the earlier ages of the world!

LETTER CLX.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Portland-place, Oct.* 8, 1811.

I thank you for your last letter. One of the good offices, or rather duties of humanity, which least comes within the compass of the powers of your correspondent W. is that of personally visiting the interior of places of confined foul air, such as is too often the semi-infectious state of such dungeons, called prisons, as Castle Rushen. To encounter such super-patriotic and extra-philanthropic toils, is within the powers of a meritorious few, Howards and Neilds, whose physical systems have either originally been nerved for it by the Great Creative Author of life and breath, and all things, or who have by an eminent degree of self-government brought themselves to bear the trying task. To a marvellous and meritorious Neild must be yielded the palm of victory, over perils which would appal ordinary minds, and that higher victory over himself.

I know not a more exalted instance of a self-denying philanthropist. I rank Neild higher in my estimation than Howard; though where each are valuable, comparative estimate should give place to united panegyric.

You would not, dear Sir, prescribe to our estimable friend Neild a voyage and visit to Castle Rushen in the winter; perhaps you would rather recommend it as a summer attempt; but of this Mr. Neild himself is the best judge; his own health, feelings, avocations.

But though I cannot accompany (and in truth it would be with me almost a question in my present immersion in a sea of business, whether I should not abandon a greater duty by going, than acquit a duty in the enterprise), I can contribute my aid to the relief of any destitute prisoner in Castle Rushen, should there be another such fellow mortal incarcerated there, without food or friend, or even hope, as the poor forgotten famished victim whom you described with so much impression.

I hope the intention of awakening the Manks to this subject, through the medium of their own Insular newspaper, will not be declined or delayed.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

D. P. WATTS.

Did you read this joke in yesterday's Morning Post:

"A well known miser, not having given an entertainment during a summer, and his ice-house remaining still quite full in the month of January, his steward asked him what he should do with all the ice? 'Why,' replied Mr. B——, 'let it be given to the poor'!"

LETTER CLXI.

From the same.

Portland-place, Feb. 16, 1814.

Dear Sir,

It is to be deplored that the new charities have a tendency, in some respects, to impair the interests of the old ones; so that there is peril of pulling down with one hand, while we build up with the other.

This is an age favourable to novelties, from the eager curiosity and quick intelligence of the times. Experiment itself is the road to science and to knowledge; and there is an active thirst for experiment. This eager zeal for discovery, and especially for endeavours to do good to mankind, is apt to stimulate the more ardent friends of humanity to *begin* without looking forward to the *end*; to incur debt, and draw largely upon Hope, which, however laudable in its speculative trust, is not in

plain fact and in practice always permanently safe. Thus new and generous founders leave to their successors a laborious toil, to raise resources for perpetuating their institutions; while the conflicting candidates for public patronage interrupt each other's progress, and weaken each other's powers of doing good.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
D. P. WATTS.

LETTER CLXII.

From the same.

Portland Place, Feb. 22, 1814.

Dear Sir,

Your good correspondent, the late Mr. James Neild, is no more; I read of his death in the Daily Papers. Should so exemplary a disciple of the exemplary Howard be only mourned in silence? In very truth, without diminishing the merit of Howard, Neild may be said to have been "in labours more abundant."

But you know the genius, the perseverance, the toils of the late James Neild, "the Visitor of Prisons." If a memorial of him is not placed near his predecessor Howard in the Cathedral of St.

Paul's, some durable testimony of his services in the cause of the imprisoned, is probably in your contemplation, with his other intimate friends.'

I am, Dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

D. P. WATTS.

P. S. There has been recently at Christ's Hospital a case of confluent small-pox after *variolous* inoculation.

LETTER CLXIII.

From the same.

Portland Place, April 4, 1814.

Dear Sir,

Your letter is admirable, your labours almost incredible. I hope the respective editions will reward your very diligent and useful toils.

I marvel how you persevere through all your varied works.

On the subject of the late James Neild's obituary, I have just heard that there is something in the Edinburgh Review. I do not read it in succession; but shall search for this single number, for the sake of the excellent man now no more.

On the Sunday preceding his death he was at Chelsea church, and a poor elderly woman was standing in the aisle. He opened his pew-door, and

admitted her to a seat. The *mind* is seen even in small acts of sympathy.

Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart. has printed (not published) a small 12mo of 186 pages, large print, in the form of Dialogues; *ergo*, with many white lines, entitled *Spurinna*. He gives them to his intimate friends *. *Spurinna* † was the intimate friend and correspondent of Pliny. And there is some account of Spurinna in Tacitus, in the second volume of his History, as well as in Pliny's Letters. You would be pleased to read this small book, as it touches on the employment of old age, on its means of enjoyment, on the probable mode of extending it satisfactorily, and on its comforts and hopes.

I am, Dear Sir, your's very truly,

D. P. WATTS.

P. S. The book is designed as a compliment to the venerable Bishop of Durham, who at an advanced age possesses his faculties and health.

LETTER CLXIV.

Lord LANSDOWN to Dr. LETTSOM.

Sir, *Bowood Park, Sept.* 15, 1786.

I have been rambling along the coast, and afterwards within the country, or else I should have

* Printed by Forbes, at Brighton

† Spurinna lived to a great age.

sooner acknowledged the favour of your letter of the 22d.

It was just as I was taking leave of Dr. Cuming, the first time I called on him, that I cast my eye hastily on the subscription set on foot by you, to which I desired my name to be added, without adverting to the sum subscribed. I feel at the same time great pleasure in forwarding my compliment to Mr. Howard. He is entitled to every possible respect from all men, all nations, and all governments. I wish I could lend myself to what you desire further; but I have some time past declined every thing of the sort in both town and country. I have, to speak frankly, another objection on this occasion. I have all my life been of opinion, that the laws respecting Debtors require to be revised, and the situation of these unhappy people relieved, or at least better regulated. With this view, I would infinitely rather subscribe to a committee, who would solicit every member of the Two Houses, and call upon Government, and the public, for such a revisal, than towards palliating an evil, which in my conscience I believe to be as little founded in the original Law of England, and as opposite to the spirit of it, as it is to the first principles of justice and policy; and I think upon this, as well as on many other occasions, men would do more good by subscribing a little exertion than a great deal of money. It would lead me into troubling you with too long a letter, if I were to write to you all that

occurs to me upon this affecting subject; besides, your benevolence and habits must make you a far better judge of the subject, and enable you to collect the opinions of different classes of men, which must, after all, decide. I am very glad of this, or any other occasion, of assuring you of the great regard and esteem with which

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

LANSDOWN.

P. S. May I take the liberty of offering my compliments to Mrs. Lettsom?

LETTER CLXV.

From the same.

London, April 6, 1791.

Lord Lansdown presents his compliments to Dr. Lettsom; he has considered further of the idea he threw out to Dr. L., some time since, about Mr. Howard; and has made a memorandum of it, which he takes the liberty of inclosing. If it continues to meet Dr. Lettsom's own judgment, he is at perfect liberty to make what use he pleases of the paper.

"In complimenting or commemorating any great character, expence is a secondary consideration. All works of art please or displease in proportion as taste and judgment prevail over it. In archi-

tecture, the greatness of the mass sometimes imposes, even where the structure is barbarous; but in sculpture, the mass becomes an intolerable enormity, where it is not highly executed and imagined; which, in a group of figures, implies the Arts to have attained the utmost degree of perfection. In the case of monuments this is the more true, as a mere massy monument, composed of common-place allegory, may be raised to any body, whose will, or whose posterity, may direct the payment for it, without creating any interest, and often without being at all understood. Besides, the public is in general grown cold to allegory, even in painting; where, nevertheless, it is much more supportable than in statuary. The great object, where a character admits of it, should be to produce those sensations, which resemblances of exalted characters never fail to do, even in persons most experienced in the human character; and, at the same time, create an association of ideas, which may tell themselves, in honour of the persons intended to be remembered.

The proposal for erecting a monument to the late Mr. Howard, suggests these reflections. If they have any foundation, it will be difficult to find an occasion so proper, and so free from objection, to enforce and carry them into effect; as, besides continuing his likeness to posterity, by a single statue, three public points may be obtained, which, combined all together, must reflect the highest honour on his memory: namely,

1st. To reserve St. Paul's, the second building

in Europe, and the first in Great Britain, from being disfigured or misapplied, in the manner of Westminster Abbey.

2d. To assist the Arts most essentially, by advancing statuary, which may be considered as the first, because it is the most durable, among them.

3dly. To commence a selection of characters, which can alone answer the purpose of rewarding past, or exciting future, virtues; and the want of which selection makes a public monument scarcely any compliment.

It would be not only invidious, but unfair, to criticize the several monuments in Westminster Abbey; but let any person of the least feeling, not to mention taste or art, unprejudice his mind, and he must find himself more interested in viewing the single statue erected by Mr. Horace Walpole to his mother, Lady Orford, than with any of the piles erected to great men. And if Mrs. Nightingale's monument captivates beyond many others, it is greatly on account of its simplicity, and its being very little more than a single figure.

It may as well be supposed that a young person can begin to write whole sentences, without making single letters, as that statuaries can make groupes, with so little practice as they have in single figures. But if the example is once set, it will most likely become a general fashion to erect statues or busts to every person, whose family can afford it, throughout the country. Fifty statues, and a hundred busts, will be bespoke, where one

group now is; since a statue will probably be to be had for £300, and a bust for £50. Besides which, simple tablets may be admitted into country churches, subject to some arrangement which may answer the purpose of general ornament, and prevent churches from being disfigured, as they now universally are. The same reason which makes our chimney-pieces better worked, and sharper carved, than those which come from Rome; namely, the greatness of the demand, will gradually improve our artists in the more elevated line of their profession. Their numbers, and their constant employment, will give a greater chance, if not a certainty, of genius discovering itself from time to time.

The selection might be made, subject, in the first instance,

To the King's sign manual.

2. The Vote of either House of Parliament.

3. The Vote of the East India Company.

4. The Ballot of the Royal Society.

5. The sense of any profession taken under such regulations as may be deemed most unexceptionable.

6. The same as to Artists, Men of Letters, or other descriptions, subject to proper regulations.

The Subscription and the Vote must be always a sufficient check upon all the latter description.

The liberality shewn in first opening the door of St. Paul's to the monument of Mr. Howard, who was a dissenter, already gives the assurance, that

difference of religion will not deter from doing honour to striking worth, without regard to the persuasion of those who may afford examples of it. All partaking in the good which they may have done, all are bound to acknowledge and encourage it.

Upon the same reasoning, some spot might be reserved for eminent foreigners, who are very properly, upon principles of the same general kind, while living, associated to the Royal Society, and other learned bodies.

But none ought to be admitted in consequence of the wish or sole opinion of families or individuals.

It might perhaps be thought proper to leave it to the Royal Academy, to form a general plan; and they might class the several descriptions, allotting places to each.

It is surely of some consequence to whom the first monument in St. Paul's should be erected; and who can be so proper to begin this selection as Mr. Howard? He spent his life and fortune in services which were highly dangerous to himself, but beneficial to every country and every age. Though engaged in doing the most active good, he created no enemies, and excited no envy, even in his life-time; the purity of his intentions leaving him superior to all pursuits of vanity or ambition. His merits were of such a general and fundamental nature, as to serve for an example to all ranks, professions, and nations.

It belongs to the committee to determine whether there is any thing in these reflections, which can contribute to do that real justice to his memory, which it deserves."

LETTER CLXVI.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *May* 18, 1791

I really thought I had subscribed, but I trouble you with five guineas, which I shall be much obliged to you to pay into the fund. If you think a larger subscription in any light proper, I should be obliged to you to pay it, and will repay you, with many thanks.

If the subscription exceeds the sum wanting, why should it not be applied to raising a statue or statues to some remarkable moral characters, who, like Mr. Howard, employed themselves in doing good to mankind, and not to themselves; or in proposing a reward, for the best system to replace our laws regarding bankrupts and debtors, which are, as they stand, a reproach to humanity, and in opposition to the rights of men? This would have an affinity to Mr. Howard's pursuits; but this I

only throw out to you, as I do not wish, for the present, to presume further upon the attention of the public.

I am, with very great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

LANSDOWN.

LETTER CLXVII.

GRANVILLE SHARP, ESQ. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Old Jewry, Sept. 8, 1786.

Mr. Granville Sharp presents his respectful compliments to Dr. Lettsom, and sincerely thanks him for his valuable and obliging present; which is the more acceptable to G. Sharp, as it contains memoirs of no less than three of his particular friends, who are highly worthy of respectful remembrance. Mention being made in the Memoirs of Dr. Fothergill, that he wished to promote the *growth of sugar in Africa;* and as about 600 negroes (and several white families besides) are soon to embark, with intention to form a new settlement on that coast, G. Sharp requests Dr. Lettsom's advice and assistance, in procuring the most useful plants to be cultivated in that climate. Sugar, cotton, and rice have already been proposed. Query—whether the sago tree could be procured, as also the bread fruit, the chocolate cocoa, the best

coffee, and that rich kind of vine, from whence the Cape wine is made? The best vines also for raisins? A *fruit trade* with England may be useful to both parties.

LETTER CLXVIII.

From the same.

Leadenhall-street, Oct. 3, 1788.

Dear Sir,

I am just returned from Essex, and find your kind letter, inclosing two letters from my worthy friend, Dr. Rush, for whom I have a very great regard; and I return the letters with many thanks for the perusal; as also for the additional kind present of seed for Sir Philip Gibbs.

I am sorry that I cannot subscribe to Dr. Rush's opinion, *that murder ought not to be punished with death.* The comment he has cited from Mr. Turner, is defective and inconclusive, because he has not considered the whole of the patriarchal law given to Noah; for it is also declared, that *blood, it defileth the land;* and that the *land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed, but by the blood of him that shed it.* I therefore believe, that no human authority is sufficient to remit the punishment of death to those that are clearly convicted of wilful murder; though the royal prero-

gative has sometimes presumed to interfere, but *very illegally*, as I conceive.

I have also returned Dr. Turner's letter, and I will send you in writing as exact an account as I possibly can, of the new Settlement, for his perusal.

I will certainly endeavour to avail myself soon of your kind permission to pay you a visit, on some Tuesday or Thursday evening.

I remain, with great esteem, Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

GRANVILLE SHARP.

LETTER CLXIX.

From the same.

Wicken Park, near Stony Stratford, Bucks, Oct. 13, 1788.

Dear Sir,

Your kind communication of a sensible letter from Dr. Thornton at Philadelphia, has devolved on me an indispensable duty to give you the fullest information in my power respecting the new Settlement at Sierra Leone, because your friend seems to be heartily desirous to promote it. The opinion which he has adopted of my late worthy friend Dr. Fothergill, that the establishment of a Free Settlement on the coast of Africa for honourable trade, would be the most effectual

means of destroying the slave trade, has so far been always my own opinion, that it induced me to advance much more money than a private person in my situation ought to have done, among the first settlers, to encourage their embarkation last year; for many of them had pawned their cloaths and other effects, and refused to go on board unless they could redeem some part at least of their effects out of pawn. Several other circumstances concurred to injure this first attempt, though the expence of transports and subsistence, as also of tools, arms, &c. was defrayed by government. Many of the black poor were embarked in the river Thames before Christmas 1786, and by living entirely on salt provisions, they began to be sickly even before they left the river: others delayed going on board till January and February 1787, being deterred by a jealousy which prevailed among them, that government intended to send them to Botany Bay, as the transports for that expedition were then waiting at Portsmouth, where the ships for Sierra Leone were also to wait for orders. On the 20th Feb. 1787, instead of nearly 700 black poor, who had offered themselves to go to the proposed Settlement, there were only 439 or 441 (for the accounts differ) that embarked on board the three transports appointed for them, *viz.* the Belisarius, Atlantic, and Vernon, which by that time were all arrived at Portsmouth.

On the 22d February, 1787, they sailed from Portsmouth under the command of Capt. Thompson, of His Majesty's sloop Nautilus; but meeting with stormy weather, they were separated; and it was the 19th March before they were all collected in Plymouth Sound. Thus the best part of the season was lost, and many of the people had been on board above three months, and were become very sickly. Unhappily the allowance of rum, granted with the most benevolent intention for the comfort of the poor people, really proved their greatest bane. Many of them, it is said, drank up their whole day's allowance at once, and got drunk with it; and this irregularity, together with a diet of salt provisions, and being rather too much crowded between decks, increased the sickness, and occasioned the loss of more than 50 lives, it is said, even before they reached Plymouth. Other bad consequences of the rum were, disagreements and mutinous behaviour, for which 24 were discharged, and 23 ran away. Nevertheless, by an account before me, 411 settlers sailed from Plymouth on the 9th April, 1788; so that they must have had some recruits, though they are not mentioned in the lists.

Of these 411 persons who sailed from Plymouth, 34 died in April and May, before they had made any settlement on the coast; so that the climate of Sierra Leone is not to be blamed for their deaths; and 15 were discharged or run away; and

on the 16th September, when His Majesty's sloop Nautilus left the Settlement, there remained in all 276 persons, so that 96 must have died at Sierra Leone in June, July, August, and September; but this mortality, though on the coast, is not to be attributed to the climate, for most of the people still continued intemperate, and they had not yet any fresh provisions; so that many of the sick did not recover of the distempers they carried with them, and the rainy season set in before they could finish their huts; so that they were neither wind nor water tight, which bad accommodation certainly increased the mortality.

I am obliged to be very prolix in my account, lest the misfortunes should be attributed to the climate and country, instead of the true causes.

However, a fine tract of mountainous country, covered with beautiful trees of all kinds, and perpetual verdure, was purchased, at a trifling expence, of a negro chief called King Tom, extending from the Watering Place in Frenchman's Bay (since called St. George's Bay) up to Gambia Island, which is above 15 miles of the Southern Bank of the Sierra Leone River, and 20 miles back all the way, which reaches almost across the Promontory to the Sherbro River. This situation, between two great rivers, renders the air particularly temperate for that climate, and the advantages for trade will certainly be very great. Capt. Thompson fixed upon a beautiful eminence arising from the side of a higher mountain, for the

site of the new township, having a fine brook of fresh water on three sides of it. Above 360 *town lots*, of one acre each, were marked out in streets, and the lots were drawn and appropriated on the 12th June, 1788. But the death of Mr. Irwin, the Agent Conductor, as also of Mr. Gesau, the Town Major (to whom I had given particular instructions and drawings for temporary works of defence and accommodation, as he was a good engineer and draughtsman), and of Mr. Riccards, the Gardener (in whose skill for the cultivation of vines and other useful produce, I had built great expectations of public profit), and the desertion of many others, who had previously sold their musquets and other arms for rum, occasioned great discouragement to those that remained. The sickness also of the Rev. Mr. Frazer, the Chaplain, was another great misfortune to the Settlement. His weak state of health obliged him to go to Bance Island, about 30 miles distant, as he was afraid of the want of accommodation in the New Settlement. His disorder however increased, so that he came home in March last, seemingly in a deep consumption; which, however, is not to be attributed to the climate of the Settlement, as he did not reside in it; and it is remarkable, that when he called there, just before his return to England, he found that he himself was the only unhealthy person in the Settlement; which he acknowledged in a letter to a friend of mine. The number of settlers were then, as he told me, only

130 persons in all, which great reduction he did not attribute to sickness, but merely to emigration; for the people were too poor, it seems, to purchase live stock of the natives, without which even the best land becomes useless, and affords but a scanty subsistence. On receiving this account I was apprehensive that a total desertion was probable, and that all the public and private expence that had been bestowed on this undertaking was in danger of being lost, together with that beautiful tract of land, and the opportunity of forming in it a free settlement, as an asylum for the poor, on the most eligible spot in all Africa. Impressed with this idea I began to entertain thoughts of sending out, even at my own expence, some more poor people, both white and black, with money to purchase, at the Cape de Verd Islands, some live stock, the want of which, I believe, was the principal cause of desertion; but I was deterred for some time by the fear of so expensive an undertaking, until I received one hundred guineas, on the 21st March last, from a generous friend, towards the support of the Settlement, which fixed my determination to charter the Miro brig, of about 160 tons, Capt. Taylor owner and commander, with whom I had before treated. I then provided cloathing, bedding, arms, and provisions, for 50 people; for though there was sufficient room in the brig for 70, yet I remembered the bad consequence of crowding the former transports, and therefore wished to

send rather too few than too many; and I was careful to furnish them with fresh provisions and bread, and spruce beer, all the time the ship lay in the river, and also with live swine to kill upon the voyage. After I had refused many passengers, for fear of crowding the vessel too much, several of those that had been admitted deserted the vessel just as she was ready to sail, when it was too late for me to make up the complement, whereby only 39 passengers (instead of 50, the intended number) actually set out. Among these there were several intelligent men, two of them surgeons of respectable abilities, Mr. Tacitus and Mr. Peal; and also Mr. Irwin, son of the late Agent Conductor. I gave them dollars to purchase 1000 fowls, and 50 head of small breeding cattle (goats, sheep, and swine), at the Cape de Verd Islands. All these preparations, and the money I was obliged to advance, cost me above 900*l.* to my own share, besides the 100 guineas before mentioned, which I received towards the expence, and also 50 guineas more given by the same generous friend. Afterwards I obtained from Government 200*l.* towards furnishing more live stock; and as the Miro was still in the river, I was enabled to make a second contract with Capt. Taylor for 400 head of small breeding-cattle, 500 fowls, and twelve cows, and two bulls, to be paid for on receiving a certificate of the delivery from the Settlement. This second contract amounted to 250*l.* *viz.* 50*l.* more than I received at the Trea-

sury, in addition to my former expences. However, I considered this business as a great national concern, and that it was my duty to use my utmost exertions, without weighing my own inconvenience.

This vessel sailed from the Downs with a strong gale of wind, but perfectly fair for her, on the 7th of June last; and to my great anxiety I have heard nothing of her since! Before the end of June I received a very alarming account of the Settlement from Mr. Richard Weaver, the Chief Magistrate, dated the 23d of April, 1788, informing me that the greatest part of the people had emigrated, some to the neighbouring slave factories, and some on board slave-ships; and that King Tom, of whom the land was purchased, presuming on the weakness of the remainder, had sold two of the settlers for slaves, and threatened to sell more of them: this was the more mortifying to me, because I had hoped to secure not only the privileges, but the title also, of the province of Freedom to the new Settlement.

All the surgeons and other white people who went last year and survived the sickness, proved wicked enough to enter into the service of the slave merchants at the several factories, being bought over by the lure of large salaries. I immediately wrote to Mr. Pitt, informed him of these particulars, and requested that immediate directions might be given to the captain of the man of war, then under orders for the coast, to represent

to King Tom the impropriety of his behaviour, and to secure the people from further molestation. Mr. Weaver did not inform me what number of people remained at the settlement at the time he wrote (*viz.* 23d of April); but I hope the Miro brig, by God's providence, might arrive just in time to save a total dispersion of the settlers.

This is all the information I am able, at present, to give of the state of the Settlement; and having done the utmost in my power at present to save it, I must now leave the support of this infant community to persons whose incomes are not so slender and insufficient for such public exertions as my own.

Twelve Swedish gentlemen (men of science and abilities) have signified their intention to join the Settlement, and I have sent their names to the people, requesting that they may be admitted to free lots *gratis* whenever they arrive. My friend, Mr. Harry Gandy of Bristol, is also earnestly desirous to promote the sending out a vessel from that port, to give further strength to the Settlement, and Mr. Falconbridge, a surgeon, well acquainted with the coast, and who has proved his integrity and abilities by a sensible well-written publication against the Slave Trade; and also Mr. Arnold, another very intelligent man of the same profession, with several other persons at Bristol, are willing to settle in the new community, if they can but procure some assistance in addition to their own small fortunes, which are not sufficient to

enable them to charter a vessel; and as for myself, I cannot afford any further expence at present. However, I have given them a letter to the settlers, requesting that they, and all the people that shall embark in their ship, may be admitted to equal lots of land and a joint share in the Settlement with themselves, without paying any thing for this privilege; and I have recommended that they should even declare that they will admit settlers *gratis* until the number is increased to 6 or 700 families, in order to invite new comers, for their mutual safety.

The accounts I have heard and read of the climate and country are much more flattering than the state I have just now given of the Settlement itself. Sir George Young (of the Navy) assured me before the black poor sailed last year, that Frenchman's Bay (now called St. George's Bay, in which the first township is formed) is, without exception, as fine a harbour as any in the world. That the mountains abound with brooks of fresh water, and are covered with the most noble forests of all kinds of timber, and perpetual verdure. That when he ascended those mountains, and looked about him, he never was so struck before with beautiful landscapes of wood and water in his life, and that he found the air so cool upon the mountains, that he could have borne his great coat with pleasure; and he gave particular direction to Captain Thompson of his majesty's sloop Nautilus, where to find this particular spot for the principal

town. If your friend wants more information concerning the country and climate, he must read the account published by Lieut. Matthews of the Navy, who lived at a negro-town on the Peninsula about three years, being employed, indeed, in the Slave Trade, for which he is an advocate, though his arguments do more harm to his cause than good; but in other respects he is a person of credit, and was highly recommended to me by Mr. Justice Barrington, as being capable of giving me intelligence of the coast and climate, both ample and unquestionable.

The natural products are equal to the most sanguine hopes of gain. Fine cotton, the best indigo in the world, sugar-canes, gum copal, castor-nuts for oil, and a variety of spices, grow wild upon the mountains as well as the finest timber, fit for every purpose. The seas abound with most excellent fish, three kinds of turtle, besides prodigious quantities of oysters, prawns, &c. Nothing was wanting but breeding-cattle and tame fowls, to render life comfortable; and I trust, in God's mercy, that my poor endeavours will, before this time, have happily supplied that deficiency.

I have but one other point to mention. Your friend dislikes the name of a *Colony*, and wishes rather to promote a *free-settlement*. I am as zealous for freedom and all the rights of humanity as he can be, and therefore have adopted the ancient English *frank-pledge* as the basis of all the regulations I proposed for the new settlement; being

thoroughly persuaded that every place must of course be a free-settlement wherever frank-pledge (and more especially that most essential branch of it, a constant watch and ward by a regular rotation of all the males from 16 to 60, with their arms in their own hands—"*Arma pacis et defensionis*"), is properly maintained; and that colonies, or even kingdoms and monarchies, may be rendered perfectly free and happy by this glorious patriarchal system of frank-pledge, which is the only effectual antidote to unlimited or illegal government of any kind, whether under monarchical, aristocratical, or democratical forms: for by this such an effectual balance of power may be, with certainty, maintained, that the whole body of the people can act as one man, though every separate family will still enjoy its due share of power, as far as is consistent with the rights and sentiments of the majority. The arbitrary councils of any great kingdom will always find extreme difficulty in attempting to take away the rights of a distant colony, thus united, armed, and exercised in frank-pledge: and had there not been some small remains of the old English form of a free Militia existing in New England, Connecticut, and other places in America, at the commencement of the late troubles, there would soon have been an extinction of all their free-settlements.

When I return to town I will send you a copy of the regulations for the new Settlement; wherein your friend will find a plan for a paper currency

which cannot depreciate in value, because ordinary labour in tilling the ground is appointed the medium of traffic, instead of money, the value of the notes being a tax of labour laid equally on individuals, which even the poorest can well afford to pay.

I propose also to send you a larger Tract on Frank-pledge, or Congregational Courts, on which the said regulations are founded.

I remain, with great esteem, Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

GRANVILLE SHARP.

LETTER CLXX.

Mr. J. LOWE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Sir, *Sierra Leone, Nov.* 10, 1794.

I received your kind letter, and should have received the porter you were so good as to send me, had not a squadron of French ships of war been laying here, by which the Harpy was taken. I cannot give you a regular detail of all their proceedings, having been in the woods for several days, without pen, ink, or paper. But to the best of my recollection the following account is true, and may be depended on: On Sunday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, we observed five ships, two brigs, and a cutter, coming round the

point in a line of battle a-head; a frigate leading the van. The general opinion was, that they were English, and we continued in this state of illusion until they came close under the governor's, where many of us were walking in the balcony; we then saw them pointing the guns at us, which made us take to our heels pretty briskly; some of us were not out of the house when the firing began. Luckily for us, they came so close in, that the guns could not be brought to bear upon the house, and all the shot went over. As the firing continued without intermission, I proposed to hang out a table-cloth as a flag of truce, which was done, but without effect. I then proposed to hail them, which the governor desired I would do; but as I did not relish exposing myself to the broadside of a frigate only one hundred and fifty yards distant, I told him he had a much stronger voice than me, and that he had better hail; but as he made no reply, I took the trumpet, and hailed to know why they continued firing when the colours were hauled down, and no resistance made. The answer was, "Damn your blood! haul down that white rag, and hoist French colours." I replied, we had no French colours. The answer was, "Very well, very well." Soon after this they landed; and never did I behold a more ragged, lawless set of rascals: well might they be called Sans Culottes before they came; but upon their return they looked more like Dutchmen. Some had three suits on; others half a dozen shirts and four hats:

for my part I could not help laughing to see them sweating under a load of cloaths, when a few minutes before they were almost naked. I met one man with a coat and two pair of trowsers of mine on. When I told him they were mine, he very coolly replied, "That it was the fortune of war, that they were now his." At length, finding there was nothing to be expected but vile language and starvation, I accepted an invitation from a black man, whom I have employed these twelve months past in collecting seeds, roots, and insects. To his house I went, and was treated with respect and kindness; but I found it very inconvenient, being three miles and a half from our wounded people, whom I had to attend every day, though I had no shoes; my whole stock was an old pair of half-boots, through which my feet protruded so much that they were cut by the rocks, and swollen so as to prevent my walking for three days. A week elapsed before I was able to procure any more cloaths than what was on my back; and I had to sit without a shirt, while the only one I had was washed. I have seen some hardships before, but none equal to this. On the eighth day after the French had driven me to the mountains, I ventured to town, having bought an old pair of shoes of a native, but how was I disappointed to see the Harpy coming into the very jaws of the French. Captain Tilford found his mistake when it was too late: he attempted to get away, and would probably have succeeded had the breeze continued, but it fell calm, and he was taken. I lost in her (besides

what you were so good as to send me) a chest of new cloaths, a case of wine, from Mr. Samuel Parker; two cases of glass from Mr. William Parker, Fleet-street, containing a service of glass; wide-mouth phials, &c. In the colony the French took two-thirds of my cloaths, several of my books, both my violins (one of them cost me ten guineas, had been round the world with me, and was a favourite.) I also lost all my music, collections, &c. I have been very unfortunate lately: in a vessel that went from here in June, I lost a valuable watch sent home to be repaired, and a collection of plants and seeds, that cost me upwards of 7*l.* I would have sent you a plant (of which I have four) which is most beautiful, and well worth a place in a green-house; but I think it will be too cold at this season of the year. It is my intention to bring it to you next summer. I am sorry to say that the colony is in a very sickly state, the French having landed above one hundred prisoners here, most of whom are sick or dead. We have no place to put them in, and scarcely any medicines to give them; they are lying about in sheds and corners all over the town; we are little better ourselves; the French having burnt down all our houses, hospital, church, stores, ships, &c. Dr. Winterbottom and I are now living in a hovel which you would think a very indifferent stable for your horses. Mr. Day and his family fortunately escaped all this by quitting the Harpy the day before she sailed, upon a promise of having a lieutenant's commission. I have been very ill myself

from excessive fatigue, and catching cold. The whole weight of business fell upon me, all the medical gentlemen being sick. Dr. W. is now well, and doing the greatest part of the business. We had one man's foot carried off; a woman's leg shockingly fractured; another a large portion of her thigh carried away; another a ball through the leg; a child cut in two while in the arms of the nurse, who received no injury. Dr. Winterbottom cut off the man's leg below the knee: he is doing well. I cut off the woman's leg above the knee, but with little prospect of success; she died the next day. The other women are nearly well. I beg you will excuse this miserable scrawl, having only an old pen, and a rusty razor to mend it with. I also beg you will accept my most grateful acknowledgements for all your kindnesses.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN LOWE.

LETTER CLXXI.

ELIZABETH SMEATHMAN to Dr. LETTSOM.

Sir, *London, Jan.* 3, 1787.

Nothing in my unfortunate situation could afford me more consolation than your kindness and advice; and according to your obliging offer to look over my brother's papers, I have sent a few. The

greater part of them are so confused, written under every disadvantage, just upon the spot as they struck him; that there are observations on climate, trade, natural curiosities, manners of the people, &c. and private letters, all in the same books. He has, indeed, often lamented, that he could not sit down at ease to connect and select them; but such were his disappointments, from one unforeseen event or another, that, notwithstanding all his industry, he never could so far succeed as to be entirely unembarrassed. He was indeed very early entered in the school of affliction.

As it will be impossible for me in this narrative to avoid speaking of myself, in order to do his character that justice which his particular attention to me requires, as also to relate from what circumstances it arose, I must intreat your candour and excuse. It will also be necessary for me to observe, that although a native of the same place as Mr. Henry Smeathman was, yet I was not acquainted with him, until the year after I was married to his brother Thomas, and we came to settle in town. I cannot, therefore, speak of any thing previous to that time from my own knowledge; but as they used to be often recounting occurrences that passed in their younger days, my memory will supply me with the recollection of some of them from an early period. He was born on the 5th of February, 1742, at Scarborough, in Yorkshire; where his father lived, who was a distiller and brandy-merchant.

In a genteel business he had saved a pretty little fortune, and died universally respected; but, unfortunately, much too soon for his three sons, whom he left, all of them too young, too gay, and too inexperienced to enter the world without such a guide: it was particularly so for his youngest, which was Henry, who at that time was only a boy at school, and therefore too young to have been put to any kind of business; and his mother, who was exceedingly partial to the eldest, which was William, enjoyed most of her affections, as well as her fortune; the father having left all in her power; so that the others, especially the youngest, although she used to express the greatest tenderness and regard for him, certainly did not share that maternal attention which he deserved. He was, however, the favourite of all who knew him, even from a child, by his desire of wishing to please, as also for instruction and information on every subject; for which purpose, he seldom, out of school-hours, would spend them with other boys; but, if possible, get into the company of those much older than himself, where he thought he would receive any improvement: at other times, amuse himself with reading and drawing (which was entirely the result of his own industry, never having received one lesson from a master), collecting of insects, or any other such employ; so that, as his brother has informed me, it was common when he was missed, for his father to say, he supposed Harry was gone after butterflies, sea-

weed, or cockle-shells. With respect to his education, I cannot precisely say at what age he left school, only from a particular circumstance, which I cannot omit relating, as I think it was one reason of his being left rather short. He could be but young, for they were all under the care of a clergyman, the curate of Scarborough, who had undertaken the instruction of a certain number of boys. In him were united the scholar and the gentleman; but being of a very studious turn, he would often leave them, which I have frequently heard Mr. H. Smeathman lament, not only for his own loss, but that of a most valuable man. He, at length, by his intense study, became melancholy, and finally put a period to his existence, by running down a steep hill into the sea, whose waves soon covered him. This fatal accident had such an effect on my brother, who loved him as a father, that he never went to any other master; and, indeed, he had not left his equal in the place. Being thus left unfinished in his learning, and no particular line of life pointed out to him, he, by the advice of a gentleman, Philip Sharp, Esq., who had been intimate with his father, and at that time lodged at his mother's, came to town with him, and, under promise that he would endeavour to procure him some eligible situation, which, no doubt, he would have done, as he was remarkably fond of him; but, unfortunately, he was very soon after, by a paralytic stroke, deprived both of his memory and the use of his limbs, neither of

which, I believe, he ever perfectly recovered; although the former was, in some measure, restored, and he was always happy to have my brother with him, yet he was no longer in a situation to exert himself, in placing him out in the world. Thus he was, at his first entrance, unfortunate, and prevented, perhaps, from making a shining figure. He had, however, behaved with so much propriety and good conduct, at an age not remarkable for either, as I apprehend he could not then be above sixteen, if so much, that he had made a genteel and valuable acquaintance; as also some friends, which he preserved to the last, amidst all his vicissitudes and misfortunes. Among these was an upholsterer and cabinet-maker; a man of good sense and character, who, as he was now quite unprovided for, advised him to that business, and he would inquire for a proper master for him, as he was about to decline business. In a short time, one was recommended and fixed upon; he accordingly went a month on trial; but the master not being a man of that character he had long represented, and Mr. H. Smeathman's genius not being adapted to a mechanical line, he declined any further engagement. Soon after this, he was recommended to an insurance broker, who took him into his counting-house, where he was very much respected, and made an extensive acquaintance, which induced him, as he had got a competent knowledge of the business, to try his success on his own account; to which, after a short

time, he added that of wine and brandy merchant. These exertions, however laudable, were the beginning of his misfortunes, as he was too young, inexperienced, and unsuspicious, not to be liable to the impositions and artifices of mankind. It was, therefore, no wonder, thus situated, that he should fall a victim. He was doing a great deal of business, and in a very prosperous situation, when he formed a connexion with, and fell a sacrifice to, one of the most plausible and artful of men. With this person he entered into a sort of partnership as a broker and agent. They were employed for some eminent merchants in Bristol and Liverpool, and were, of course, generally under acceptances for those houses, to a very large amount. It happened at a time when a great many of those bills were coming due, that one of the houses at Liverpool stopped; he then, when it was too late, found how much he had been duped; for this very person was largely concerned in it, and though he must fall himself, was not content without bringing ruin on his unsuspecting friend; which he effected by his address and duplicity. By this connexion he had kept up the credit of the house for some time in this situation; and being already much in advance, and now the only ostensible person, there was no alternative, and he was obliged to stop also. It was on this occasion, from what he called my kindness to him, that his gratitude to me arose. I was, at the time of his misfortunes, at Margate, for the recovery of my health; and being in a very low way,

from the loss of two children, his brother thought it prudent not to inform me of it till absolutely necessary, which was not before my return to town. I was, indeed, no less shocked than surprised at such an unexpected alteration. I must observe, that his brother had already advanced him near *six hundred pounds;* and being rather of a warm temper, was a little displeased with him for requiring his assistance at a time when it was of no real service to him, which he certainly would not have done, had he known the danger of his situation. When I was informed of the particulars, and inquired where he was, I lost no time, but hastened to see him, and found him in a neat, though small inconvenient lodging, and from being a very lively, cheerful man, much indisposed and dejected. On my return home, I could not help expressing my concern and dissatisfaction to my husband; at the same time adding, that I thought no place so proper an asylum for his unfortunate, though deserving brother, as our house; where he could both be accommodated and consoled, of which he stood in great need. Accordingly, he immediately went to him, discharged his lodgings, and brought him home; where, by degrees, he in some measure recovered his wonted spirits, and used to say he was made so happy, that he almost forgot he had been unfortunate, but that he never could forget, or sufficiently reward me; and he lived to convince me of more than he professed. During his residence at our house, his brother often pro-

posed his going into business again; as he had not lost either his character or friends. Yet he never could summon courage for another attempt.

He now turned his thoughts on the Church, and wished to qualify himself to take orders. He accordingly studied Theology. It happened in the course of this time, that an advertisement appeared for a private tutor in a gentleman's family: it struck him this would be a favourable opportunity to improve himself, and most likely procure him some interest. He accordingly answered it, and out of numerous applications, he had the preference; and was soon engaged in this family. He was exceedingly happy, being treated with the greatest respect: nor did their friendship cease on his leaving them; they were, all the time he was abroad, very anxious about his health and success; and the last fatal business he undertook was facilitated through this gentleman's interest while he remained in his family. I think it was either his friend Mr. Lee of Hammersmith, or Mr. Drury of the Strand, who informed him, that Dr. Fothergill had expressed a desire to join some other gentleman in sending a person out to Africa, to make collections in Natural History. This seemed to be an enterprise quite adapted to Mr. Smeathman, and therefore no wonder that he relinquished his former intentions in favour of this. He got introduced to the Doctor, who approved of him, and in a very short time every thing was settled, and he embarked for his intended voyage. His papers

will best inform you of the inconveniencies and disappointments he met with by not having proper information of the country he was going to. He, however, made some valuable collections, which would have been much more so, had he returned four years sooner than he did; as the greater part of the most curious that he had sent were destroyed by being kept in damp cellars at Mr. Drury's; and as he was constantly expected, they were quite neglected. He had also reserved the best under his own care, which were put on board the ship he was coming home in; but he was unfortunately prevailed upon, as there were large rewards offered for destroying the cane-ants, to stay and try his success. The ship was taken by the Americans, so that his collections, together with his books, were lost; and after staying in the West Indies four years, he received no other reward than his experience, that they had offered what they never meant to give. Thus his voyage was far from being a profitable one; whereas, if he had returned according to his brother's, as well as his kind friend Dr. Fothergill's repeated requests, it would have been very advantageous. That gentleman, ever attentive to his health, more than any other consideration, had advised him to return by the West Indies, and come home the ensuing spring. This delay was not only of infinite prejudice to himself, but to us; as his brother had continually supplied him at a very great expence; which, added to our repeated losses at

home, deeply involved us in his misfortunes. These disappointments, however, we were well convinced arose from the purest intentions, although success did not attend him; which is not unfrequently the case with the most deserving. On his return to England, therefore, after an absence of nine years, it was natural for him to feel his disappointments with their utmost poignancy, which intimidated him from making any exertions with his usual spirits. The chief thing he now proposed was to get his Voyages and Travels published, which it was not in his power to do but by subscription; and though he got many subscribers, yet they came in by such slow degrees, which with the loss of his most inestimable friend and patron, prevented his accomplishing this design; as also, one he had formed in the West Indies, which was once more to return to Africa, on a plan of his own, with the sanguine hope of relieving an hitherto oppressed race of beings, and abolishing that, to *him*, most detestable of all traffic — the SLAVE TRADE.

His loss is too melancholy for me to dwell upon; to me it is irreparable; and I wish it may not be so to the objects of his attention. But they, not being thoroughly acquainted with his virtues, could set no proper estimation on his value, although many of them had experienced his kindness, he having advanced a great deal of money amongst those he thought most necessitous, which is now entirely lost. He was, indeed, of a

most benevolent disposition; his heart was always open to the real or pretended distresses of all who came to his knowledge; and he too often, without consulting his own situation, relieved them at a time when, perhaps, his own necessities were at least equal to their's.

I must once more request your excuse for the manner in which I have related these simple facts as they occurred to my memory; most of which will only serve to show you the difficulties which attended him in every situation

I have not sent his Treatise on Education, nor on Progressive Motion, as you seemed to think they would turn to little advantage; but if you should choose to have them, or any other papers, or information that I can give, a line addressed to me, &c. &c. will be esteemed a favour by

Sir, your most obliged and humble servant,

ELIZ. SMEATHMAN.

LETTER CLXXII.

Mr. HENRY SMEATHMAN to Dr. LETTSOM.

Sir, *Sierra Leone, June 22*, 1773.

I have long been in hopes that some discovery in the mineral kingdom would have given me a much better excuse for addressing you, than that I can at present urge.

I have been much disappointed. The coast, as far as I have seen of it, does not promise any variety of metal; even very few fossils are to be found. For about sixty leagues extent upon the coast, the cliffs are red earth, gravel, rocks mixed with mica, much resembling the Scotch granite, and red rocks, honey-combed and irregular, like the clinkers or slag that is left in the distiller's and brewer's furnaces, when the coals are consumed.

These rocks seem as if they had once been in a liquid state, or fused by heat. They are filled in many places with small red stones, and pebbles, and pieces of loadstone, which we sometimes find with a tolerable degree of magnetical virtue. In some places these rocks seem replete with iron ore; in a liquid state at some period, one would imagine, as immense masses of the granite rock are cemented together by it.

Nature does not seem to have indulged herself in many freaks with the stones and pebbles. The solitary shores wear an uniform dull appearance, either of granite rocks or large masses of iron ore.

It is certain that metal abounds in the interior parts, as they make all their own instruments with it, and I will answer for it they do not venture far under ground in search of it. There is very little spar to be seen amongst the pebbles, and none of those variegated pebbles, belemnites, incrustations, &c. which are so amusing on the English shores.

A great Black trader here has got some kind of

spar, which is very white: it does not break into particular forms, but like flint glass; and cuts glass like a diamond. He received it from some interior port, and at first had some hopes of its being a precious stone. I have got a specimen.

The Plantane Isles are very low, and the soil almost entirely sand. It has many of the iron rocks about it; but it has rocks too of the same colour, as soft as the ill-made, half-burnt bricks, which have been used of late years in some of the buildings about London.

These seem to be composed of red ochre and sand. I have found in many of them hollow cylinders of a rather more firm substance than the other parts of the rock; but so liable to break that I have not, for want of a convenient conveyance, been able to get one home perfect. In the sand, amongst these rocks, I have found red, yellow, and I think it is white ochre: the former of a good colour. If it were worth while, I think many tons might be procured at those islands.

A great distance up the river Sherbro, there is found a white ochre or clay, which the women use in painting their faces. I have not yet been able to get a specimen. There is very little clay in the country; perhaps none that is not mixed with one-half, or two-thirds, sand. I know my remarks on this branch are crude and unimportant. You have then, Sir, a strong proof that I entertain a great opinion of your candour and abilities; the former will induce you to excuse my inaccuracy, the latter

enable you, and I have no doubt your goodness will prompt you, to give me the best advice how I may profit by the present opportunity of investigating the minerals and fossils of the coast. I have got Cronstedt's Mineralogy; but the exigencies of my situation afford little time for study. I have sent home some insects, which I hope will gratify the curious in that division of natural history. I am in hopes, before long, to send home specimens in all the rest. At present I am roaming about the coast in search of provisions and necessaries, which are scarce, from some ships being lost in their way here.

I am, Sir,
Your obliged
humble servant,
HENRY SMEATHMAN.

LETTER CLXXIII.

From the same.

Sir, *Bense Island, June 26*, 1773.

The minerals and fossils of this part of the coast, I apprehend, will not afford much interesting matter to naturalists. The Mahometan blacks sometimes bring pieces of gold shaped like unto what are, by the traders, called the country rings. They are made of pure metal, and very thin, and

of sizes, from the value of one pound to six or eight pounds sterling. The women hang them upon their breasts, and those of the young girls who attend them. These men travel into the very heart of the continent, of which they give such imperfect descriptions, that we cannot know where it is found. I have observed, at the Bananas, where I chiefly reside, and at other places, amongst the granite and red rocks, many round nodules of stone, from the size of a man's head to ten times the size. These seem composed of coats, formed over one another; but they are not so hard as other rocks. Some sandy bays at the Plantanes abound with sand, each grain as big as a pea. The sandy bays at the Bananas yield much to our steps, and the breaking of the surface causes a harsh noise, much resembling that we make when walking in the snow, but much more creaking and disagreeable. It sets my teeth on edge so much, that I am obliged to avoid walking over them, though it would otherwise be at times a pleasant exercise. The afore-mentioned sands are very white, but the sand upon one of the Turtle Islands, I think, is as white as the whitest marble. My friends sent me out lately an assistant, who was an able botanist. He understood something of every branch of natural history, being brought up under the great Linnæus. Every naturalist has, with me, sustained a great loss by his premature death. He was attacked with a fever, which he neglected and trifled with. It

remitted twice, after two seemingly slight attacks; but the third onset was so violent, as to carry him off very suddenly, to the surprise of all here. I had conceived great hopes from his abilities, and I expected much happiness in the company of an intelligent friend and companion, enthusiastic in his pursuit. He was accurate in his observations; and his assiduity was not to be tired out; but he had very little time to look about him, before he was snatched from the scientific world. The strata, even at the broken cliffs, are difficult to be discerned; for so fertile is the climate, that you may very frequently see trees growing upon bare rocks, where you might as easily get a pint of gold dust as a pint of mould; and as fast as the cliffs break away, as fast the verdure increases.

Such an expedition as mine is attended with great expence, and greater difficulties. I am now well acquainted with the principal, and wish to make the utmost advantage of the opportunity, while in my grasp. Pertinent inquiries and instructions from the curious will enable me to satisfy them in many points, which may else remain unknown or doubtful to the present generation. I am therefore solicitous to increase my correspondence.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

and obliged servant,

H. SMEATHMAN.

LETTER CLXXIV.

From the same.

Paris, March 30, 1784.

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Dr. Franklin is hourly expecting his recall, which he tells me he has written for a long time. He says he built a house upwards of twenty years since, which he has enjoyed but one year; he wishes now to enjoy it for the little time he has to live (being in his 79th year) among his friends; he says he should like to see his friends in England; but, on account of the stone, he dreads the thought of travelling so much by land. He spoke of you, the last time I saw him, in the warmest terms of respect, and desired to be most kindly remembered to you. I was taken very ill going there, and was brought to town in his coach. The distance, the season, the dirty roads, and, above all, my various avocations, prevent me going as often as I could wish; for if public business permits me, we have generally a long conversation, and he introduces a great many pleasant stories, with a great deal of philosophical information.

H. S.

LETTER CLXXV.

From the same.

Paris, April 17, 1784.

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I am half mad every time I read, that such a ship is arrived at such a port, with a fine cargo of slaves. Is it impossible to raise three or four thousand pounds for the Lord's sake? What objection, for instance, could a body of *Friends* make, to collect a sum for the redemption of two hundreds of those poor creatures? If a body of men would send me with money, for that purpose, I can only say that I would, with that, get as many out of the hands of the Philistines as possible, and set them at liberty upon the plan I have proposed. If I were to take arms in my ship, it would be only to defend me from the abandoned whites and blacks, who might be inclined to cut me off. If I succeeded, it would be infinitely more advantageous for me to be honest and repay those benefactors, than to turn rogue, and sell the poor creatures I had rescued from the jaws of slavery, worse than death. What, will you not assist a man to go upon the work of redemption, because he carries arms in his ship, with which almost all ships are furnished? Or, will you not trust a poor rogue, upon *such a plan*, with a cargo, when the greatest scoundrels are

trusted every day with much greater sums, for the most diabolical of all purposes? Well, if I have success with my balloon affair, I will certainly go on my own account. If I could but get as much as would procure me a little rice-mill and other tools, I would attempt it; in the attempt I must feel happiness; death may shorten that here, which is imperfect; and I have no doubt the change would be for the better. I must and will go to Africa before long at any rate.

H. S.

LETTER CLXXVI.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Paris, July* 16, 1784.

I shall set aside other subjects for the present to answer you relative to the subject next my heart —the African expedition. I cannot think of it without a sort of fever, which, like other fevers, sometimes affects me with a kind of delirium, as imagining some hopes of carrying it into execution. This fit is too often followed by a great depression of spirits; you may call one the hot, and the other the cold fit. The ancient Bishop of Challon has translated my letters on the subject, after I had previously revised them; and as I imagined there might perhaps be found mulattoes and

black men of large fortunes and liberal minds, I made acquaintance with one who enjoyed an extraordinary reputation at Paris, and, as I am told, is received by persons of the first quality; from what cause I know not, he has treated me with so much neglect, that I have abandoned that road as impracticable. I then imagined that if any Power in Europe not engaged in sugar-colonies, would open a natural intercourse of barter and trade upon such principles as I have proposed, it might in some degree answer the purpose; and therefore I got it proposed to some of the King of Sweden's attendants; and seeing the Baron Nolkins last Sunday at the experiments in the Luxemburg, I waited on him the next day. He has accordingly spoken to the King of it; but, as he goes away in a day or two without seeing the King, he has referred me to the Boards of Trade in Sweden, &c. &c. which in my opinion is to *Latter Lammas*, and like presenting a memoir to the Academy of Sciences.

I am recommended to offer a plan of trade rather to the Emperor. I am told that his sentiments are most favourable to civil and religious liberty; I am tempted to offer it to his Ambassador, but I would wish to have nothing to do with crowned heads, or even with sovereign powers, unless those of America. Dr. Franklin tells me he has no doubt I should get it adopted at Boston; but, alas! I cannot carry my poor brat a-begging from continent to continent on uncertainties. In the mean

time Mr. Cumberland informs me, that Mr. Oswald in Philpot-lane has my papers under consideration. I must confess I would rather command one ship for a few private individuals, than ten for a state. I do not see very clearly how it would be possible to preserve the liberty of those I might ransom in behalf of an European state, though certainly it might be done. But Kings are so surrounded with interested and designing men, that possibly after I had laid the foundation of a colony, enjoying a reasonable degree of liberty, and carrying on an humane and profitable trade, some sycophant might come, and, like M******r with my memoir for directing of balloons, undo all my schemes, establish a tyranny, engraft a sprig of despotism on the young liberty-tree, before it was half grown, and contract with some European colony to supply them with slaves. I am confounded when I think on the refusal of the members of your Society to furnish the means, if arms are taken. I have been considering how far they have reason; and I think even with their own principles, though they may not permit the carrying arms, provided two or three hundred men could be brought without arms in their hands, they would not reasonably refuse permission to these men, if once made free, to defend their liberty, if they saw it necessary. Though a Quaker cannot conscientiously defend either his own liberty or his life by force, I do not see that he can with propriety do any more than recommend the same

passive resignation to others. To take away or prevent such means of preserving life or liberty as other men might think not only lawful but necessary, would be persecution. The question then is simply this—whether they would willingly contribute to set three or four hundred human beings at liberty, and leave them to choose what method they saw best to preserve it: this in hopes that these people might increase so as to bring great numbers within the same pale of freedom, and perhaps repay them the money advanced with the highest of all interests, the prayers and blessings of thousands living, and millions unborn? In that case I would undertake to redeem any number without carrying arms, and I would plant them in an uninhabited part of the country, without violence; but I could not promise these people a long enjoyment of their liberty, unless they were at least capable of defending it; and yet I have no doubt they would preserve it for any given time, without drawing a trigger or a bow-string, provided they had these things to shew. The method I would propose should be, to advance a certain sum to fit out two ships; another, to redeem a certain number of slaves, and to furnish them with tools, &c. for making plantations, and establishing themselves; invite a number of blacks and mulattoes, as well as whites, to embark, engage to give every one an hundred acres of ground that chose to settle, and as many for every child; to grant an hundred acres to every one who advanced one hun-

dred guineas or pounds, and to pay him five or more *per cent.* interest till the principal was refunded. If any could be found so charitable as to advance the money without interest, and profess to be satisfied whatever might be the result, they might give great encouragement to others not so able or not so willing as to part entirely with their money. Thus, if a party of Quakers possessed of that benevolent spirit, of wishing to adventure their money on such a scheme, without any other view or hope but that of promoting the plan, would say, "We will advance 1500 or 2000*l.* to this project; if it succeed we shall be contented, whether we are repaid or not; and at any rate we will demand nothing till the rest are repaid," it might soon effect the business. As to my part, as I do not want the sole and exclusive right of managing the capital, they might make it much more secure than adventures usually are. Their Committee might say to the people who embarked, "We have lent you these ships, and furnished you with such merchandizes; some of yourselves have even advanced money: with these articles you are to go under the conduct of Mr. S*******n to redeem as many slaves as you can, to buy as much merchandize of the country as you can to send home, to plant yourselves in some fertile district of the country, which you must first buy of the natives. The lands must be divided by lot; you must endeavour by trade and agriculture, not only to repay us, but to become wealthy yourselves,

which, it seems, will not be difficult; and to that end, if we find you are peaceable and industrious, we will support you as much as is in our power," &c. &c. Thus, as every one would find himself interested in the project, we might expect much greater order, and one would be a guarantee for the good conduct of another. I could not sport with the capital; and it would be my interest, as well as my happiness, to carry it as speedily and effectually into execution as possible. What do you think of this outline?

It has been my hopes that something would turn out to enable me to go out with a small capital, and part of it my own. This I thought might have been done by ballooning. It was proposed to give me a share of the balloons of M****** and J******, and to have come to London immediately after the experiment here. It would certainly have raised us great sums. Such an immense machine could not have failed to attract great numbers. If I should do any thing here under the Duke de Chartres, I may perhaps stand some chance; at least, if I could get a little sum beforehand, I would adventure it all in behalf of African liberty; and I cannot help hoping I shall do something yet. If I could do no better, I should like to get a degree of M. D. and propose to Miles Barber to go out physician-general, doctor, and cook, of his trade, and agent particularly for the article of rice. In a year or two I might get a few followers, collect some of the

scattered sons of misery who are ever in fear of being entrapped and sold, and, like Romulus, or Mahomed, set up a new state. Success, a zeal for liberty, and a confidence that there can be no greater glory or pleasure than establishing the freedom, and promoting the happiness, of mankind, might make me a Numa, and almost a Penn. Like the former, I could draw down fire from the clouds, if it were necessary, to cheat men into their happiness; like the latter, I am well acquainted with the agriculture of the country, with the trade, and with all the physical and mechanical methods which might be adopted to facilitate and secure success.

"Well said, Friend S——!"

LETTER CLXXVII.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Paris, Feb.* 7, 1784.

I have communicated my discovery to his Grace the Duke of Dorset, our ambassador here, who seems to be of opinion that it will certainly answer; and he has signed a certificate of having seen it described in a Memoir of the 2d instant. Thus much for securing my right to the discovery. I shewed it yesterday also to his Excellency Dr.

Franklin, who seems to be of the same opinion, and says, that he thinks it right to offer it to my own country.

On this account, I mean to send it to Sir Joseph Banks, to try whether he will patronize it; or finding it to be well founded, whether he will present it to his Majesty or the Government. I think if it were set off with such *eclat*, that the public would readily promote it by a liberal subscription; as has been done in Paris. Subscriptions, according to the sums, to entitle to certain rights of inspecting the machine at proper times, to see private experiments as well as public ones; and to admit to such places upon the grand experiments as may give certain advantages, &c. The inventor to have the first command or patent for the invention; the profits that may remain, and the balloons made by virtue of the subscription, to remain his property. This is nearly the manner in which Mr. Charles has made a very handsome profit by his aerial voyage. The French are very solicitous to know my secret. A new balloon has been proposed some time, and a subscription was opened the other day under the auspices of the Montgolfiers. Mr. Faujas has promised me, if I will make the first experiment here, that this balloon shall be made according to my plan, and to enjoy a third of the advantages, in conjunction with the Abbé Miolan and another. I am at present, however, determined to see what spirit there is in my own countrymen; and in case the Royal Society and

the Government should treat it with the same indifference they have hitherto done, whether a subscription may not be raised independent of them. Another scheme is also proposed, that two subscriptions should be opened, one here and another at London. The machines to part on the same day, hour, &c. one for London and the other for Paris, if, after the previous experiments, they may be expected capable of undertaking so long a voyage. My discovery depends upon a kind of paradox, which is, that animals could not fly if they were lighter than air—they would float with the wind—it is by means of their *gravity* that they project themselves through the air; and it is always on *inclined planes.* This is most evident in birds of prey: they make long sallies upon one inclined plane, and when they oppose their wings to the air, in one of their rapid descents, they are suddenly thrown upwards again by the elasticity of it. Birds could never draw or force themselves through the air with that strength and continuance which we see. It is by its gravity that the swallow skims about with so much velocity; and it is the same with many insects, especially of the Lepidoptera class, more particularly such as take long and rapid flights. I therefore propose a vessel to represent a mixed form of a fish, a bird, and a bat, flat-bottomed, and presenting a large membrane on each side, and two wings of very simple construction, and a very broad tail or rud-

der. Such a vessel, only a few pounds heavier than the surrounding medium, in an absolute calm and horizontal position, would descend perpendicularly very slowly; but a small inclination being given to it, it would begin to run on in the plane of that inclination, and consequently would be capable of being governed by its rudder or tail: therefore, if the gravity of the vessel were sufficient for that purpose, it might be projected against a storm—I mean only to say it is possible, mathematically speaking. Thus you find there is a power in nature capable of operating on an aërial vessel, as forcibly as the wind on an aquatic vessel; with this advantage, that we can increase its force at pleasure, and diminish it in case of danger very readily. And as the rapidity of our motion will be a combination of the degree of inclination with the degree of gravity, we may have a Montgolfier under much better government than a ship; from whence it appears probable that in time it will be much safer flying than sailing. I have communicated this secret in other words to my friend Mr. Cumberland: I think between you the public curiosity may be excited. On Thursday, by the Ambassador's leave, I hope to send the Memoir, with drawings, &c. by the King's messenger, to Sir Joseph Banks. If he take it up as President of the Royal Society, you will in a few days, I apprehend, by reflecting on the matter, be able to say it must succeed. As soon as

Dr. Franklin had read my Memoir, he launched half a sheet of paper obliquely in the air, observing, that that was an evident proof of the propriety of my doctrines. I shall be impatient till I have your approbation, being ever yours,

H. SMEATHMAN.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

From the same.

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Paris, Oct. 29, 1783.

This I know for fact, that the inhabitants of that part of Africa where I was, never spared some species of lizards, but caught all they possibly could. These they used frequently to bring, of four or five feet in length, with their feet tied behind like criminals, and sold them for about the same price as two or three fowls. We found them most excellent food, and not unlike turtle, for which the guana of the West Indies is often eaten by strangers till they are undeceived; and it is a little remarkable, that the flesh of the latter amphibious animal is esteemed as a great purifier of the blood. If the flesh of any species of lizard have any healing virtues, it

still remains a desideratum to ascertain what species are to be preferred. The large ground lizards are not esteemed, and probably the differences between them are analogous to those in snakes, some of which I have found rich succulent eating, and others, when dressed, as dry, tough, and tasteless, as a piece of boiled Jack cord. Two sorts of lizards which I have eaten are most delicate and luxurious; but alligators, both young and old, insipid and uninviting.

H. S.

LETTER CLXXIX.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *London, Oct.* 15, 1785.

As I have already intimated to you, I am going out once more to the coast of Africa, having planned and undertaken the management of a very important enterprise of commerce and agriculture for an eminent African house in the city. I shall go to their principal settlement on the Isles de Los, where I shall have, probably, always ten or a dozen white men, artificers, and on an average two or three hundred blacks under my directions, and almost daily opportunities of sending by ships and small craft in the same employ, as well as by other traders, to all the rivers, ports,

and creeks upon the coast, for upwards of two hundred miles to the northward and southward; and I shall have nearly as much influence with them as if they were under my command. By these means also I shall have a constant communication with all the king's principal chiefs and traders in the country, who are very ready to oblige the whites, and especially those in this employ, in any thing that is curious. I shall also have great opportunities of visiting, under powerful protection, all this part of the Continent, and the islands in the neighbourhood, of which I mean to avail myself to my further advantage, and the promotion of science, by making various researches and observations after new subjects of commerce and manufactures, some of which I have already discovered; as also collections, drawings, and descriptions of every thing which may be deemed curious or useful; *viz.*

Plants living and dried.

Woods, gums, and balsams.

Fruits, seeds, and bulbous roots.

Birds, beasts, reptiles, and fish, with their nests, eggs, skins, bones, and exuviæ.

Insects, with their nests, eggs, cocoons, and exuviæ.

Shells, corals, corallines, and spunges, with other zoophytes and marine subjects.

Minerals, fossils, earths, sands, and clays.

Utensils, weapons, instruments, ornaments, dresses, manufactures, dies, and useful inven-

tions, and all other artificial as well as natural productions, worthy of preservation or notice.

In order to put these intentions into execution with full effect, it will be expedient for me to have a small sailing-boat and skiff entirely at my command; and the successes of my exertions must be proportioned, in a great degree, to the number of assistants I shall be enabled to take out, qualified to collect, draw, and preserve curious objects.

The number and value of my collections will also be increased by having a good apparatus, which must consist, in the first place, of instruments proper for the obtaining and investigating the objects of our pursuits, and next, for the preservation of them, as much as possible, in their natural perfection and beauty, and conveying them in that state to England.

The greater part of these can only be provided at home, as books of natural history, &c. philosophical instruments, paper for drying plants, drawing, &c. colours, nets, traps, and dredges of various kinds, fowling-pieces, and many sorts of tools, boxes with divisions, and others lined with cork for insects, wide-mouthed bottles with stoppers, casks, jars, &c. powder, shot, pins, fish-hooks, &c. camphor and other antiseptics, mineral acids, culinary utensils, bedding, linen, &c. a medicine chest, with select drugs from Apothecaries Hall, and many other articles too numerous to be mentioned in this outline; but some of them pointed out in the account of the difficulties I had

to struggle with in my last voyage, and which rendered many of my exertions abortive. By the provisions I shall now make they will be entirely prevented.

The gentlemen with whom I have made the mercantile and cultivating engagement, will furnish me with proper artificers, mills, engines, stills, chemical vessels, and outfit needful for carrying the improvements I have projected into execution; and consent, in consideration of the advantages they expect from me in that line, to my taking out in any of their ships from eight to ten assistants in my researches after specimens of Natural History, and such goods, apparatus, &c. &c. as may be necessary for that purpose, without any expence for passage, freight, or provisions; and will also permit them, as well as myself, free access to their public table, and other conveniencies, as is customary to their own officers and factors at the Settlement.

These are advantages of such considerable importance, that I can scarcely fail with good assistance, moderate exertions, and tolerable fortune, to make a most extraordinary and valuable collection of every thing that is curious on that part of the coast. By such a collection alone, I cannot fail to enrich science in general; and the obtaining the different specimens must necessarily, if I have a proper philosophical apparatus, furnish me with many interesting facts relative to the Natural History of that continent, useful to the Physician,

the Philosopher, the Patriot, and the Philanthropist; which, compared and combined with the observations I formerly made on the coast, and which various disappointments have hitherto prevented me from publishing, may form a mass of most interesting and important information. Not only the Materia Medica may be enlarged, for the alleviation of human misery, but several useful drugs, and other commodities, may be introduced, tending to improve and increase our trade and manufactures. I have already discovered a balsam which is very valuable, and two dyes of great consequence, not yet imported into Europe.

We have few African plants from the equinoctial regions, either in our hot-houses or cabinets. We know still less of their birds, shells, or marine subjects; and we are almost totally ignorant of their minerals, their arts, and their manufactures: It is not improbable, that most of the riches of the East may be found, at one-fourth of the distance we usually sail to procure them; and the climate, the soil, and the situation may be found much better than they are supposed, and capable of being turned to great national advantage.

With from £350 to £450 I can furnish myself with every kind of apparatus necessary for my collections and observations, and fit out eight or ten assistants; and with £100, or £150, more, I shall be able to take out such an adventure as will purchase a good vessel suitable to my business.

I propose to take a Botanical Gardener for the

management of the vegetable kingdom; and one person, or two, for the birds, beasts, fish, and insects, &c. One of these, who has agreed to go with me, is qualified to act as a joiner, and is in other respects an ingenious mechanic. The rest to be assisting in every department. Boys or young men having a turn for and some proficiency in drawing. They will very soon, with my instructions, be enabled to draw specimens of natural history, if not with elegance, at least with systematical accuracy. I taught my draughtsman on the former voyage; and when I proposed another last winter, he wished to have gone with me again; but unfortunately for me, as I had lost all hopes of going on an eligible plan, he has since sailed, by my recommendation, as secretary and draughtsman to a particular friend gone to the West Indies. I am, however, much improved myself in the art; and that nothing in my power may be wanting to render the voyage useful, if I find adequate encouragement, will endeavour to procure the assistance of a proficient.

I shall be much obliged to you to recommend the undertaking to the protection of any nobleman or gentleman whom you know to be patrons of Science, and particularly of Natural History.

I mean to take Subscriptions on the following conditions: The Subscribers to be reimbursed by the collections which shall be shipped for England every month or six weeks; and there is every degree of probability, that they will receive to the full

amount of their subscriptions in less than twelve months.

I will leave the valuation of my collections to any two or three gentlemen, conversant in Natural History, who may be nominated for that purpose by the Subscribers.

They shall have the choice or refusal of every thing sent home, at the valuation made by those gentlemen. The subscribers will divide the collections amongst themselves, by drawing lots for the turn of choosing, or by any other mode which may be more agreeable.

All such specimens as the subscribers may not choose to take, and all the duplicates, after every subscriber has had a specimen of each subject, shall be reserved for my emolument. But if I do not remit a sufficient quantity of select specimens, the duplicates shall be sold to make up any deficiency.

Subscribers of 100 guineas shall be considered as having whole shares.

Any number of ladies or gentlemen joining, to take a share, may appoint one of their number, or any other person, to choose and receive their specimens, which they may afterwards divide among themselves as they think proper.

I have the honour to be,
with the utmost respect,
Dear Sir, your much obliged
and faithful humble servant,
H. SMEATHMAN.

LETTER CLXXX.

Dr. Percival to Dr. Lettsom.

Manchester, January 9, 1788.

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You display, in various ways, a truly philanthropic spirit, and I cordially wish you all the satisfaction, honour, and success, which your exertions merit. We are here actively engaged in supporting the great cause of justice and humanity, which your excellent society have so laudably and so forcibly recommended. A petition to Parliament, in behalf of the suffering Africans, has been signed by the most respectable inhabitants of Manchester; and I trust the whole kingdom will be roused to a vindication of the rights of mankind, and to a due sense of the nature, extent, and obligations of Christian charity.

T. P.

LETTER CLXXXI.

T. Knight, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom.

Chelmsford, Jan. 19, 1812.

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I should very much like to see an essay on the subject of *fire*: we have been so frequently visited

with this dreadful calamity, that I flatter myself some of us are become tolerably expert firemen. About four years since, we had a most alarming and distressing one (so near us, that our warehouse was repeatedly on fire, in two or three places), where two amiable young ladies were burnt, and an elderly lady so much burnt and bruised, that though she was rescued from the flames, by the violent exertions of a powerful daring man, she died in a few days; two other young ladies leaped from a very high two-pair of stairs window; one of them escaped with a bruise or two, the other was brought into our house quite naked and insensible; indeed, we thought her dead for some hours, but she at length recovered. A young child was rescued by a friend of mine, who ascended a ladder, and took her from the window, while the flames were pouring out of the one beneath him: for this humane and hazardous act, he was rewarded by her uncle with an elegant diamond brooch, containing a lock of her hair. In consequence of this fire I contrived a very simple *fire-escape*, and wrote a letter on the subject, which was inserted in our Chronicle; and several of my acquaintance provided themselves with the instrument. It consists only of an *iron hook*, large enough to hook on to the sill of any window in the house, or the parapet outside, furnished with a rope, sufficiently large to grasp, without sliding through the hands, and several yards longer than the house is high; so that, if

the lower part of the house is on fire, those below might take hold of the end, and hold it out of the direction of the flames, if issuing from a window beneath. The hook might be put on a bed-post, or other large piece of furniture, and the rope thrown out of the window; and if it were made of *list*, it would be softer to the hand, and would not be so likely to entangle. It should be coiled up in such a way as to be disengaged in an instant—as a person would take up a piece of twine or tape upon their thumb and finger, the last yard next the hook should then be brought through the coil of loops at one end, and turned over it, to keep it together when hung up—exactly as the husbandmen coil up their waggon ropes; as soon as this coil was taken off the end, it would fall straight with its own weight. Such an instrument as this might be kept under a bed, or hung on a nail behind it, out of sight, and a certain preservation for personal escape always at hand. Though we have three staircases in the house, I always have one lying by my bed; so that, if my room were on fire, I could snatch it up, fly to the parapet of the house, and escape without danger. The expence of such an instrument is not more than four or five shillings. I wish I were qualified to give any further hints on the subject. Perhaps it may not be generally known, that wood, wetted with water impregnated with *pearl-ash*, will not burn. If a sufficient quantity be put into the engines, at intervals, while playing, it will tend

greatly to damp the flames, and extinguish the fire. If any wood or thatched buildings are in danger, it will effectually preserve them, if played upon with this solution. It was adopted by one of the engines at our last fire, and was thought to be of great service. The soldiers of the garrison, under the direction of General Ackland, behaved extremely well, and were of great service in preserving and facilitating the removal of the property.

T. K.

LETTER CLXXXII.

From the same.

Chelmsford, Nov. 18, 1812.

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Personal Security, Preservation of Property, and the most effectual Methods of Extinguishing and Preventing Fires.

On the first knowledge of fire to any one, the most important thing, under every circumstance of danger, is to collect all one's *presence of mind*; to think, if but for a few moments; it will give order, energy, and decision, to all our proceedings. In our ordinary business we find nothing conduces so

much to our repose and comfort. Young persons should therefore be trained by their parents and teachers, in all cases, to *think* and *resolve*, before they act: this would prevent, in a great degree, the hurry and confusion which always attend on sudden alarm.

On the first discovery of *fire*, if in the night, endeavour, before you quit your *room*, to ascertain in what part of the house it is,—if above you, and you can reach the rooms where any of the family may be asleep, awake them with as little alarm as possible, that they may not be *hurried* in putting on what clothes may be *necessary*. The writer of this article once had the painful task of rousing his sisters under these circumstances, and he did it by calling to them to "get up, but don't be alarmed, I fear there is a fire in the neighbourhood." This prevented that hurry and extreme terror which the word *fire!* would have produced. If the family cannot be reached, *ring all the bells violently*, and make the alarm known as expeditiously as possible, by the springing of *rattles*, &c.; dispatch messengers to the fire-offices, for the fire ladders, engines, and buckets. If a drum can be found, let it be sounded in the neighbourhood. If the fire is found to be in the *lower part* of the house, *by no means attempt to descend*. Open as few doors as possible, to prevent increasing the draught up the stairs. If you are at too great a height from the ground to jump or drop from the window, by get-

ting out and taking hold of the sill, or to reach the leads of a lower window, or to take hold of a lamp-iron, tie the sheets together, and attach them to the bed-post; throw the bed out at the window, and descend upon it; three sheets will be sufficient to reach from a two pair of stairs window of most houses. In descending in this manner, it is essential not to put on any kind of cloaths that may be likely to catch to any of the projecting parts of the house. Men should never attempt to descend with a coat on. The operation of tying the sheets would not occupy more than *one minute*. Where there are children, they might be let down by the lowermost sheet being tied round the body. Females, who might not have presence of mind to act for themselves, might be lowered down in this way. If it be necessary to get out suddenly, consider, if there be more windows than one, (as in a room where there are windows on both sides of the house,) whether there be not softer ground on one side than on the other. The writer knew two amiable young ladies who were alarmed by a fire in the lower part of the house, and ran to the garret to call the servant; she intreated them to get on to the parapet with her, but they unfortunately attempted to go down the stairs, and were burnt! She was rescued from the parapet by a ladder, without injury.

Several kinds of *fire-escapes* have been contrived, and I know some persons who have a rope fastened

by the side of one window in every chamber of their houses, which are concealed behind the window curtains; but perhaps the most simple, as well as the most portable, is an iron hook not round, but square, (with the *shank* to which the rope is tied, rather longer than the hook, to prevent its turning,) and made large enough to hook into the sill of every window in the house, or on to the *parapet*, with a rope at least two yards longer than the house is high, *soft*, and sufficiently large to be grasped. It is better *without knots*: it may be suffered to slip through the hands, or they may be removed *alternately*, while a person below might take hold of the rope, and hold it out from the side of the house, or out of the direction of the flames, if issuing from a lower window. The rope must be coiled in such a way as to fall instantly, without entangling, in the same manner as the farmer's men coil up their waggon ropes, or a skain of tape is taken on the finger and thumb. The last coil is drawn through the loops at one end, and turned over *that end*: it is thus held fast, and when it is slipt off, the rope falls perfectly free. A rope made of broad *list*, plaited, is better than a hempen one; it would be more flexible, and would not hurt the hands; it might be tied round the waists of females or children, and one person might lower them from a window or parapet without danger. In many instances it might be more convenient to attach the hook to a bed-post, as it would lessen

the difficulty of getting out at the window while the rope was held in the hand. This simple instrument would not cost more than five or six shillings. It might lie under the bed, or hang upon a nail behind it, and would be a certain and safe means of escape in the greatest possible emergency. The neighbours should bring out their beds and mattresses for the sufferers to descend upon.

Another escape, contrived by Mr. Benjamin Cooper, Surveyor to the Royal Exchange Assurance, he describes in the following words, which we recommend for its simplicity and portability: "I had a strong board, of light deal, of two thicknesses, each three quarters of an inch thick, cut to a round form, about eighteen inches diameter, crossing each other, and screwed together, to prevent being split, (if it should be struck hard on the pavement,) to which I had a strong staple, with ten yards of strong *small* cord. I then had an iron rod, about half an inch thick, (round,) formed into a ring, or hoop, of eighteen inches clear diameter. I then got strong canvas, like thin sail-cloth, full a yard and a half square, formed into a bag, which was nailed round the deal bottom, and well bound at top, round the iron hoop, which completed it. I then had a well-made, pliable rope, about fifty feet long, well secured, with a triple hold to the hoop, or ring; and thus, by coiling the rope properly round a bed-

post, then to have the person to be let down in the bag, which, as soon as they step on the bottom, the bag to be drawn up, which would reach to the neck of a grown person, who would have to hold (to steady them) by two loops of small cord fastened to the hoop, hanging inward; then the person who is to manage the business, hoists the bag just clear out of the window, the small cord at the bottom falling directly into the street, and be there held by some one, or more, to steady and guide the bag in its descent, so as to prevent its being impeded by any cornice, projection, balcony, or even the palisades of an area. The person managing the rope, is to let out, or ease, gently and regularly, but yet with expedition. When the bag has reached the street, any strong person can lift all together, and take it to an opposite house, the door of which we will suppose already open, and some female ready, with proper wrappings, to enfold the rescued persons, and convey them to a room.

The instant the bag is empty, the spectator in the street, calls *pull up*; the bag ascends with celerity and safety, even to the windows in its way, by the guide-cord being held below. All this could be done in three minutes, or less, and repeated in as few, if necessary. The last person then leaving the bag out of the window, close to the sill, into which he gets, having *first* coiled the rope, holding it in his hand, with a good noose;

and then, by letting out the cord (with him in the bag), he goes down as easy as he let the others down." Monthly Magazine, vol. xxiii. page 530.

In some cases it may be necessary to rush through the flames; but it should never be attempted till the last extremity; for it is impossible to know what obstacles may lie in the way; timbers or boards may have fallen down; the floors may be burnt through; yet, when it is the only chance left, many would attempt it. In this emergency, perhaps, the best covering would be a blanket (wetted, if possible), thrown *over the head*, and wrapped tight round the body; a pair of *worsted stockings*, if they can be procured, as wool resists the effects of fire longer than any other kind of clothing; and a pair of thick shoes.

The practice of burning a night-light cannot be too strongly enforced: its utility has been found incalculable, in several instances within our immediate knowledge: for during the terror and alarm of a fire, it would be next to impossible to produce one by the usual methods. Many persons could not dress themselves in the dark, and the most methodical would find it a very long and painful operation, to say nothing of the loss of time and confusion which would be occasioned in a large family in the night, with the cry of Fire! resounding in their ears.

Preservation of Property.

When every individual is rescued, the next consideration is the preservation of such property as can be come at. Be sure to remove all *combustible* matter, as gunpowder, spirits, pitch, tar, &c. &c. at the first alarm. The most expeditious mode of packing up linen, books, plate, &c. is to spread *sheets* on the floor, and empty the drawers into them, and tie them up; they may then be removed in a few minutes. I once knew every article of linen, cloaths, books, and valuable property belonging to a large family, tied up in this way, by the females in the house, and ready to remove (while the men were assisting to extinguish the flames) in about five minutes.

It is always at the commencement of a fire, that assistance is most wanted; a few active neighbours, at this juncture, are capable of doing more than a hundred when the fire has gained a head. Property is less liable to be lost if removed to one house than to several; and no one would refuse their rooms on such an occasion. Select as many as are necessary for conveying the goods, and have a sufficient number at the house to receive them, with others to keep guard and hold torches, if in the night. If possible, procure a carpenter or cabinet-maker to unscrew the bedsteads, sideboards, and other valuable furniture, as it may be conveyed with less difficulty, and danger of injury.

As heat, smoke, and unrespirable air ascend to the upper parts of the room, and a stream of pure air occupies the space immediately contiguous with the floor, the house may be entered by a person crawling on his hands and knees, keeping his face, in his progress, as close to the floor as possible; in this manner he may go and return to any part of the premises not actually in flames; he should go in with his hat and coat on; first wetting the hat and arms, as it would prevent a light burst of flame from catching the hair or shirt, which is very liable, if dry.

If hay-stacks, or wood out-houses be near, cover them with blankets or sail-cloths, well wetted, and let the engines play upon them every now and then.

Very large houses should be furnished with at least ten or twelve leather buckets, such as are used by the fire-offices.

Extinguishing of Fires.

Collect all the buckets and pails that can be found; consider where the nearest and best supply of water is to be procured, and arrange the people in a lane to it; the men on one side to hand the full buckets, and the women and children on the other, to pass the empty ones: be careful that they do not stand too close, as they only impede each other, and half the water may be spilt before it reach its destination; at such a time, water may

be valued at a guinea a drop! Three feet asunder is quite near enough; this is a very essential point; such chains of communication should be formed from every pump to the engines. Procure a large tub for the suction-pipe of each engine to draw the water from, into which the buckets should be emptied, as the supply to the engine will then be regular. If pearl-ash or common salt can be had, put 18 or 20 pounds into the engine, about every five minutes; for whatever timber is wetted with this solution will not burn, at least it will not blaze. I have known the former used with great success on one occasion particularly. It would be well if a few barrels of pearl-ashes were kept in each engine-house.

If the fire is "well lighted up," as the London fire-men term it, it is of no use attempting to extinguish it, and all our care must be directed to the neighbouring buildings. If no good *party-wall* intervene, pull them down, to cut off the communication; for it is better to lose a limb than the life.

Every country town should be furnished with ladders of various lengths; some of them long enough to reach the parapets of the highest houses; large and small iron hooks, and strong ropes, for pulling down houses or burning ruins; pickaxes, shovels, iron crows, axes, and buckets, kept in a public place, and the key deposited with some person residing on the spot.

The country agents to the fire-offices should

engage men for the management of their engines, and see that they are properly instructed in the use of them; and one man as *foreman* over the rest; who, though they might follow their usual occupations, should be always ready, upon every alarm of fire. The engines, and every part of the apparatus, should be examined, and the engines played, every three months at least, to keep them in order, and to see that the hose are in good repair. In Paris, the firemen carry strong twine in their pockets, with which they bind the hose, should they happen to burst while the engine is at work, which is found a sufficient security. I have known engines taken several miles into the country, and when arrived at the fire, so much out of order as to be entirely useless!

The builder of every house should consider that it may, one day, be burnt down; it should therefore, if large, have *two staircases*, as many *party-walls* as can be conveniently admitted, and the partitions should be brick-nogged, the walls should be *stuccoed*, and not wainscotted; and the communication from one part to another, as simple and direct as possible; every house should have a *parapet*, and an easy mode of ascent to it.

Composition floors are of essential service in resisting the progress of fire; they should therefore be introduced wherever it may be practicable; thin *plates of iron* have been recommended beneath the floors, staircases, &c.; indeed, from the perfection to which our iron manufacture is car-

ried, it is a great pity that it is not more generally used in buildings. As fires are frequently communicated by the window frames, these certainly might be cast nearly as light, and infinitely more durable than those of wood, as also the banisters of stairs. At Lowther Castle, in Westmoreland, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, several of the rooms are *slated*, instead of wainscot, and being extremely well painted, cannot be distinguished from wainscoat; it would be well if this plan were more generally adopted, such a room would be completely fire-proof; for if a fire were to break out in it, though every article of furniture might be consumed, it could not communicate with any other apartment.

T. K.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Dr. CULLEN to Dr. LETTSOM.

Edinburgh, Sept. 3, 1773.

Much esteemed Friend,

I am sorry that both absence from town and much business have prevented my answering your polite letter so soon as I wished.

I must own to you that I thought myself entitled to some acknowledgements in your former publication, but I willingly accept of your excuse. I am not very vain of my own opinions, and am, indeed, not willing that my pupils should point

them out very particularly, as I am not confident enough in giving them, to the public; especially in the imperfect state in which I am sometimes obliged to deliver them, or in the imperfect manner in which they are sometimes taken by my pupils. However, I must also say, that I am always proud of having given any light or instruction to persons who can make so good an use of them as you can, and who make such candid acknowledgements as you do. Upon this footing, I must say that, I shall think myself much honoured by your Dedication. I am very glad to find by your last publication, that some opinions, which I was afraid of hazarding, have been so well received by the public. I hope your new work will have equal success; and you may depend upon it, that when it shall appear, I will do all justice to your merit in it, which, from the former Essay, I believe will be very great. Believe me to be, with regard and esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM CULLEN.

P. S. I need hardly tell you, that I am now engaged entirely in teaching the practice, and my whole studies will be devoted to it. I hope to go farther than I have yet done in the doctrine of Fevers, and hope also to communicate it to the public; but, amidst my many occupations, and under increasing years, it is very uncertain when, or if ever.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

From the same.

Edinburgh, June 5, 1789.

Much esteemed Friend,

I regard it as a considerable addition to the honour I have received by the Diploma sent me by the London Medical Society, that it comes accompanied with a very polite and friendly letter from your hand. I should have acknowledged this sooner, but much College business at this time, and other occupations, have prevented me.

I have always considered it as my honour that I once had you for a Pupil, and I am now highly gratified in finding you still retain me in your memory. I take this opportunity of assuring you, that a friendly intercourse shall not fail on my part.

I must now beg that, when you have an opportunity, you will present my most respectful compliments to the Medical Society, and assure them, that I have the highest sense of the honour they have done me; that I am happy to find them going on with their valuable communications to the public, and that I shall not cease my endeavours to promote as far as I can, the valuable purposes of their Institution; and my zeal will certainly be strengthened by your friendly exhorta-

tion. But I am sorry to tell you that my time of life, and the occupations and practice of teaching, which I am still engaged in, do not allow me to promise much; and I have engaged I believe too rashly, to promise a communication to the public. I have already begun to prepare a fifth volume of "First Lines," on subjects not touched before. At present I must conclude, with assuring you of the esteem and respect of

Your faithful friend and humble servant,

WILLIAM CULLEN.

LETTER CLXXXV.

Dr. GARNETT to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Doctor, *London, May* 26, 1795.

I have perused with much pleasure and satisfaction the paper which you yesterday put into my hands. It would appear that starch could be made from potatoes much cheaper than from wheat, at the same time that a considerable quantity of wheat would be saved to the public. In the first page, line 4th from the bottom, I have taken the liberty with a pencil to insert the word "wheat;" for it is evident that Dr. S. wishes to compare the product of an acre of potatoes with that of an acre of wheat: the word has been omitted through mistake, for without it the sentence is perfectly ob-

scure. If you could ascertain the quantity of starch extracted from a given weight of wheat, then might the advantage of making starch from potatoes be accurately calculated. From the estimate given, which I doubt not is as accurate as it can be made, the difference in the expence between an acre of potatoes and the same quantity of wheat is only 18*s.* while the quantity of potatoes produced is 300 bushels, and of wheat 30.

The fecula would probably produce the greatest advantage by being fermented and distilled; but before this subject can be decided upon, experiments ought to be made on a large scale. Could you not cultivate an acre or two of your ground with potatoes? this would enable you to ascertain various circumstances relative to agriculture, and political economy, of the greatest importance to mankind.

The theory of fermentation, which has puzzled philosophers ever since the phenomenon was observed, is now rationally and easily explained, on the principles of the pneumatic chemistry; and I own I was somewhat surprised to see a man of Dr. Sutcliff's age so thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the new doctrine, as to improve the explanation given by M. Lavoisier, and place it in a much more striking point of view In the last page, line 12, I should suspect he must mean 4 instead of 3. He wishes to show that neither fecula nor yeast can of themselves easily decompose water, yet jointly they can d

it. For he supposes that the two component parts of the water, the hydrogen and the oxygen, may adhere together, or attract each other with a force of 9, while the attraction of the feculum for the oxygen of the water is only $5\frac{1}{2}$; no decomposition will therefore take place. If yeast be added to water, no decomposition likewise takes place, because yeast attracts the oxygen of water only with the force of 4; but if both yeast and fecula act together, their attraction for the oxygen of the water will together be $9\frac{1}{2}$; which is rather greater than the force by which the component parts of the water are held together; and this will occasion a slow decomposition, which will leave the hydrogen of the water enveloped in a little undecomposed water and mucilage of the fecula; or, in other words, in the form of a viscous liquor. But if we suppose that the attraction of the yeast for the oxygen of the water is only 3, then the joint action of the fecula and yeast will only be $8\frac{1}{2}$, which will be insufficient to separate the component parts of the water which attract each other with the force of 9.

I hope you will excuse the slovenly manner in which these observations have been drawn up; they were, as you may suppose, written in a great haste; and believe me to be, while I have life,

Your sincere friend,

T. GARNETT.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

From E. Rack, Esq. to Dr. Lettsom.

Bath, April 16, 1779.

I flatter myself that my ingenious friend Dr. Lettsom's regard for every thing curious, will induce him to excuse the liberty I take in sending him an animal of a species which I do not find either a drawing or description of in any author who has written on natural history. I call it *an animal,* because it was alive and vigorous more than a week after I found it. It was fixed on the side of a wooden pipe which conveyed a small stream of water into a ditch. As it hung, its motion excited my attention while I was picking some liverwort which grew on the spout. I separated it from its lodgment with the point of my knife, supposing it to be an aquatic plant, and that its motion was occasioned by the water which ran over it. On coming home I put it in a tea-saucer of water to spread, when, greatly to my surprise, the extremities of its branches, or tentacula, began to move. The motion gradually increased, till at length the whole animal shifted its place, and frequently extended its arms to the top of the water, curling them in a fine spiral form like a corkscrew. I examined it with a lens of moderate power, and the brown spots seemed to be lamellæ

of a stony kind: hence I concluded it to be one of the Crustaceous Polypi. I then placed it on a thin plate of glass, and examined it by the fourth magnifier in Cuff's double microscope, when, to my great surprise, I found the whole animal to be a congeries of innumerable fibres, branching out into infinitely fine ramifications, and ending in points. An undulatory motion was visible in all the principal arms or branches, and in many of the smaller ramifications. The brownish spots at each joint, which I had supposed were crustaceous lamellæ, I found to be tufts of fibres, which had other branches shooting from them so extremely fine, that even under the first magnifier they appeared no larger than a silk-worm's thread to the naked eye. These tufts of fibres are transparent in the smaller branches of the animal, and grow regularly between the joints in each limb or branch; they appeared to be hollow, and in some of the larger ones I could perceive a motion, which I took to be the circulation of some fluid. The smallest touch in moving the animal I found displaced or broke off some of the finer fibres. I could not find any appearance of a mouth or distension of the gelatinous parts, as is usual in other species of the Polype, nor any febrillæ at the extremities. In every thing it had the appearance of a vegetable, except its frequent and vigorous motion. I gave it fresh water frequently; but going one day from home I found the water had been spilled, and the animal was hanging dry to the

edge of the saucer. After this accident it never discovered any signs of life, although I immediately put it in water. I have shewn it to several ingenious gentlemen in this city; they all agree in thinking it a species hitherto undiscovered.

I am, &c.

EDM. RACK.

LETTER CLXXXVII

Dr. GUTHRIE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *St. Petersburgh, Oct.* 1, 1788.

I was highly flattered this summer to receive a letter from you, accompanying the diploma of the Medical Society of London. I should be proud indeed if I thought I merited the favourable opinion a gentleman of your literary and medical reputation was pleased to express in it; however, I impute it to the right cause, your liberality and politeness. I must own to you that I am afraid my public and private duty will not permit me to fulfil the intentions of your learned Society, relative to Correspondence, as I find of late years that an annual paper to the Medical Commentaries of Edinburgh is all I have been able to make out; nay I have partly dropped the correspondence I formerly kept up on subjects of physics, with some other literary societies of which I am a member, as well as with individuals. However, I must

frankly acknowledge, that independent of business, there is another cause which militates against my exertions of this kind, in common with all foreigners after a certain residence in this country, *viz.* a sort of torpor into which the human mind falls from the effects of a combination of moral and physical causes—a curious subject of investigation, which I recollect to have once sketched in a letter to Dr. Priestley, whose attention it particularly attracted, and which I may one day treat more at large, according to his desire, when it may be more prudent than at present. One leading cause is, a want of a public to encourage and appreciate the labours of men of letters in this country, nay, almost a total want of readers for any thing not strictly amusing; for we are as yet without that respectable, intelligent, and opulent part of a nation, a middle class, the pride and glory of an Empire, in which Great Britain is so much richer than any other spot of the earth. I can assure you, that the Feudal Baron and his slaves poorly supply the place of it in the cultivation and promotion of industry and letters; and that the efforts of a sovereign alone, without a public, can do but little.

Ours is certainly doing her utmost to form *état moyen*, and to promote the Arts and Sciences, &c.; but the work goes on slowly, as it must do in the nature of things.

To this cause must be joined the little society which obtains amongst the learned to communi-

cate knowledge, and excite emulation, one of the many unhappy results of their finding neither emolument nor honour to accrue from the cultivation of science, whilst the expensive style of living in this luxurious city, obliges them to turn their attention to other modes of acquiring wherewithal to support it. These morals, connected with some physical causes, such as the severity of our climate, aided by the soporific effects of our stove-heated rooms, in which we live so large a portion of the year, &c. have a wonderful effect in bringing on the state of torpor mentioned above, and crushing mental exertions.

This truth I feel myself more and more every day, insomuch that, if I were not roused by the correspondence of friends, I should dose away life in the jog-trot rounds of a practical physician, happy in the indolent idea that I was not absolutely obliged to do more.

Thus, good Sir, as you honoured me with a friendly letter, I take the liberty of replying in the same style, and of even giving you a personal trait of my own character, but which, from its connexion with a peculiarity, attached to this country *in its present state*, may draw the attention of the Philosopher.

I am under particular obligation to you for the Root of plenty, of which I planted a few seeds, although rather late in the summer for our climate, *viz.* in the end of June; and they now weigh but about three pounds, the largest of them. I

shall endeavour to promote their cultivation in Russia; as will, I make no doubt, my learned friends Professor Pallas, and your entomological correspondent Mr. Boeber (who is inspector to one of the Imperial cadet corps, to which I am physician), as I have furnished them both with the seeds.

Your zealous endeavours to promote useful literature, and to diffuse plenty amongst the more indigent ranks of the community, do you much honour, and must procure you many admirers and well-wishers, amongst the foremost of whom I beg you will rank,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

M. GUTHRIE.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Dr. HAMILTON to Dr. LETTSOM.

Ipswich, Sept. 6, 1793.

Tristram Shandy says, as you know, my dear Doctor, "that to write a book, is for all the world like the humming of a song; be but in tune with yourself, 'tis no matter how high, or how low you take it," vol. IV. p. 162. If the paper on Temperance, now on its journey to you, be plumbed and squared by this rule, I fear you may find it

now and then not quite true to the perpendicular; but the foundation is good, however ill I may have raised the superstructure. In one place I have deviated about a page or two, just to say a word or two to the materialists, and to tell them, they appear to me a set of flimsy, cobweb gentry, and though their metaphysical reasonings are curious and nicely wire-drawn, they cannot overturn a number of stubborn facts, that blunter and less learned folks can bring against them; but I fear they are incorrigible, and glory much in their own mightiness; and it is, perhaps, imprudent in me, weak and debilitated as I am, just getting on my legs, after a nine months' sickness, to curl the nose, or pout the lip at them at all. I know not but they may hurl at my devoted head, some huge *new hypothesis*, enough to crush the brain, medulla oblongata, spinal marrow and all, breaking their texture, and the thread of my life, to boot, thus proving their doctrine by my destruction. But should they do so, I will foretell, that a hundred stronger heads than mine will rise up, in a short time, against them, defying them to the combat—yes, and shall prevail over them too.

Believe me, dear Doctor, with much respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and very
humble servant,
R. HAMILTON.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Mr. Rich. How to Dr. Lettsom.

Respected Friend, *Aspley*, 22, 10 *mo.* 1785.

Thy account of the late worthy Dr. Fothergill will transmit his character to posterity with the honour due to his memory; and confer an obligation on the public in general, but particularly on the Society of which he was so illustrious a member. The unfavourable prejudices, that many have conceived against the Quakers, are concisely, yet clearly accounted for, by pointing out the source whence they were derived. Thou hast defended their principles against Guthrie's misrepresentations, and shewn that their polity justly entitles them to admiration; but, in quoting the sentiments of a modern writer on the continent, thou seemest to have been misled by the authors of the Encyclopédie who adopted them, as appears from Trenchard's Essay on Enthusiasm, in Cato's Letters, No. 124 (vol. IV. p. 153), *viz.* "Having mentioned this last sect (the Quakers), I think myself obliged to declare, that I esteem them to be a great, industrious, modest, intelligent, and virtuous people, and to be animated with the most beneficent principles of any sect which ever yet appeared in the world. They have a comprehen-

sive charity to the whole race of mankind, and *deny the mercies of God to none.* They publicly own, that an universal liberty is due to all; are against *impositions of every kind*, yet patiently submit to many themselves; and perhaps are the only party amongst men, whose practices, as a body, correspond with their principles. I am not ashamed to own, that I have with great pleasure read over Mr. Barclay's Apology for Quakerism; and do really think it to be the most masterly, charitable, and reasonable system that I have ever seen." Permit me to remark, the words, godlike compassion, and the French *les misericordes des dieux*, do not in my opinion, convey the sense of the original, which, if I mistake not, alludes to the doctrine of universal grace, a noble, distinguishing tenet of the Quakers. *Les Impots*, is likewise a misconstruction; the author, I believe, meant, by impositions, infringement of religious and civil rights; not all taxes, as the French translator understood it, who adds, *ils les payent*, which thou hast omitted, and by a necessary explanation, corrected his mistake.

Benevolence and beneficence dignify human nature, and constitute the genuine spirit of Quakerism; those professors are its brightest ornaments, in whom these virtues most conspicuously shine: such was Fothergill! And I could not resist the temptation of expressing how truly I honour the generous disposition that dictated the Letters in Gent. Mag. Jan. Apr. and June 1780;

the writer may justly apply to himself the expression of Chremes in Terence; nor is this the first Letter wherein I have styled him, The Friend of Mankind.

I rely on thy candour to excuse the liberty of this intrusion; and with pleasure take the opportunity of assuring thee, that (however personally a stranger) I am, with great truth,

Thy very respectful friend,

RICHARD HOW.

LETTER CXC.

From the same.

Respected Friend, *Apsley*, 11, 10 *mo.* 1786.

It is with diffidence I presume (in compliance with thy desire) to offer my sentiments respecting John Howard and the subscription. Last year that gentleman was so obliging as to call on me; I was delighted with the honour of a visit from a man, for whose transcendant merit I had justly entertained a high veneration. The projected Crescent (in the Sept. Magazine) is a grand design; but I am doubtful of its being carried into execution. The subscription will scarcely be adequate to the expence; and that private persons should enter so

thoroughly into the spirit of it, as to complete the plan, seems hardly probable. The collection for Prison Charities is very laudable; I wish it may be sufficiently extensive fully to answer the end of providing prisoners with comfortable food, guarding them against the infection of bodily diseases; and those more baneful, of the mind, contracted by their being crowded together: keeping them apart would certainly be more beneficial to their health, and solitude might produce reflections leading to repentance: whereas the pernicious effects of the present mode of confinement are too visible; young offenders are made proficients in vice by associating with the more hardened sinners. But to effect the most desirable purpose of preventing this evil, would require a prodigious sum, as every gaol in the kingdom must be new modelled and considerably enlarged; for which I apprehend voluntary donations would not suffice; a parliamentary aid and regulation appears absolutely necessary. The proposal of a Statue in honour of Howard, is, I allow, generally approved; the generous intention deserves great applause. Yet, to speak sincerely (and my regard for thee will not permit me to dissemble), I must own I have some scruples, which I hope thou wilt do me the justice to believe arise not from a disposition to oppose my weak judgment to the public voice, but are the genuine dictates of a mind desirous to steer clear of prejudice. Is it not almost unprecedented, to erect statues of living persons?

(Jortin says, it was unusual to sacrifice to heroes till after sun-set); if this admits of an exception in monarchs, conquerors, and statesmen, who are stimulated to their glorious achievements by ambition, vanity, and love of fame, these were the incentives of Pagans, and prompted Cicero to request that Lucceius in writing history would begin with Cataline's conspiracy, and in favour of friendship, relate his exploits with some exaggeration. This passion was predominant in Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Pliny, and others of the ancients, who, doubtful of the soul's future existence, sought to obtain an imaginary immortality—a deathless name; and such have their reward, which excites emulation in their contemporaries, and imitation in their successors, influenced by similar motives: but would it not be degrading Howard to rank him in that class, whom I consider in a far superior light, as a Christian, actuated and impelled by solid piety and pure philanthropy, not seeking honour from men, but that which comes from God? Such a distinguishing token of worldly homage might be painful to him, and cause him to exclaim, *Non mihi sed Domino sit Gloria!* On the other hand, as scarcely any of the best men are wholly exempt from frailty, should there remain in him a latent spark of vanity, I tremble to think how it might be blown into a flame, that would extinguish his real deserts, and be the means of his forfeiting the title to an infinitely greater reward. What greater encomium

could be bestowed on him, than that text, so apposite and justly applicable, "I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me;" the proper text for his funeral sermon, when he shall rest from his labours, in behalf of the most wretched of mankind. The benevolent Hanway is out of danger, and not liable to be affected by sublunary praises. Honours paid to his memory may point him out as an excellent example to the present and future generations.

Intreating thou wilt pardon my freedom, I remain, with esteem,

Thy obliged respectful friend,

RICHARD HOW.

LETTER CXCI.

Mr. R. How to Dr. LETTSOM.

Aspley, 15, 3 *mo.* 1788.

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* * * * * * * * *

It is a great satisfaction that amidst the reflections cast upon our Society by many authors, Marsillac's Memoir, or Petition to the late Count de Vergennes, in behalf of his brethren, the people called Quakers, in Languedoc, obtained for them as free and complete a toleration, as is al-

lowed by the late Edicts to other French Protestants; nor are they to suffer any inconvenience for the rejection of Water Baptism, though the Hugonots, by the most bitter invectives, and the exertion of their utmost efforts, strove to get the privileges confined to their own party; or at least that the Quakers might be excluded from enjoying equal liberty with other dissenters. They went a step further than the old Bostonians, who first began to persecute when they were out of the reach of the lash; but the French Calvinists discovered the bitterness of their dispositions before the law for tolerating them had been enacted, and consequently whilst the rod hung over their own heads.

I rejoice to see the zeal for the abolition of slavery become almost universal: may the opposition to this inhuman practice be successful! In this single instance justice is done to our Society, who are acknowledged by all, to have begun, and set the laudable example, by pleading the cause of the distressed Africans, and freeing their own slaves from bondage. It is frankly owned by a bishop and member of parliament, to whom I applied to request their support of our petition. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Let England then imitate the North Americans (her late enemies) in the extirpation of slavery. I am ashamed to repeat my request for the Pennsylvania Constitutions of the Society, instituted for procuring liberty to the negroes, and of the Pennsylvania Pri-

son Society, the honour of which, I am informed, is chiefly due to our friends; which I am therefore the more desirous of, provided thou hast duplicates of both. R. H.

LETTER CXCII

TASKERVILLE NEEDHAM, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *Brussels, Oct. 5,* 1781.

I am much obliged to you for the valuable present with which you have been pleased to honour me, of your very curious and interesting History of the Origin of Medicine, by the hands of my friend Magellan. The text, at the same time that it gives due merit to the profession, shews the extent of your erudition; and the notes which attend it, must afford much pleasure to every reader. If I were to except to any part of them, it could only be to that kind of credit, which many seem to give occasionally to Voltaire, and the author of the Researches on various Nations. These two writers are so branded on the Continent for having given way in their narrations and representations to their unbridled imagination, that they have forfeited all right to historical faith, when they do not quote the original authors from whom they have extracted their assertions. This is rarely done, particularly by Voltaire, who, to give scope to falsehood and malice, has elimi-

nated quotations for the most part, under the idle pretence that they carry with them an air of pedantry. I shall select one example out of many, because the nature of a short letter will not admit a great number. Page 11, in the body of the subjacent note, you have said, upon this faithless author's authority, that *Charlemagne was unable to write his name*, whereas the contrary appears most evidently, from the history even of Eginard himself, to whom, by a misapplication of his words, this falsehood is ascribed: for it is plain from other passages in this author, that his text which relates to Charlemagne's ignorance in this matter of reading, can and must only regard his having been unacquainted with the large and beautiful Roman character, the use of which was renewed about that time. In fact, there can be no doubt but that he was well acquainted with the manner of writing proper to the Franks, and in general use among them at that time; for the same Eginard says in another part of his history, that *Barbara et antiquissima Carmina, quibus veterum Regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit, memoriæque mandavit. Inchoavit et grammaticam patrii sermonis.* Chem. tom. II. p. 103. Another proof that Charlemagne could read and write may be found in the Council *apud Macram*, held in 881. *Ad capitium lecti sui*, say the fathers of that Council, *tabulas cum graphido habebat, et quæ sive in die, sive in nocte de utilitate sanctæ Ecclesiæ, et de profectu et soliditate regni meditabatur,*

in ejusdem tabulis annotabat. Tabb. t. 9. columnâ 354. Moreover they preserve to this day, in the Emperor's library at Vienna, certain corrections upon the Epistles to the Romans, written in that sovereign's own hand. I cannot help deploring, as the mention of Charlemagne furnishes the occasion, that our great historian Robertson, when he wrote the life of that monarch, did not chuse rather to have recourse to many original letters and manuscripts in this country, where to my knowledge all the archives of those times would have been open to him, than to partial French writers, who had it not in their power to do justice to his memory, partly for want of originals, and partly from that bias which they must have received from their natural attachment to their own sovereign Francis the First, Charlemagne's rival. This I observed to many of Dr. Robertson's friends, and very lately to Lady Mary Cook, who promised to acquaint the Doctor of it; nor is it yet too late, if ever he gives another edition of his work.

I repeat my thanks for the kind present of your book, and I have the honour to be,

With great esteem, Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

TASKERVILLE NEEDHAM.

LETTER CXCIII.

Mr. J. Scott to Dr. Lettsom.

Esteemed Sir, *Hertford, Sept.* 17, 1772.

At my return from a little tour in the county of Essex, &c. I found thy kind letter and agreeable present, the receipt whereof I take this earliest convenient opportunity to acknowledge.

I have perused thy Essay with much satisfaction. To reflect on the many capital improvements lately made in the science of Medicine, and the laudable attention paid at present to the obtaining further discoveries, must afford pleasure to every rational and benevolent mind. From the frequency of their occurrence, the violence of their symptoms, their fatal consequence to the patient, and danger of infection to the attendants, fevers may justly be ranked among the most formidable evils which it is the unhappy lot of man to be subjected to. Whoever therefore should discover an effectual method of cure or prevention would render most essential service to, and merit the highest returns of gratitude from society. I am sincerely pleased to see that my friend has so ably endeavoured to contribute his part to so beneficial a purpose; and I hope, on further experience, his mode of practice will be found gene-

rally successful. The propriety of opposing acute diseases, at their first access, with powerful remedies, cannot, I think, be disputed.

With regard to thy Essay, considered as a literary composition, I think it is very well (indeed elegantly) written.

I hope, when leisure and inclination will permit me, to have the pleasure of perusing thy Essay on the Effects of heated and stagnant Air. The subject, however trivial it may appear to the ignorant and prejudiced, is sufficiently important to engage the attention of those whose opinion is best worthy the notice of a writer. The commonly-received notions of the cause of acute diseases, particularly that they result most frequently from the action of simple *cold*, are not more general than absurd; yet from these notions do numbers of valetudinarians confine themselves day after day in an unnatural atmosphere, in rooms heated by fire, or crowded with human bodies, from which the access of every cheerful and salubrious breeze of air is totally excluded. To rectify such mistakes, to banish such erroneous and detrimental ideas from the human mind, is certainly a task worthy those whose genius and learning best qualify them to serve their fellow creatures.

Thy sincere obliged friend,

J. Scott.

LETTER CXCIV.

Mr. Wm. C. Larwill to Dr. Lettsom.

Dr. Lettsom, *Sept. 5*, 1806.

Your memoir of Dr. Jenner I have read with particular pleasure, and cannot but wish there were more men in the world endowed with the like genius and philanthropy.

About eighty miles from me, on the Muskingum river, is a town of civilized Indians, who have some of the Moravian Missionaries instructing them in the principles of the Christian religion. I propose, in the course of a few weeks, carrying some vaccine matter to them, as they have expressed their willingness to be vaccinated, provided I would assure them it afforded a security against the small-pox, which they deplore as the worst of evils. I am fully sensible that the Jennerian method would have by this time been more adopted by the faculty here, but for the same reasons as some of old were not willing to have the worship of Diana destroyed.

Your catalogue of trees and plants I admire; we have nothing that I have heard of in this country on so large a scale, nor many that have any taste for horticulture. My pleasantest moments are spent in my garden; and had I the means, I should extend my plans much farther than I am now able to do. I have endea-

voured all the time I have been in this country, to collect the most useful culinary vegetables, which I freely impart among my neighbours, and frequently attend to their right management of them. I am led to believe that the nectarine and apricot would succeed here, if I could procure some of the stones. Gooseberries we have none near me, except a species of wild prickly ones, that grow promiscuously in the woods. Water and musk-melons I have had ripe all last month in my garden, of a large size. I perceive the musk-melon, this season, is not so fine flavoured as I have had them, owing, I suppose, to my not having it in my power to change the seed for several years past. Asparagus is larger, and shoots up quicker than I ever had it in England. I am removed from my former residence, to a small town on the bank of the Ohio river, where I have about two acres of garden: the soil is rich. On the north side of the river opposite to my house, I have some land, which I have appropriated for fruit-trees. I have seen several instances of peach-trees, raised from the stones, bearing good fruit in two years. Apples are raised the same way, and produce fruit in four or five years, from the pips; some pips from some of your apples might be the means of introducing better sorts in this country. I have some hopes you will instruct your gardener to save me a small quantity of different culinary seeds, and forward them by the first ship sailing from London to Philadelphia. I remember somewhere to

have read that the late Dr. Franklin, while resident at Paris, was applied to by a countryman of his, for the loan of some money; the Doctor sent ten *Louis-d'or*, but observed, that it was his desire, that as soon as he was able to repay it, he would lend it to any other person that was in the same situation; and by this means, if it was not stopped by a knave, it might be of use to many; which method I shall adopt with any seeds you send me, which is the best return at this time I am able to promise you. The former part of the summer with us was cool and showery. All last month was dry and warm; my thermometer, by Fahrenheit, was in the middle of the day, in the shade, as high as 92. The crops of grain in this country, are this year unusually large. A worm, not unlike the caterpillar that breeds on cabbages with you, made great devastation with the grass in the meadows; their progress was like that of a destroying army; in some meadows they left the surface of the ground quite naked. The leaves of Indian corn properly cured, are thought better for cows than clover, or timothy-hay. The State of Ohio, in which I live, has not begun to be improved (except in some detached spots), above six years. About twelve miles north-west of me, on the waters of Bull Creek, there is a large settlement of Friends; they have three places of public worship, which are well attended. By their œconomy and industry, they have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Some of them in

four years have cleared near a hundred acres of their farms, which generally are a mile square, or 640 acres, purchased by them at two dollars per acre, and would now sell at ten dollars.

WM. C. LARWILL, Post-master,
Fawcett's Town, Ohio.

LETTER CXCV.

Rev. Dr. WARNER to Dr. LETTSOM.

Gloucester, Oct. 16, 1787.

A thousand thanks to you, thou dear Doctor! Thou art surely the pleasantest man that ever was, to have any thing to do with. If one is lying, thou revivest him; and if one asks thee a favour, it is not only instantly granted, but in such a *manner* as to exceed the favour itself: *Materiam superabat opus.* Had the seeds been seeds of gold, still would thy most pleasant letter have been of better price. In thy wit and thy benignity thou resemblest mine Host here. See on the other side a picture for which you might either sit, drawn by an abusive Bard, who takes a pride in girding at me, calling me monk, and fugitive, as thou callest me—but truly enough—vagrant and beggar. This Bard, forsooth, was angry, because I did not stay to do his commissions in the sink of sin and sea-coal, and for my

punishment sent me these bad lines, as he calls them, to read. Pray show them to our dear Brother John *, for though he will make no bad lines of his own, he likes to see such bad lines of other people—but they are to be made no other use of for the world.

Ah, slippery Monk! to leave thy book and bell,
Put out thy candle, and desert thy cell!—
Yet, Reverend Fugitive, uncensur'd roam,
Since strong temptation led thee from thy home.
While rich October gives to Groves of Gold,
Graces that make the charms of May look cold,
The gloom of London, who would fail to quit,
For hills enliven'd by thy Selwyn's wit?
Wit! that, in harmony with Autumn's scene,
Strikes, like October air, benignly-keen,
Brings distant objects gayly to our view,
And shows us Nature in her sweetest hue!

So much for pleasantry: and now for the sad part of the story. I must to-morrow morning set out for Bath, to pay my last duty to my poor departed friend Sir Richard Hoare, by attending his remains to their place of rest at Barnes in Surrey; which I suppose will make for me a whole week of melancholy work; and all for the want of *your* being called in; for he was a young man—but of *my* age—and had no right yet to go

"From this Earth's thraldom to the joys of Heav'n."

Say for me to Cordelia—if it be possible—say to her, inexpressible things—say to her at least,

* John Nichols, Esq. Ed.

that her old Lear says—for *so* young I believe, do I appear to *her*—" Cordelia shall be Queen!"

As soon as I have said dust to dust, I will come and see if I can't make a little smoke amongst you. Adieu, my Dear Doctor!

I am truly, your

FRIAR JOHN.

LETTER CXCVI.

J. NICHOLS, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM *.

Leicester, Sept. 7, 1795.

After three or four days hard fatigue in the exploring of Antiquarian Mines, on returning to *Leicester* through perilous roads at *one* in the morning, I find a large packet of letters, many of them from those I esteem—particularly one which I read with singular pleasure, from the man who unites the *two qualities* for which Johnson commended Dr. James and Mr. Garrick—from him who lengthens, and him who gladdens life.—Yes, my good Doctor, I will certainly meet you *at Philippi;* aye, and *philip* your beef and your wine afterwards; and look forward with satisfaction to our committees in that Elysium you so plea-

* This Letter is an answer to a playful Letter from Dr. Lettsom, dated August 31, 1795, inserted in Mr. Nichols's "Illustrations of Literature," vol. II. p. 682. ED.

santly describe. We are congenial, I see, in the choice of our *planets*, as well as our *plans*; and have no great objection to a slice of the Mahometan Paradise. But the rolls and butter of Leicester call me to a more solid repast; so I shall now resign the pen to Mr. Pridden, who is with me, and will answer for himself. May the comforts of this globe be long continued to us both, and to all our deserving friends; and be succeeded by the consequential rewards of a better existence.

Yours ever, J. NICHOLS.

Dear Doctor,

If possible, I will gladly join the jovial crew.

Yours respectfully, J. P.

LETTER CXCVII.

Dr. ROWLEY to Dr. LETTSOM.

Saville-row, Jan. 21, 1803.

I have read, my dear friend, your "Apology," and am much obliged to you for the perusal; but am concerned, that in these enlightened times, you should have so just a cause for writing it. It is the business of little minds to traduce every honourable and eminent character; the source is envy, and the intention, low premeditated mischief. It has always been a severe tax upon superior merit, generosity, and liberality. No man

less deserves detraction than yourself; for you have been, through life, a distinguished benefactor in the cause of Science, and none but base minds could have levelled their poisoned arrows to wound the feelings of such conspicuous benevolence.

The chief reward for acting with integrity, and strict moral rectitude, is an honourable reputation; but sullen malignity sickens at fair fame, and hates what deserves universal approbation; it eases its miserable sensations in private calumny and stabbing in the dark; which, to the disgrace of literature, can be effected in Reviews. No man has experienced more abuse than myself; but, except very lately, I have disregarded underhand detraction.

The opportunity of scandalizing in Reviews is so well known, that it is not much regarded by the discerning and candid part of society, and can be pleasing to base minds only, similar to those of abusive scurrilous writers, whose cowardly dark attacks dare not face the light. To injure and conceal themselves is their highest pleasure.

The law, as it now stands, can oblige any printer to give up his author in case of libel, before any magistrate, so that libellers can be exposed to just punishment for their nefarious practices; but if a man were to proceed legally to discover the writer, perhaps he would be beneath any honourable man's notice. It would be found that it was some unsuccessful candidate for medical

practice, whose confined talents and groveling spirit keeps him in the back-ground; or some young noviciate, whose want of science, experience, and good manners, renders him quite inadequate to the office of just criticism. It may even be amongst a man's pretended friends; and, perhaps, those whom he has served. The best punishment for such unfortunates would be to bring them out to the public; or to give them a good dinner, and a cheerful glass of wine, to alleviate their misery. Want stares some in the face, and they consider the wealthy, and truly great in mind, fair game to run down, and bring to a level with themselves, by every mean art envy can suggest. There is one great comfort, they never attack mean low talents, but those from whom society has received the greatest benefits; those who are elevated above vulgar mediocrity. Adieu, my dearest friend, persist in charity, and every other virtue, and laugh with me at low detraction, originating in envy, and terminating in falsehood.

Adieu, your sincere friend and well-wisher,

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

LETTER CXCVIII.

The Earl of BUCHAN to Dr. LETTSOM

Melrose by Carlisle.

Sir, *Dryburgh Abbey, March* 31, 1792.

I have, for more than twenty years, observed the pernicious consequences of the universal use of tea, and ardent spirits, in our islands, both to the health and morals of the people; and believing you to be a truly good citizen, and worthy person, from your writings and activity in behalf of useful economy and humanity, I have communicated to you, on this sheet, an address which I have long wished to be consecutively and permanently inserted in our daily and weekly papers, and to be affixed to the doors of our churches, and other places of common resort, for the consideration of the people; which, if you and your worthy associates shall think proper, may be adopted, with such alterations as may be thought adviseable. For my own part I am free to declare, that it is my opinion that if something is not speedily done to remove these evils, and that France shall establish her freedom, your best people will leave you; and though I cannot dare to class myself as such, I should be tempted to do so likewise.

I am, learned Sir

Your obedient humble servant,

BUCHAN.

Men of England, Scotland, Ireland, the United States of North America, of all Free Nations.

Brethren,

Remember, that there exists in the œconomy and course of Nature, an inseparable union between Virtue and Happiness, between Prudence and Prosperity, between Justice and a Good Name, which is better than Riches, between Fortitude and Tranquillity, between Temperance and Health. Banish from your borders therefore, and from your lands, the liquid Fire of the West, and the enervating Tea of the East, with all their fatal accompaniments. Return again to the invigorating Food and Beverage of your Fathers. Practise Industry, Frugality, Temperance, Moderation, Obedience to the Lord, and the whole lovely train of Virtues.

Thus ye may become truly great and respectable as Nations, and happy as Individuals, averting, by these means, the horrors and disgrace of Slavery, which are the infallible consequences of Corruption of Manners in the body of the People. These are the sentiments and admonitions of a Man whose soul is penetrated by the desire of your Happiness, and of General Prosperity; and who wishes to assure you that it is in vain to look for these Blessings by any other means, or to attempt to change the eternal rules of Right, which Heaven itself has universally ordained.

LETTER CXCIX.

Colonel Ironside to Dr. Lettsom.

Upper Brook-street, Oct. 14, 1801.

Dear Sir,

No defect of inclination, but sheer dissipated engagements in a part of the country rather remote from my own hamlet, have somewhat precluded my earlier acknowledgments of the favour accompanying your Observations on the Cow-pock.

In pursuance of your overture, I now presume to trouble you with a few conceptions, suggesting themselves to my wayward fancy on the perusal of them.

All the gentlemen of the faculty to whom you refer, as supporters of that system, are indeed highly honoured by the distinction of your very appropriate commendations, conducing both to their fame and fortunes. But I, a devilish stubborn infidel of the antique school, would rather have perceived their evidence probed, and cross-examined, and themselves challenged, and defied to further proofs, preferably to the encouraging their hypothesis by soothing encomiums. And this, in order for their more fully elucidating and confirming their theory, so truly beneficial, when once perfectly ascertained, to the human race. In philosophical speculations, the sages of yore were wont

to investigate the subjects of their researches with the strictest scrutiny of dialectic disquisition, rather than by appeal to the imagination, or natural affections. Aristotle and Locke are instances of the former practice, Cicero and Addison of the latter.

Nor should the profile of good Kate Wilkins have been wanting, I think, to your "Panphusikon," as the earliest discoverer of so happy a preservative of life, health, and beauty.

Yet it is not, it seems, from the Kine of Catherine Wilkins, that this salutary contagion derives its earliest origin; but primarily from the horse. The disease ought surely, therefore, to be denominated "Hippo-crene," "Equi Fons," (as every new thing, to succeed, must now have a Greek derivation—not to insinuate how prone the good folks of this world are, to be mostly captivated with what they least understand) from this noble, generous steed, rather than from an inferior and secondary animal, now known to be the medium, or conductor only, of this electric fluid, between the Huyhnm and the Yahoo. Would it not then feel more pleasant, do you think, Dear Sir, to human creatures, to deduce their security from blood so illustrious, rather than from a beast, certainly, in most respects, of baser, and inferior quality? Next to the olive, the best gift bestowed on Athens from celestial bounty, was the horse. Far better pleased would mortals un-

questionably be, (Englishmen in particular,) as Shakspeare has it,

> "To have their nephews neigh to them,
> To have coursers for cousins, and
> Gennets for germains,"

than to become, according to Ovid,

> "Semibovesque viros, semivirosque boves."

Notwithstanding the certificates of divers cures by this operation, in the public papers, doubts still subsist, amongst even learned sceptics, whether the small-pox becomes actually infectious after transfusion of the cow-pock? But, assuredly, such uncertainty may seriously be cleared up, by inoculating infected cows, or horses themselves, (if susceptible of the venom,) with the variolous matter. Provided the fountain itself continues untainted, the streams which issue from it will not be contaminated.

With perfect respect and regard,

I remain, Dear Sir,

Your very obliged

humble servant,

GILBERT IRONSIDE.

LETTER CC.

C. P. Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *Nov.* 27, 1805.

One of my father's labouring gardeners, James Mayhew, who lives in Peak's court, near the Artichoke, was some time back inoculated for the *cow-pock*, and had it in a most decided manner; he has now caught the *small-pox* in a natural way, and if you will take the trouble to see him, you will find him a most dreadful victim to that fatal security which you, with others, have endeavoured to lull mankind into. I hope in God, that the daily accumulating evidence of the inutility of the lues bovilla will soon induce even its warmest supporters, to acknowledge their error; but if they continue to persecute mankind with this calamity, it would be difficult to say what light the *world* will view them in, but much more so, even to imagine how they can make their peace at the awful tribunal of the Almighty.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. P.

LETTER CCI.

Dr. LETTSOM's Reply.

Sir, *Basinghall-street, Nov. 29,* 1805.

Humane and patriotic characters had long lamented the fatality of the small-pox, which killed about 50,000 British subjects annually. Under this lamentable mortality, it was natural to suppose, that when inoculation was introduced, it would be embraced with avidity; but, alas! instead of lessening the mortality, it has increased it, as the tables I presented to the Committee of the House of Commons irrefragably proved; and which are printed in the Apology (page 25) herewith inclosed.

Under this painful disappointment, it was a natural characteristic of the British nation, to hail the Jennerian discovery as the greatest blessing to human existence: and after the most complete investigation, Parliament expressed its gratitude, by justly rewarding the author of this providential preservative against the most fatal pestilence that ever afflicted the human race. Indeed, it was natural in every humane individual, not only to rejoice in the discovery, but likewise to aid its extension universally; and where, from ignorance or inattention, it might have appeared

to fail, to have candidly endeavoured to ascertain the causes of failure, and to palliate mistakes unintentionally committed.

In the youthful breast particularly, one looks for sympathy over human woe, and generous sentiments extended to succour misery. How great then was my surprise and concern, to find my young friend exulting in the supposed failure of an inestimable blessing; at least, so it appeared on the perusal of his letter: in consequence of which, I visited James Mayo, as well as his brother, Thomas Mayo; both of whom told me, that they had been supposed to have been vaccinated, but that the pricks made by the lancet never shewed the least signs of matter, and indeed were healed perfectly by the third day after the puncture. From hence it indisputably results, they never had the least appearance of the cow-pock; for on the third day, there was no more vestige of the punctures, than would have occurred had a clean lancet been employed; and hence, so far from these cases affording the least objection to the known preventive effects of the cow-pock, they prove how dreadful the natural small-pox is, which would not have taken place, had these subjects been vaccinated.

I have now been a medical practitioner nearly 40 years, and from all my experience, the more I know of the cow-pock, the more ardent I feel to promote the practice of it. If I err, I err with all

the Professors in Europe and America, and with every Physician, two in England alone excepted.

Had my young friend been informed, that wherever the cow-pock has been generally admitted, the small-pox has been eradicated; that in Vienna, two children only have died in eight years of the small-pox, and those caught it on the Danube; that in consequence of general vaccination in that city, the number of blind children has proportionally diminished; that one-third of the blind children in the public institution in St. George's Fields for their relief, were produced by the small-pox; that Chaptal, the Minister of the Interior, has encouraged a general vaccination throughout France, prior to which, the National Institute declared, in print, that one in three died in Paris by the small-pox; that, by the wisdom of the King of Prussia, after having his own daughter vaccinated, the small-pox is exterminated from Berlin; that Dr. Booker, of Dudley, buried five persons every week, who died by the small-pox, in his parish, and now publishes, that he has buried two only in two years, and these died by the obstinacy of their parents refusing the blessing of vaccination; that Dr. Anderson, of Madras, has inoculated 250,000 British subjects and Gentoos with the cow-pock, without the least inconvenience; whence the grateful Bramins term it the *Dew of Heaven*, because, prior to this process, nine in ten were said to die by the small-pox;

that a whole tribe of North Americans has been exterminated by the small-pox; but neighbouring tribes, having availed themselves of the cow-pock, have never since suffered by the small-pox pestilence; that Lord Berkeley, Lieutenant of the County of Gloucester, had all his Militia vaccinated, and who afterwards marched to meet other bodies of Militia, who caught the small-pox, and many died; and the Gloucester Militia nursed their sick brethren without receiving the least infection themselves (this his Lordship told me); that Lord Egremont, one of the richest peers in England, had the whole of his tenantry vaccinated, not one of whom has since had the small-pox (this his Lordship told me): that Marquis Cornwallis assured me of the same with his tenantry: that the small-pox, which broke out in Abercrombie's army, was instantly stopped by the cow-pock, to which Lord Hutchinson ascribes, in some measure, the success of our troops in Egypt: that at Bilboa, after the small-pox appeared, and had killed twelve persons, a general vaccination took place, and no persons afterwards died: that at Hinxton Vicarage, after a sermon in favour of vaccination, by Mr. Plumptre, a general vaccination was adopted without any failure: that after one million four hundred thousand successful vaccinations, in every part of the globe, in a small part of Greenwich only, two lie dead by the inoculated small-pox, at the present time! I say, had

my young friend been informed of these facts, and of as many more which might be produced, I presume to think his good sense would have induced him to have addressed me on a medical subject, with a greater degree of diffidence.

Every candid person would admit some allowance in the exercise of a discovery, on which the lives of 500,000 infants in Europe alone annually depended, for the casual mistakes of the ignorant; but, happily for the human race, after the experience of 1,400,000 vaccinations, not one independent case of mortality (as I believe) has ever resulted; and now, throughout almost all Europe, the British dominions excepted, the small-pox is, in general, exterminated by the cow-pock; whilst the mortality, among infants in London alone, by the variolous pestilence, affords a melancholy proof of the mischiefs produced by unfounded insinuations against vaccination. After the introduction of this providential preventive, the deaths in London, which usually, on an average, are about 2500 a year, gradually fell to 1200, and then under 600; but about six months ago, these unfounded insinuations were disseminated among weak and credulous parents, and advertisements were published to inoculate with the variolous poison; since which, the deaths by it have so far increased, that by the annexed irrefragable tables of mortality, it appears that this pestilence kills one infant, in London alone, in every 127 minutes! and the whole num-

ber of deaths in 1805 will probably amount to 1500; not one of which would, in my opinion, have occurred, had these children been inoculated with the cow-pock!

My young friend concludes his letter by observing, how they, meaning those who have saved by vaccination 1,400,000 infants, "*can make their peace at the awful Tribunal of the Almighty.*" But if he anticipates the future punishment of these, what punishment will he assign to those who have promoted the extension of a pestilence that kills more than the plague and the yellow fever combined?

I cannot conclude without requesting my young friend to see the person in the small-pox, he mentioned; and when he has acquired accurate information on the subject, to communicate the result to

J. C. LETTSOM.

1804.			1805.		
Jan.	3	23	Jan.	1	8
	10	21		8	6
	17	28		15	3
	24	26		22	5
	31	22—120		29	7— 29
Feb.	7	24	Feb.	5	5
	14	16		12	7
	21	16		19	5
	28	21— 77		26	3— 20
Mar.	6	9	Mar.	5	1
	13	11		12	3
	20	14		19	5
	27	10— 44		26	7— 16
Apr.	3	11	Apr.	2	10
	10	10		9	5
	17	10		16	2
	24	7— 38		23	7
May	1	3		30	10— 34
	8	8	May	7	3
	15	9		14	11
	22	11		21	9
	29	7— 38		28	12— 35
June	5	13	†June	4	15
	12	6		11	11
	19	5		18	13
	26	*5— 29		25	25— 64
July	3	10	July	2	29
	10	8		9	24
	17	*8		16	47
	24	8		23	28
	31	6— 35		30	24—152
Aug.	7	*0	Aug.	6	24
	14	8		13	48
	21	8		20	30
	28	6— 22		27	25—127
Sept.	4	9	Sept.	3	54
	11	10		10	40
	18	7		17	55
	25	7— 33		24	64—213
Oct.	2	5	Oct.	1	59
	9	15		8	65
	16	7		15	82
	23	12		22	68
	30	11— 50		29	82—356 ‡
Nov.	6	10	Nov.	5	72
	13	14		12	80
	20	8		19	82
	27	13— 45		26	82—316
Dec.	4	11	Dec.	3	113
	11	20		10	106
	18	3		17	84
	25	8— 42		24	58
		573		31	40—401
					1563

* If the Bills of Mortality be true, these are cyphers. Then the Bills of Mortality would be only 551.

† Misrepresentations were now widely disseminated against the Cow-pock, and in proportion the deaths increased.

‡ One month of 30 days is 720 hours or 43,200 minutes. In October one died every 127 minutes.

LETTER CCII.

Dr. JAMES SIMS to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Doctor, *Rome, June* 29, 1792.

I resolved to write to you from Rome, to the first physician from the first city in the world. I know not, however, almost what to say to you, as your worthy son, whom I can never enough praise, must have anticipated me in every thing. He is indefatigable in taking down observations. We have been constantly employed in seeing sights, which can be only exceeded in the next world, ever since we arrived in Italy, but especially in this town, where every thing that is grand and excellent seems concentered. To crown all, we last night saw St. Peter's illuminated, which far exceeded my utmost imagination. Our lacquey, however, soon shewed that an Italian mind could even express it, on my asking him about other shews, "at present St. Peter's Rome," he said in broken English. The illumination was succeeded by most superb fire-works at the castle of St. Angelo; both are to be repeated to-night, and to-morrow we set off for Naples. To shew you a little of Roman manners, I must mention, that three days ago we saw a boy of ten years old nearly stab his companion, who had thrown a piece of cabbage at him: he drew his knife with such delibera-

tion, saying that he would kill him, as astonished me; but a young man interfered before I could, and prevented the mischief: no one however checked him for his violence, or seemed hurt at it, this being the nature of most Italian murders. The Pope made a most unworthy man a Cardinal last week, and in his speech shewed how improper a man he was, but said he had been most indecently pressed upon him by the House of Austria, of whom the late Emperor Joseph had luckily time to make his peace with Heaven, but Leopold had no such favour, and being now judged, he would say no more of him but that his fate being well known to his Empress, she had died of a broken heart. We saw the Pope to-day with his tiara on his head, carried in state from St. Peter's altar, blessing the people around him. I think he has done more to bless them in making his highway the best in Italy.

When I left home, I told my colleagues in the Dispensary that I would not exceed four months; but I find, from our rate of travelling, that my absence must be about five. I therefore beg you to request their pardon, and an enlargement of my furlough. I shall be glad to hear from you at Berlin. Your son, who is very well, joins me in love to all friends. Will you have the goodness to let Mrs. S. know that you have heard from me; and believe me ever

Your most affectionate friend,
and most obliged humble servant,
JAMES SIMS.

LETTER CCIII.

From the same.

Bath, August 9, 1813.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

I am now of opinion, with Galen, in his Opus Aureum, that every thing is beautiful only in proportion to its utility. Reading lately in Dr. Simmons's Anatomy, that the eye-brows were chiefly placed in the forehead on account of their beauty, I could not help exclaiming "Oh! for old Galen to knock you down. He would have taught you that they are the grand avant-guard to that most useful and delicate organ, the eye, which prevents sweat and dust falling from the forehead into the eye. Another guard is undoubtedly the eye-lid and its lash: so careful has Nature been in the preservation of a thing so important to our happiness!" What beauty indeed can there be, independent of use, in two hassocks of hair placed across the forehead? But every one is persuaded that arched ones are the most beautiful, the arch being the shape most useful for the purposes for which they were created.

J. S.

LETTER CCIV.

PATRICK COLQUHOUN, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Charles-square, Hoxton, July 24, 1795.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for the rough sketch of your Hints respecting the Distresses of the Poor, which contain much excellent matter; but I wish I could converse with you before you finally finish the work. It is wonderful what effect habits of frugality and virtue produce, in making a little go far in a poor man's family: this virtue however is little known in the metropolis.

My hasty suggestions, which I wrote in a couple of hours last week, while the riots interrupted me, were meant as an humble attempt to remedy this evil; but such is the perverseness of habit, custom, and prejudice, that I *durst* not and could not recommend any mode of living which I have recommended, unless I stated it as an advantage which the rich enjoyed.

Had I taken up the business with that attention which its importance deserved, I could have made much more of it, but time would not permit; and being intended for the perusal of the poor, I was obliged to make it short and plain, and to make use of familiar language.

As you conceive that you could usefully incorporate some hints of mine into your own useful work, I give you free liberty, and shall think myself honoured by the mention of my name in any thing you have occasion to write. We have only one object in view—the good of our fellow-creatures.

It is wonderful what œconomy produces in a well-regulated family, where soups and vegetables make a part of the bill of fare.

If you will dine with me any day convenient for your giving me a day's notice, I will feed you most sumptuously even under the present pressure, and at an expence which will scarcely be credited.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

P. COLQUHOUN.

LETTER CCV.

Dr. LETTSOM to PATRICK COLQUHOUN, Esq.

Sambrook Court, Feb. 11, 1801.

My respected Friend

Some time since I printed some Hints, which I distributed amongst a few friends, and some foreigners. The work contained an account of several charitable institutions in and about London; and having met approbation, it was recommended to me to enlarge it, with the introduction of other

benevolent institutions; and it will now occupy three 8vo volumes. Before each Institution, in general, is prefixed the head, profile, or silhouette of some benevolent member of the community. Thus, to the Humane Society, Dr. Hawes and Dr. Cogan; to the Samaritan Society, Mr. Blizard*; Vaccine Inoculation, Dr. Jenner and Dr. Pearson; Society for the Blind, Mr. Ware; for the Deaf and Dumb, Rev. Mr. Mason; Dispensaries for the Poor, Dr. Hulme; for Small Debts, James Neild, esq. &c. &c.

Now, my friend, I wish for your head, and should you favour me so far, I should feel highly obliged; and I think it would be of use to the promotion of benevolence more generally, by seeing the outline, and feeling the spirit of those good men who have lived benefactors to mankind. If you would step in for two minutes to Mr. Miers in the Strand, facing Exeter Change, he would not detain you longer. I wish to prefix your silhouette to the history of the poor of London. I am in no hurry about your head, but I am as to your kind consent, as it will enable me to make a suitable introduction to my motives of asking for your silhouette, as this part of the intended publication is now in the press. I forgot to mention Mr. Raikes before Sunday Schools, Mr. Nichols before Monuments to Worthy Characters, Mrs. Wakefield before the Female Benefit Club at

* Now Sir W. Blizard. Ed.

Tottenham, Dr. Sims before the Philanthropic Society, Dr. Dale before the Literary Fund; so that, you see, you will be in good company; and not one of these hesitated a moment in obliging me.

I trust you will comply, and likewise favour me with a copy of a pamphlet of yours, on Soups, &c. for the poor, printed, I think, in 1794, which I believe has been the basis of all the Soup Institutions.

I am, respectfully,
J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CCVI.

PATRICK COLQUHOUN, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *James-street, Feb.* 13, 1801

You do me a great deal of honour, and you flatter me very much by the proposition you have the goodness to make; and although I could perhaps never make up my mind to exhibit a profile of my likeness in any work published by myself, yet I do not hesitate to say, that I shall feel highly gratified in being introduced into such good company, in so valuable a work, and under the auspices of an author so truly respectable.

I have long been possessed of your Hints on the Poor, which I always considered as a most valuable production, and I rejoice to find that it is

your intention to enlarge it, because I know that the matter it will contain must render it a valuable acquisition to the public, highly calculated to promote the interest of the poor, and the cause of humanity.

I shall take an early opportunity of calling upon Mr. Miers in the Strand, as you desire; and if I can do any thing in addition to promote your laudable views, you may freely command me.

I not only send you my first pamphlet written in 1795, but also a series of other tracts and reports written by me since that period to the present time, from which you will have a complete view of all that has been done in the way of assisting the poor with food in the metropolis for the last five years. You will also see my plan of additional relief by means of a pauper police. But with respect to the soup charities, the last report (Dec. 1800) of the Committee at Lloyd's will be found to contain much curious and interesting information. In the whole of the pamphlets and reports you will see the regular progress of the relief granted, excepting with respect to the relief of Pawns. I established a society for that purpose after the hard winter in 1796, which enabled us to restore a vast number of working-tools and other useful articles, which the distresses of the times compelled industrious families to raise money upon, to procure the necessaries of life.

Among the various benevolent institutions which you mention, I do not find that you notice

the Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor, of which I have been a member for several years. The series of useful reports published by that Society you have, no doubt, seen; for most of which the public are indebted to the benevolent Thomas Bernard, Esq.* the Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital. I know no man better deserving a place in your valuable work†, because no individual has been more indefatigable in promoting whatever tends to the comfort of the poor, in every part of Great Britain and Ireland.

You will perceive from the inclosed plan and report, that through the medium of this society, I have carried into effect measures which have, for the last three months, been the means of introducing a large supply of new food into the metropolis and the surrounding counties. And I sanguinely hope that our labours will lay a foundation for much future benefit to the poor, by extending their resources for subsistence at moderate prices, and bettering their condition in general. The period is arrived when it becomes a great desideratum to mend their habits, and to enable them to support themselves at a smaller expence.

If you conceive I can assist you in any respect

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* Now Sir T. Bernard, bart. the author of Spurinna, or the Comforts of Old Age. Ed.

† A silhouette of Sir Thomas Bernard accompanies the account of this society in the first volume of a subsequent edition of the Hints. Ed.

in the useful labours in which you are occupied, I beg you will most freely command me.

I am, with great esteem and respect,

Dear Sir,

Your very faithful humble servant,

P. COLQUHOUN.

LETTER CCVII

From the same.

Queen-square, April 6, 1801.

My Dear Sir,

I have before me your three letters of the 4th, 5th, and 6th instant. Your decided opinion on my plan of rendering the habitations of the poor houses of recovery, and of preventing the extension of contagious diseases, gives me great encouragement to go on. I agitated the business in the Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor on Saturday last; and having stated that the basis of an application to the Minister must be, "An opinion of the Faculty, that the typhus and other fevers of a contagious nature were increasing, and that such plan was of the highest importance to check its progress;" it was, upon a motion, recommended to Dr. Garthshore to take the sense of medical gentlemen upon the subject.

I have since seen Dr. Willan and Dr. Murray, who both hold the precise opinion you do on this interesting subject; and they both agree as to the necessity, stating as a reason, that the contagion is rapidly increasing. If such an opinion shall be given by the faculty at large, I think we must succeed. When the necessity is so imperious, Government will not withhold the necessary pecuniary assistance. The idea at present is, that the money should be granted to the Society for the Poor; and that they, with the assistance of the medical gentlemen, will organize the plan, without any interference on the part of Government.

I think that your publishing your letter to me might facilitate the object. I do not see that the commission given to Dr. Garthshore alters the case at all. I would submit to you however, whether the objects may not be explained in the following words:

1st. As an office of health for the immediate relief of the sick poor, by medical and surgical assistance, *gratis*, and by dispensing medicines, on the mere application of the parties, without the usual recommendations required for hospitals and dispensaries.

2d. As a repository of clean second-hand blankets, sheets, shifts, and shirts, and other necessary clothing to be given to the poor, in lieu of bedding and apparel that are filthy and impregnated with

disease; the latter to be cleaned, and again brought into use.

3d. As a means of eradicating disease and preventing infection, and the recurrence of contagious distempers, and cleansing the habitations of the poor of filth and vermin, and by washing the walls and ceilings with quick lime, and filling up the crevices where infection lodges.

It is not the object of the plan to administer clothing, but as medicines are administered, to promote and facilitate recovery. I have therefore left out working-tools, which must be supplied from our charity at Lloyd's, if necessary. I agree with you most cordially, that the great desideratum after recovering the poor, is to enable them, by labour, to support themselves: without this we do nothing.

I probably may take my chance of seeing you to-morrow; I am to be at Lloyd's at a meeting of the Corn Committee.

I am,

My dear Sir,

Yours truly,

P. COLQUHOUN.

LETTER CCVIII.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Jan.* 19, 1803.

I fully intended to have been present at the public meeting held this day at the London Tavern, to have given my feeble support to the excellent plan now carrying into execution, for exterminating the Small-pox. But a meeting at the same hour, of another Society, where my presence could not be dispensed with, rendered it impossible, which I very much regret.

While, however, my good Sir, we are laudably employed in saving so many lives to the community, let us take care that they become *useful lives*, by providing proper means for the education of youth in virtue, religion, and industry; the want of which to those that are saved, throws upon society, daily, a vast and an accumulating mass of vice, turpitude, and idleness. The means of educating youth, and of protecting their morals against the contamination of evil example, have not kept pace with the increase of population. It is a serious evil, seen only by those whose minds are directed to the immediate object of marking the progress of vice among the lower classes of the people. It is this that fills our poor-houses with beggars, and our jails with criminal offenders.

The evil example of parents, educated themselves in habits of vice and profligacy, contaminate their offspring — ignorant themselves, they rear their offspring in the same ignorance with respect to moral or religious duties. The evil, be assured, is exceedingly gigantic, and it is becoming more and more so every day. Have the goodness to turn your thoughts to this subject. While we are laudably engaged in saving and increasing the human race, let us also consider how we are to shelter them against contamination and moral turpitude.

I find there will not be an opportunity for New York until the first week in February, by which opportunity I mean to send Mr. Eddy a number of different publications on the subject to which he has turned his attention. He appears to be a very valuable man. I have no doubt but you have seen his Work on Prisons, and admire his perseverance, which has been productive of so much good.

I am, with great esteem, Dear Sir,

Your very faithful humble servant,

P. COLQUHOUN.

LETTER CCIX.

Dr. LETTSOM to P. COLQUHOUN, Esq.

Dear Mr. Colquhoun, *Feb.* 12, 1807.

Accept my thanks for your excellent performances on education and indigence.

I have read the latter twice with renewed gratification and instruction. The mass of useful information it contains, renders it one of the most interesting and useful performances in political œconomy on the means of political and moral reform that I ever perused, and ought to be annually read by the Statesman and the Magistrate, and indeed by every person interested in the welfare of the community. You have raised to your memory a monument more desirable than marble or brass, and ennobled your character among the distinguished benefactors of mankind.

Accept again the renewal of the thanks, as you have already the admiration of

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CCX.

Dr. CLEGHORN to Dr. LETTSOM.

My Dear Sir, *Kilcarty, Dec. 29, 1786.*

On reviewing my conduct for these last twelve months, I must acknowledge myself to blame for not writing to you so often as I ought to have done. Be assured, Sir, that I value your correspondence as it deserves, and that my silence was not owing to want of respect, but to bad health in the beginning of the year, and the unsettled way I have been in, shifting from place to place, throughout the whole of it. If I rightly remember, I told you in a former letter, that early in April asthmatic fits and swelled legs had obliged me to leave Dublin, and retire to the country, with a fixed resolution never again to resume the practice of physic in the metropolis, having learned by dear-bought experience, that I was no longer able to climb up two or three pair of stairs to bed-chambers and nurseries, supporting a weighty corporation of nineteen stone and a half on a pair of œdematous legs, and panting like a wind-broken horse, before I get half way up. I thank God, that rural amusements, constant exercise in the open air, in a carriage, and freedom from the cares of an anxious profession, gradually removed all my pressing complaints, insomuch that I passed

through the summer and autumn much better than I had reason to expect. About the middle of October I was under the disagreeable necessity of returning to Dublin, in order to begin the anatomical lectures, which I was unwilling to give up, until my nephew should be further advanced in his studies, and have a better chance for the professorship, when it shall be declared vacant. I went through the public lectures to the gentlemen of the University as usual; and opened the public course for students of medicine, with a few introductory lectures, and at the same time informed them that I meant to superintend the course. I could not promise constant attendance, and must trust this laborious task to the care of my two nephews, whose activity, directed by my experience, I had good reason to believe would enable them to acquit themselves to the satisfaction of their pupils. Accordingly, Dr. Clarke has gone through the general lectures and the osteology; and we every day expect James's return to carry on the dissections, pursuant to an advertisement in the newspapers, before my return to Dublin. I have steadily declined all business of my profession, out of doors (except that of the theatre), and only see such patients as come to my house on three days in the week. I was glad to take the opportunity, which the holidays afford, of paying a visit for a few days to this retreat, which I consider as my home, and where I have every conveniency that can contribute to my

health or to my amusement. During the frost I was proud to find myself able to walk abroad for hours together without fatigue; and when it thaws, I drive myself all over the country in an open chaise, which is much pleasanter than to be led about, which was the only mode of exercise I could take last spring, on my coming to the country. I have constantly a number of labourers at work here, in ditching, draining, planting, &c. &c. I have always been of opinion, that to employ the poor in useful labour, is the best way of bestowing charity, and it is no small pleasure to behold the face of the country gradually improving, whilst the fertility of the fields is increased. My garden is a curiosity, and on a plan altogether new. It contains about nine English acres, surrounded by a stone wall ten feet and a half high; its form is an irregular pentagon: a circle on the middle cuts off about six acres for an orchard, from the angles and borders which, properly speaking, are the garden, and cultivated by the spade. The beds are planted with 204 fruit-trees of different sorts, the orchard contains 853 apple and pear-trees, planted in concentric circular lines, each line at 30 feet distance from another; so that the large intermediate spaces are cultivated by the plan, and may be cropped with potatoes, cabbage, turnips, beans, lucern, red clover, or any such vegetable as is the ordinary food of man or beast. But it is impossible, without a plan, to have an idea of this singular inclosure, and it is

full time to quit this subject, and finish this letter, as I ought to have began it, by entreating a continuance of your correspondence, and thanking you for all favours: your two copies of Dr. Fothergill's Life; your Letter of the 14th instant; your good offices to my nephew James, who, I flatter myself, will profit by your example and good advice, as he mentioned your civilities in the most grateful and respectful manner. I wrote to Dr. Cuming three months ago; we are both greatly indebted to you for handing us down to posterity in such good company. Our late amiable friend, Dr. Fothergill, was a most exemplary character. I flatter myself you will reap credit with the public for the pains and expence you have been at, in setting it in a proper light. May the rising generation copy after him, and merit the high encomium Dr. Franklin has bestowed on him, of being a great doer of good, &c. Adieu! my Dear Sir, and believe me ever

Yours most affectionately,

GEO. CLEGHORN.

P. S. I have this day completed my seventieth year, and have the pleasure to tell you that I am in better health than I have been for a year or two past.

With added years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve lets every pleasure through;
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er.
And all we gain, some sad reflection more;
Is this a Birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
As but the funeral of the former year. POPE.

N. B. This is very poetical, but not altogether true. Old age has its proper pleasures as well as youth. Cicero deals less in fiction than Pope.

LETTER CCXI.

Dr. JAMES JOHNSTONE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Doctor, *Worcester, Oct.* 9, 1786.

I have perused your fourth edition of Fothergill's Life; it is an elegant and noble tribute to the transcendent worth of the dead, and to the merit of the living; and reflects infinite credit on the author. The examples set forth in this book will be beneficial to mankind, by exciting emulation in physicians to excel in liberality, humanity, and professional knowledge.

John Zacchary, of Lower Arcley, Esquire, and myself, have agreed to the small contribution of a guinea each, towards Mr. Howard's statue. Mr. Zacchary will pay his and my contribution to you.

This man's views and labours seem almost of a class superior to those of a man, most certainly superior to those of ordinary men. He also sent me his last edition; my mind was warmed with the subject. I wrote him the following letter. I send you a copy of it; it will need the exercise of your candour. But *I trust it to a friend,* who will

recollect I lost a son by attending in the gaol here, and who fell a martyr in visiting the sick prisoners.

I am, Dear Sir

Your very respectful
and faithful servant,
J. JOHNSTONE.

Dr. J. JOHNSTONE to Mr. HOWARD.

(COPY.)

Dear Sir, *May* 28, 1784.

I am ashamed in being so late in acknowledging the receiving your wonderful work. But my mind was too much oppressed with a sense of the merit of the performance, and the magnitude of the obligation, to find utterance for its feelings; nor have I yet power or language to express them. Allow me to assure you, I should esteem an order and a ribbon an inferior present. But it is a present to mankind too! No age has produced any similar effort of genius and benevolence; and many ages will pass before the human race are again honoured with a like application of those powers which vindicate the affinity of men to superior beings. I return my warmest thanks, and intend to entail your book in my will, and to my posterity, as one of the most valuable pieces of property I have to transmit to them; and with the utmost esteem and respect,

I am, Yours, &c.
J. JOHNSTONE.

LETTER CCXII.

From the same.

Worcester, May 24, 1789.

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I have inclosed in Mr. S. Smith's letter a horrid fact. In 1775, at Charlestown, South Carolina, 33 slaves sold there, had, on the voyage, been fed with arms and legs of slaves who had died in the course of the voyage.

The 33 slaves all died.—It is a horrid reflection on commerce. In the name of the living God! if we cannot be enriched without slavery and murder, let us abandon trade, and live on the improvement of land alone.

You are a man of influence: if the gain of such trade must not be given up, pray let it be firmly enacted, that all slaves are free the moment they arrive at, or in, any of the dependencies of the crown of Great Britain, any custom or law to the contrary notwithstanding. But that persons so imported, may be compelled to indenture themselves (as apprentices and paupers are in England) for a limited time. This would mend the condition of such persons, and would gradually undermine the trade. Our enemies or rivals could not take advantage of this plan, if they declined adopting it.

J. J.

LETTER CCXIII.

Dr. LETTSOM to Dr. JOHNSTONE.

Dear Doctor, *London, Sept.* 4, 1789.

An irksomeness that I feel in troubling any correspondent with uninteresting matter, has prevented me from earlier acknowledging thy obliging letter of the 24th of May; but lest this difference should be construed into apathy of friendship, I conclude to write when I cannot inform.

Our good friends, Lady Huntingdon and Lady Ann Erskine, continue in their usual state of health, exerting their powers in extending the knowledge of religion, and exercising, at the same time, the most benevolent sentiments respecting the principles of other sects: so to think and act, becomes every individual. The multiplicity of Christian sects appears to me conducive to mutual happiness: if one body only existed, supineness would ensue; if two bodies, they would employ themselves in cutting each other's throats, or in roasting one another; but a multiplicity divides and dwindles away controversy and distinctions, meliorates the whole, preserves competition in acts of virtue and philanthropy. We have cause to be thankful, that our established Protestant Church is a tolerant one; which, although it has cast up

a turnpike-road, allows of little bye-walks and private avenues to the same city; and a varied landscape possesses peculiar charms.

I thank thee for thy remarks on slavery; and we may now mutually hope, that the jubilee of freedom is becoming more and more extended. France, England, and America may determine the fate and happiness of empires. Were freedom universal, man would be literally the citizen of the world; at present, his claim is restricted to a kingdom; thus, by enlarging liberty, man would rise proportionally higher in the scale of creation, his powers would probably enlarge, and intellect become more capacious and brilliant. The powers of man have been enfeebled by the laws of despots. If Athens is sunk by despotism so infinitely below its former state, when and what may we not hope for, in the intellectual improvement of the human mind, from universality of freedom? Then will be confirmed that glorious declaration, that man was created but a little below the angels!

Thy assured Friend,

J. C. Lettsom.

LETTER CCXIV.

Dr. J. JOHNSTONE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Worcester, Dec. 4, 1790.

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Among many other favours, for which I am greatly obliged to your friendship, I am highly pleased by your letting me know the Countess of Huntingdon's kind recollections of her country physician; and you will greatly oblige me in mentioning the high esteem and duty I have for the excellent lady, and that I feel much concerned to hear the increase of bodily infirmities in one who possesses such mental worth. I ask for the interest of her prayers, and desire also to be kindly and respectfully remembered to Lady Ann Erskine.

I assure you the sending this message, and fearing you might not long have the opportunity of delivering it, has accelerated my answer, otherwise too long delayed.

Your remark on the caution of Dr. Fothergill's practice *, I dare say has much justice in it. Our minds are certainly formed, or, at least, *moulded*, by habits. A man bred and living in a society, dis-

* See Lettsom's Life of Dr. Fothergill. ED.

tinguished by the wisdom and correctness of manners which characterize the individuals belonging to it, would naturally enough, in the tender, nice interests of human life, be generally disposed to measures which were seldom hazardous: I think, however, his medical conduct displays an excellent exemplification of *a sound common sense* and elegance of mind; which, if rarely united with great boldness, is equally distant from creeping servile timidity.

J. J.

LETTER CCXV.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Worcester, Dec.* 3, 1794.

I received your very friendly presents and letter; both the one and the other make me wish to visit your family and place.

Sir W. Temple says there are few objects which are not attainable. You have obtained your wished-for situation by means which seldom fail—industry, prudence, and talents, united to perseverance.

The description you give me of your son's disposition and virtues, warms my heart on his account as well as yours. I hope you will long live to en-

joy the prospect which opens to you, as the *root* of an amiable and worthy progeny, springing from you, and perpetuating your memory; with the *otium cum dignitate.*

I am very glad the worthy and amiable youth, who gives your parental heart such a glow of satisfaction, is to be married to a person which promises mutual happiness to the wedded pair. We never think our scheme of parental solicitude properly terminated, till our children are suitably settled in marriage; that is the great epoch of parental providence; and when it is wisely, as well as happily brought about, all that depends on us, to secure the fortunes, the virtues, and happiness of our posterity, is done. You say, with much truth, though I feel you honour me in the remark, that our sentiments and pursuits have much resemblance. I, too, have children, who are the source of much comfort to me, and very likely to be useful in the world, if no such misfortune befall me, as to lose them, as I did my eldest son; who, like Howard, dived into dungeons, but, less fortunate than him, was infected there with the poison which laid him, in the 30th year of his age, in the grave. Pray tell your unknown family that I love them, because I love my friend; and

Yours I am, very sincerely,

J. JOHNSTONE.

LETTER CCXVI.

R. A. MARKHAM, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Leeds, Nov. 28, 1783.

I take the liberty of addressing Dr. Lettsom, though I have not the honour of his personal acquaintance. Having just received the first two volumes of the late Dr. Fothergill's Works, along with his Life separate, I find, among other papers we are to be favoured with in the third volume, what has long been wished for, an *Hortus Uptonensis*, but am extremely sorry it is not to include the *hardy plants and shrubs* cultivated at Upton. A great many of them are, I believe, still growing there. If the work is not yet gone to the press, and he thinks it worth while to render his *Hortus* any further complete, I have a catalogue of a *large number* which I saw growing there previous to the sale, and which shall be much at his service. Indeed, had not an *Hortus Uptonensis* from Dr. Lettsom appeared, I should myself have published an *Hortus Fothergilli*; thinking it a great shame to the Tankervilles, Coventrys, Pitcairns, and Gordons of the present age, that the memory of so princely a collection should be lost. I should have arranged the hardy plants along with those contained in the sale catalogues, after the system of Linnæus, and have put down the places they

were usually kept in at Upton, and the countries where most of the rare ones are *indigenous*, either from my own authority, or that of Dr. Fothergill himself, in his letters to his friend Dr. Hird of this place, in whom I lost a most intimate and valued friend. Dr. Hird himself had of late years begun to cultivate many exotics, at a sweet romantic spot in this neighbourhood: the most valuable of them came from Upton, and they are now in my collection; in particular an Arbutus Andrachne, which will soon, in point of size and beauty, I think, exceed any thing in the kingdom; it has now a single straight stem for near six feet before it branches out; and this last year shot out a principal one, two feet longer, with numerous side branches. This I attribute solely to the soil in which it is planted, which consists entirely almost of bog earth. If Dr. Lettsom's business in town ever permits him to come into Yorkshire, I shall think myself extremely happy in shewing him my stoves at Allerton; when the whole range is finished, I shall have three divisions for different degrees of heat, each of them a hundred feet in length. I should be equally glad to communicate seeds and plants of any that I may have duplicates of in my collection, and that Dr. Lettsom may think worth adding to his. A *Massonia latifolia* is in full flower with me just now, and I am not without hopes of succeeding in getting some seeds from it. I have this morning been acting the part of a bee to it, by drawing out, with a fine pipe,

all the honey from the nectarium, of which there is so great a quantity as to become, in this foggy climate, a principal obstacle to the plant's perfecting its seeds; the germen, and indeed the whole contents of the corolla, generally turning mouldy. The stamina and style are so very perfect, that by this means, I think, we may perhaps get a few seeds, which its cousin-germans, the *Hæmanthi*, produce with us very readily.

I remain,

With a great deal of respect,

Dr. Lettsom's most obedient servant,

R. A. MARKHAM.

LETTER CCXVII.

W. WALDEGRAVE, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Claremont, Waltham Cross,
Aug. 16, 1792.

Sir,

From the infinite pains that you have bestowed in endeavouring to make known the merits of the Mangel Wurzel, I have no doubt but that you would, with equal satisfaction, lay before the public any similar discovery. It is from this consideration, Sir, that I now take the liberty of sending you a few specimens of a vegetable which I have cultivated with the greatest success. Without en-

deavouring to draw any comparison between this vegetable and the Mangel Wurzel, I will venture to say that it has, at least, one evident superiority; and this is, that it will grow where the other will not, as the place, of all others, where it will thrive most, is a common dunghill; no other care being required than that of fencing it off from cattle. You will at once see, Sir, by the specimens that I send you, that the vegetable in question is a gourd, though, as to its specific name, I must leave that to you to discover.

As I had formerly eaten it in different parts of Turkey, I was willing to try how far its propagation might be rendered useful in this country. I therefore wrote for some seeds, and can, with infinite satisfaction, assure you that its utility has surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I have now tried it for three years successively; and I find that its culture may be more depended on than that of any other vegetable whatsoever. In order to bring the fruit as forward as possible, the plant should be raised in a common hot-bed, as a cucumber; though my gardener tells me, and from my own observation I find he is right, that it is of a far more hardy, and consequently of a much less precarious nature. When the plants are of a proper size, they must be transplanted, either, as I before observed, on a dunghill, or any other piece of waste ground, if not too moist. This is all the culture they require, except cutting off a few leaves, if the plant be too luxuriant. Three or four

plants will be sufficient to cover a bed of about three yards by eight or ten; and these will, I will venture to assert, produce as much vegetable substance for at least three months, as half a dozen, or more, persons can consume; besides supplying no inconsiderable quantity for pigs; as during the greater parts of July and August, some hundreds weight of the fruit will be found to spare. In Turkey they are eaten very small; but I seldom use them myself, except in the very beginning, till they are of the bigness of a middling cucumber, and from this again till they attain their full growth, when I suppose they will weigh nine or ten pounds. They may be dressed in a variety of ways; but, for general use, I find plain boiling to be the best. When small, and whilst the skin is tender, they require nothing more than being put at once into the pot; but as they grow larger it will become requisite to scrape them, and take out their seeds. The plant will continue putting forth its fruit till pinched by an autumnal frost. At this period, or perhaps rather earlier, all the large fruit should be gathered and hung up in a dry place, which will preserve them in a perfect state great part of the winter, and perhaps through the whole of it, if properly managed. At this time, as few families would wish to consume an entire fruit in one day, a part may be cut off, and the remainder be dressed a day or two after, when it will be found equally good.

They are rather of a watery nature, and, at first, somewhat insipid in taste; but though I eat them at least four days in a week during the season, I never have found them occasion the slightest flatulency, though many other vegetables give me this complaint. If eat with butter, pepper, and salt, as an artichoke, they will be found greatly to resemble in taste that vegetable.

You will readily, Sir, suppose that I can have no other motive in offering you this address, than an anxious wish to make known, what I think may prove highly beneficial to that class of people who have only a few yards of garden. If, therefore, Sir, you should feel inclined to second this measure by any experiments which you may first think proper to make yourself, (and which, from your known philanthropy, I trust will be the case,) I will with pleasure supply you with any quantity of seeds that you may require.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and

very humble servant,

W. WALDEGRAVE.

LETTER CCXVIII.

Dr. LETTSOM to Lady ANN ERSKINE.

Dear Lady Ann, *June* 18, 1791.

I deeply sympathize with thee, and all the family in Christ, in the removal of that evangelic woman so lately among us, the Countess of Huntingdon. Your souls were so united, and your affections so endeared together, that I cannot but feel in a particular manner on thy account, lest the mournful state of thy mind may undermine thy constitution, and endanger a life spent in mitigating the painful sufferings of body of our deceased friend whilst living. Her advanced age and debilitated frame had long prepared my mind for an event which has at length deprived the world of its brightest ornament. How often have we, when sitting by her sick bed, witnessed the faithful composure with which she has viewed this awful change! not with the fearful prospect of doubt, not with the dreadful apprehension of the judgment of an offended Creator: her's was all peace within; a tranquillity and cheerfulness which conscious acceptance alone would convey. How often have we seen her elevated above the earth and earthly things, uttering this language: "My work is done, I have nothing to do but to go to my Heavenly Father."

Let us therefore, under a firm conviction of her felicity, endeavour to follow her, as she followed her Redeemer. Let us be thankful that she was preserved to advanced age, with the perfect exercise of her mental faculties; and that, under long and painful days and nights of sickness, she never repined, but appeared constantly animated with prayer and thankfulness for the unutterable mercies she experienced. When I look back upon the past years of my attendance, and connect with it the multitude of others whom my profession has introduced me to, I feel consolation in acknowledging, that of all the daughters of affliction, she exhibited the greatest degree of Christian composure that I ever witnessed, and that submission to the Divine allotment, however severe and painful, which nothing but Divine aid could inspire.

It was on the 12th of this month that our dear friend appeared more particularly indisposed, and afforded me those apprehensions of danger, which on the 17th finally terminated her bodily sufferings. I had on former occasions of her illness observed, that when she expressed an hope and desire to go to her Heavenly Father (for this was often her language), she usually added some solicitudes upon her mind respecting her children, as she spoke of her people in religious profession; adding, "But I feel for the good of their souls." When under the utmost debility of body, she has continued this subject in animated and pious conversation, extending her views to all mankind,

she has expressed a firm persuasion in the gradual and universal extension of virtue and religion. Wherever a fellow creature existed, so far her prayers extended. In her last illness I never heard her utter a desire to remain longer on earth. A little before she died she repeatedly said, in a feeble voice, "I shall go to my Father this night;" adding, "Has God forgot to be gracious, or is there any end of his loving-kindness?"

It was on this day she conversed a little on the subject of sending Missionaries to Otaheite in the South Seas, in the pious hope of introducing Christianity among that mild but uninformed race of people. Indeed her whole life seemed devoted to one great object, the glory of God, and the salvation of his creatures.

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CCXIX.

Dr. LETTSOM to JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

Dear Boswell, *June* 18, 1791.

When I acknowledge that ever since I had the pleasure of thy acquaintance I have felt a singular esteem for thee, I only express a sentiment which every other person must feel if placed in the same situation. The generosity, the candour, the

openness of thy heart, combine to acquire and to secure the attachment of every liberal mind. This attachment I presume to claim; it is this that compels me to risk thy future friendship, by embracing the freedom which it inspires.

I have, my friend, had some occasions of viewing thee in the most interesting situations, when thy whole soul has been poured out in social enjoyment, I might have said extacy, and in no point of view canst thou appear more endearing; for those will love thee most who see most of thy heart. But in these scenes of pleasure, which I have cordially enjoyed, sometimes a sigh of solicitude has burst upon me, lest by any unguarded excitement of such conviviality a bodily constitution may be undermined, and that life thereby shortened, which every man of refinement and virtuous sociality must wish long, very long preserved.

I have observed, not merely a too frequent use of the glass, but that mixture of liquors which, as a professional man, I can add, tends to injure the best human fabrick. I will add further, what ample experience authorizes, that by whatever means the spirits are exhilarated beyond the chaste medium of nature, the alternation of mental languor will result; so that the depression is great in proportion to the degree of foreign excitement.

Two motives embolden me thus to recall sober reflection, to chasten and to moderate the fascinating influence of social pleasures, either too

frequently repeated or too far extended. I feel in the first place the emotions of friendship, which I cannot repress; and in the next, the intrinsic solid sense of one I am proud to call my friend: these equally impel me to risk his censure, whilst the latter encourages me to subscribe myself his sincerely,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CCXX.

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Great Portland-street, Jan. 27, 1792.

My Dear Sir,

I am extremely sorry that an engagement of some standing, to a friend at Kentish Town, prevents me from accepting your obliging invitation. I am flattered by knowing, that the learned foreigner wishes to see me; and I hope we shall meet at another time. I regret that I see you so seldom. I am *not cheerful* at present; the visible wearing away of Sir Joshua Reynolds depresses me much; and besides, I have not been so attentive as I should be to your most friendly recommendation as to regimen. *Spero meliora.*

I ever am Yours very sincerely,

JAMES BOSWELL.

LETTER CCXXI.

S. J. PRATT, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

At the Rev. Mr. Potter's,
Seaming, near Dereham, Norfolk,
Aug. 3, 1786.

I received my dear Dr. Lettsom's letter at Writtle Hall, in Essex, and reply to it in Norfolk, at the house of my reverend and revered friend Mr. Potter, whom you so well know by character, and whose learned labours you have so often mentioned to me with enthusiasm. Æschylus and Euripides being achieved, he is now occupied in the translation of Sophocles, one of whose admirable tragedies, in its English dress, he has introduced me to. It were superfluous to tell you, or indeed all that part of the world which is worth delighting, how excellently, or how gracefully, it is arrayed. Yet this erudite man, this veteran, who has passed some years amongst the best and richest antiquities of Greece, has not acquired any of that learned rust which sticks to most of our literary travellers. His conversation is easy, pleasant, and sweetly varied, by natural transitions "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." His mind is strong, yet his manners are gentle. The rudeness of a mere scholar never breaks forth; as a critic, he is incomparable; as a companion, he is social. I dare

not, in discourse, tell him this, though I am tempted to it many times in the day. However, I am resolved he shall know it by the medium of this letter; for, in friendship, as well as love, in *letters* one may say what, by word of mouth, may not be expressed; they

"Excuse the praise, and pour out all the heart."

Mr. Potter knew, visited, valued, and admired your beloved friend Mr. John Scott; and John Scott made Mr. Potter admire and love him. The above amiable bard and excellent man had anticipated the tender and just sentiments that always break from me on your subject; yet I could not forbear the superfluous addition of what spontaneously sprung from my heart to my lip, when a view of Mr. Scott's picture, which hangs in our breakfasting-room, brought the name and virtues of Lettsom into discussion.

Notwithstanding the labours my last work has cost, and all the fine eulogies it has produced by a manuscript circulation among the learned, I have always myself been dissatisfied with it, and proposed soon, in my own mind, many alterations both in the plan and execution. You know I told you Mr. Potter is my critical sheet-anchor; and under his auspices I hope to make the Poem what my proud Muse desires. Mr. Potter encourages me to the new toils which will be necessary to effect this end, by saying ———— but I will leave this blank space in order to tempt him to

speak for himself, and independently, on this poem. I am mistaken if he will not be glad of an opportunity of telling Dr. Lettsom he will not forget the Doctor resides in London, when any thing takes himself to that city.

Yours ever,

S. J. PRATT.

Mr. Potter is indeed glad of this opportunity to tell *Dr. Lettsom* how highly he *reverences his virtues,* and how grateful he is for Dr. L's favours to his poor *daughter.* Mr. Pratt, in his praise of a friend, should be attended to with some grains of allowance to his *warm and benevolent heart;* his very *failings* are amiable.

Disappointed, you see: he will not gratify my vanity by saying, what I hope he *thinks,* of my poor dear poem. S. J. P.

What would the man have? I have told him, and I tell *you,* that his poor dear poem may be made *exquisitely fine;* it will do *him* honour, it does honour to *human nature.* R. P.

LETTER CCXXII.

From the same.

5, Richmond Buildings,
Dean-street, Soho, Nov. 28, 1786.

Dear Dr. Lettsom,

I should begin with an apology for silence, did I not recollect that you are a letter in my debt; a letter too, enriched by a postscript of my estimable, I might have said inestimable, friend, Mr. Potter. I was at his house when it was written, and we both anticipated your reply, and were both disappointed. Since that, how have I wandered and emigrated from one country villa to another, and I am but just returned to London. Yet you may think I deal *in magic*, when I tell you that you and I have been in frequent correspondence, *without your knowing it*, even though I still complain of your silence. To solve this paradox, I will now venture to tell you that I am the author of the "*Triumph of Benevolence*," and that the passage in the letter you sent me to Writtle Hall, last summer, stating Mr. Howard's conduct "as an instance of true social spirit," gave birth to my poem, which I wrote, and sent anonymously, to the committee, partly out of delicacy, and partly because I did not wish the least prejudice or prepossession. The consequence is, that (though I

believe the sale has not been considerable), the general influence has been great, as it has produced me every possible public and private honour; and even cheated my old, predetermined, and inveterate foes, the Reviewers, out of applause. But my great motive to secresy was that I might not appear to look, for a moment, to any emolument.

All my wishes respecting it being now answered, I declare myself to Dr. Lettsom, (to whom the poem owes its birth,) and to a few others, to be the writer of it; but I deplore that Mr. Howard shrinks from the virtuous incense of a Nation.

I have, besides this, several other works, on which I desire to consult Dr. Lettsom, and above all, that poem on *Society*, of which my letter from Mr. Potter's, as well as his postscript, particularly treated. I intimated also, that I had other very interesting subjects to impart; and they still are in my bosom ready for impartation whenever opportunity favours; neither have I forgotten that I am your debtor. In short, though there hath been, for some time, a great gulph fixed betwixt us, I am sensibly alive to every thing respecting the good, the great, and the ingenious Dr. Lettsom.

But I find the second edition is just gone. Should there not be another? Are Mr. Howard's sentiments to influence the progress of poetry, and may not *his* virtues, and the committee's benevolent intentions, be commemorated in verse, al-

though he rejects the prose of a statue? I trust, and I hope, you will let me hear from you without delay now that I have cast my cloud off, since you will observe that, while I was in correspondence with you, (unknown to yourself, under my signature of L L L,) I expressed the same genuine sentiments of respect and gratitude, with which I now, in my own character, subscribe myself

Dear Dr. Lettsom,

Your affectionate servant,

S. J. PRATT.

LETTER CCXXIII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor,

I could not have received larger, speedier, or sweeter interest for Sympathy, unless you had generously bestowed a criticism, or rather, to substantive the word,—a *candour* on that poem.

A cluster of engagements hold me (by the heart) for the present, more salutary to the springs of life than all the waters of Bethesda perhaps. I shall, of course, bask in the lustre of Grove Hill and its master's friendship, before I seek the "hoarse resounding main." To-morrow I am particularly bespoke. But, possibly, you may have the goodness to name a day in the interval of Wed-

nesday and Saturday; as, after that, I can call no period my own even till my return to Bath.

Surely your question is, "Is Miss Seward, who has criticised your poem, *the* celebrated poetess?" It is impossible you should not have heard, with pleasure, of the almost divine woman who wrote the Elegy on Capt. Cook, and the Monody on André. Last night I received from her a stricture on the second book of Sympathy, with a very beautiful letter, desiring me to adjust her remarks to the paper, suppress particular appeals to the author, and publish the rest with her name. She is not like the Turk who can bear no rival near her throne. O God, Sir! what an additional ornament to the examples of *sympathy* has your anecdote of the Carver family afforded me! I have worn your tale of the reformed highwayman to tatters, with reading it to 50 of my friends; and here is another stroke upon the soul as gloriously distressing. Your life seems to be like the late Countess of Coventry's beauty,

> "A lovelier wonder soon usurps the place,
> Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last."

Who is that first muse of the age which has made Grove Hill live in description, and look green in song?

A thousand tender reasons will not let me close this address till I have thanked you for the very delicate manner in which you have replied to the accounts of my correcter conduct. You have not

said "I am glad, friend, the day of thy reformation is beginning to dawn; may it shine more and more into perfect repentance!" The ice that hangs about such remarks strikes a damp over the heart, and freezes the genial current of the soul. Far from Dr. Lettsom is such cold virtue. You rehail me as a man whom you wish to live. You invite me to your house. Your hand is again extended, your heart scarce trembles to come again into contact. In this there is a dignity, a softness that reaches the very source of my best feelings, and bathes my cheek as I subscribe myself

Your most grateful servant,

S. J. PRATT.

LETTER CCXXIV.

From the same.

Nov. 9, 1782.

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I am very late come from a visit to the brilliant Miss Seward, with whom, and a circle of her chosen friends, I passed a most ethereal week. She is quite a monarch planet, and many stars of the first magnitude sparkle around her orb. I told to the constellation, in open sphere assembled, your stories of the Highwayman, poor Captain

Carver, and the Merchant. Forgive me, I could not help it. My hearers glowed, and the fair Seward "shed tears as fast as the Arabian tree its medicinal gums." She says she must see you, know, and tell you she adores you. She is to be on a visit in town next March, and will take that opportunity. I write to her to-morrow night, and will let her know I have communicated her passion for you. Thus it is that you kill by your worth, and cure by your skill. Miss Seward's father is the learned editor of Beaumont and Fletcher; she lives in great style at the Bishop of Lichfield's palace. Miss Seward is a very intimate friend of Mrs. Knowles's. You have read her charming poems on Cook and André. But she has still greater things in contemplation.

My comedy comes forth on the 5th of December. Put up your prayers, dear Friend, for my dramatic salvation; for narrow is the way, and mine enemies at hand.

S. J. P.

LETTER CCXXV.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. to Dr. LETTSOM.

My Good Sir, *Dec.* 13, 1797.

A thousand thanks to you for the present of your elegant book, and above all for your most kind and friendly letter, which I shall preserve as

a relick that does me honour, and marks your bounty and benevolence. Sir, I assure you, without flattery, I contemplate your character with love and respect; I know enough of it to know that your life has been employed in acts of philanthropy, most extensively disseminated. I reverence the simplicity of your sect, and if a pure and patient character would bear a scenic representation with good effect to the drama, and without offence to the feelings of that order of Separatists from our Establishment, who have as yet no obligations to the writers for the Stage, but much to accuse them of on the score of mummery and ridicule, I may in some future hour embrace your hint; but when I talk of future hours at my time of life, I know that every hour is a dispensation that I ought not to presume upon; and prepare myself to resign it, when the tenure of that trust, which I hold upon sufferance, shall, with or without a moment's warning, be recalled.

May you live for the benefit of your fellow creatures! and believe me, my good Sir, your *friend* in heart and affectionate

Humble servant,

RICH. CUMBERLAND.

LETTER CCXXVI.

VICQ D'AZYR to Dr. LETTSOM.

Monsieur & très-honoré Confrère,

J'ai reçu avec bien de la reconnaissance la notice rélative à Mr. Fothergill, que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'adresser, & je suis impatient de réçevoir l'édition que vous préparez des œuvres de ce grand homme. Permettez-moi de vous dire que, devant prononcer son Eloge dans cinq semaines précises, j'ai le besoin le plus pressant des renseignemens que vous pourrez me donner. Ainsi, je vous prie instamment de vouloir bien m'envoyer au plutôt une copie de ce que vous avez fait d'historique sur la vie & les ouvrages de M. Fothergill: ne pourriez vous point m'envoyer les feuilles déjà imprimées, qui y sont rélatives, ou une copie manuscrite de ces mêmes feuilles? Dans quelque langue que ce soit, la chose m'est parfaitement indifférente. La Société Royale de Médecine de Paris réçevra avec empressement le Mémoire que vous lui destinez. J'ai communiqué à cette Compagnie vos Réflexions & Notes rélatives à diverses Plantes.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec la considération la plus distinguée, & l'attachement le plus véritable,

Monsieur, & très-honoré confrère,

Votre très-humble &
très-obéissant serviteur,
VICQ D'AZYR.

Translation.

Sir and very honoured Fellow-member,

I have received, with many thanks, the notice relative to Dr. Fothergill, which you have done me the honour to address to me; and I am impatient to receive the edition that you are preparing of the Works of that great man. Permit me to tell you that, before pronouncing his eulogy, which will take place exactly in five weeks; I am in the greatest want of what information you may be able to give me. Likewise, I earnestly beg of you to send me as soon as possible a copy of what you have written historically on the Life and Writings of Dr. Fothergill: cannot you send me the sheets already printed, which relate to him, or a manuscript copy of those sheets? In any language whatever, it is indifferent to me. The Royal Society of Medicine of Paris will receive with eagerness the Memoir you intend for it.

I have communicated to this Society your Reflections and Notes relative to different plants.

I have the honour to be, with the highest consideration, and the most sincere esteem,

Sir, and very honoured Fellow-member,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

VICQ D'AZYR.

LETTER CCXXVII.

DR. LETTSOM to Dr. DIXON.

London, Aug. 13, 1811.

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It gives me great pleasure to observe the increasing improvement in the population of Whitehaven, both as to health, and the increase of the inhabitants, which I cannot but in a great measure ascribe to the unremitting exertions, and professional skill of the character I am now addressing.

There never was a period more honourable to the professors of medicine, than the present, when the gentleman, the scholar, and the philanthropist, are combined in so many numerous respectable individuals of the faculty. Most of the charitable institutions have arisen from their suggestions, and have been supported by their unremitting attention and pecuniary aid. In the most pestilential diseases, they approach in their persons the infected bed of sickness, and momentarily devote their lives to preserve those of others; without the command of leisure or care to themselves, they are the source of comfort to society, and the guardians of health to their friends. By their wisdom and judgment, they discover improvements, and excite attention to their execu-

tion for the public good. Had a Dixon not existed at Whitehaven, nor a spirit like his inspired another, what a melancholy state of disease and wretchedness would have been its lot! Population would have augmented in the grave, *unde negat redire quemquam*, and decreased out of it. But the professors of our art have become elevated by science, and adorned by humanity and beneficence; hence—

Innocuas placide Corpus jubet urere Flammas,
Et justo rapidos temperat igne Focos.
Extorsit Lachesi Cultros, Pestique Venenum
Abstulit, et tantos non sinit esse Metus.

Reflections suggested to my mind, from a sense of thy successful exertions, under various approaches of infectious and malignant diseases within the extent of thy practice.

J. C. L.

LETTER CCXXVIII.

Dr. Fothergill to Dr. Lettsom.

Dear Sir, *Northampton, Oct.* 27, 1779.

Your successful efforts in laying open the artful snares and fraudulent practices of the arch Urine-Quack, entitle you to the warmest thanks of the

public in general, and to the united acknowledgments of the faculty in particular. For you alone undertook the Herculean task, when you ought to have had the joint assistance of the College, and every individual in the faculty, in hunting down this many-headed hydra, which has long committed the most scandalous depredations in many parts of the kingdom. As you have already crushed the principal head, it is to be hoped the rest will in time be totally subdued. But it must be confessed, to the shame of this country, that the growth of this and every species of quackery is at length become an evil of such magnitude, as to call aloud for the interposition of the legislature. The melancholy scenes which you have displayed, might have opened the eyes of those whose duty it is to watch over the lives of his Majesty's subjects; but what avail the most awakening exhortations to those who have long been in a sound sleep, as to the most important interests of this once flourishing empire? As soon as the third edition of your important pamphlet begins to be called for, if you will drop me a line I may, perhaps, furnish some few anecdotes concerning some Urine Quacks who have long infested some parts of this country; as the ignorance of these impostors is only to be equalled by their matchless impudence. I think every practitioner, of a liberal education, who feels any regard for the public weal, ought to join you with ardour in annihi-

lating these pests of society; in which laudable endeavours believe me few can be more sincere than,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged and faithful servant,

A. FOTHERGILL.

LETTER CCXXIX.

From the same.

June 13, 1784.

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Your *argumentum ad matrimonium* is *argumentum ad hominem;* and as you have proved so clearly that even a bad wife (pardon the expression, for it is to be hoped there is no such creature existing) is better than none at all, I mean to reconnoitre the sex with all convenient expedition. Dame Xantippe confessedly stands at the head of ancient termagants, but yet I do not find that her provoked husband once ventured to call her a *bad* wife; probably owing to the reason you assign, *viz.* gratitude for the having taught him philosophy. Now though I revere his pacific character, and earnestly as I pine after philosophy, yet methinks I should wish to attain it at an easier

rate than from the curtain-lectures of some of our modern female orators. Many of them are, it must be owned, very handsome, but yet I would not willingly fall into the hands of a *striking* beauty: therefore shall be glad if you can direct me in my choice, for it is no easy matter now-a-days to select an agreeable mate amongst all our feathered tribe. Woman, according to a grave antient writer, "is a two-footed animal, fond of finery;" which indeed seems to be a tolerably just definition of the whole species, almost without exception. But had he lived in our days he must have added "feathered animals," for few are found without. Hence the number of pea hens, turkey hens, bantum hens, moor poots, magpies, &c. &c. which strut and flutter about all our watering-places. Dr. S***** paid me a visit about ten days before the fatal trigger was drawn; but believe I was no way instrumental in this melancholy event, nor I believe were any of his brethren. A single man in good practice and very easy circumstances; but Love, that tyrant Love, Heavens preserve us! impelled him to adopt one of two desperate expedients—to abandon the mistress whom he did love, and marry her rival whom he did not love, or shoot himself; he chose the latter, so says report. If your French correspondent * can direct the aërostatic balance with that nicety which he pretends, he will safely convey the ingenious Elec-

* Mr. Smeathman. Ed.

trical Philosopher along with him to England, without endangering a nephritic paroxysm; though I think there will be some danger of a slight vertigo in crossing the Channel, and perhaps a little *air* sickness.

A. F.

LETTER CCXXX.

From the same.

Oct. 11, 1784.

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Your generous proposal, of purchasing a freehold and establishing a library for the use of the Medical Society, is a most noble project, and far beyond all praise. Some wealthy medical Dons have sometimes condescended to launch out a little in the way of public benefactions, to commence *after* their death; but an act of munificence of this nature, if planned and carried into execution by a person in the *very prime of life*, will, I presume, be a circumstance hitherto unheard of in the annals of physic.

"I pede fausto."

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt."

A. F.

LETTER CCXXXI.

From the same.

Oct. 21, 1785.

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Excellent is the edict lately issued at Paris, by which no one is authorized to vend any remedy, that has not previously obtained the sanction of the Royal Society of Medicine! When shall we imitate so wise a regulation? "Fas est et ab hoste doceri." A. F.

LETTER CCXXXII.

From the same.

May 29, 1789.

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The Moral Thermometer will, I hope, be a perpetual memento to the abusers of spirits, and awaken their fears for their own preservation more effectually than the labours of the pulpit and the press. It was a happy thought, and deserves to be generally known among the people, as it may tend to deter some among them from becoming their own executioners. I have shewn it to several persons, who approve the design. A. F.

LETTER CCXXXIII.

From the same.

Oct. 29, 1790.

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It has been observed (and, however singular it may appear, I believe the remark is perfectly just), that married men, though immersed in a variety of active pursuits, and engaged in a multiplicity of important offices, over and above those which result from the care and concerns about a numerous family, do nevertheless bring forth more literary works, and more valuable in their kind, than us bachelors, who stand detached from domestic cares and anxieties, and whose chief concern and solicitude seem to centre in our *dear selves.* Instances of this are too frequent and obvious to need to be enumerated; otherwise I might mention a Cullen, a Haller, a Priestley, and a Lettsom, and contrast them with a ——— ——— ——— but comparisons are odious, and therefore I will not set the Bachelors in competition with the Benedicts, lest I should grow sick of celibacy, and, in a fit of spleen and jealousy, play the fool and marry. However, if matrimony really imparts that *vivida vis animi;* that energy of mind and versatility of genius, which distinguishes so many of its votaries, and enables them to execute such

Herculean labours with such ardour and persevering industry; what bachelor in his senses would not immediately take to himself a wife? nay, five or six wives? but, unfortunately, the laws of this country will not allow more than one; and thus, by a narrow and stingy kind of policy, cramp the genius of its inhabitants. The Reverend author of Thelypthora was severely railed against for recommending a plurality of wives; but I now perceive he had reason on his side, and that in broaching this new doctrine, he discovered a degree of penetration far superior to that of his feeble antagonists, who looked no farther than the surface of things. Solomon affords an irrefragable example of this; that king far outstripped, in wisdom and penetration, all his predecessors and contemporaries; why? why for this plain reason, he had more wives than any of them. Had he been restricted in this necessary expansion of his faculties, can we suppose that he could ever have made such an astonishing progress in the sciences? or that he could have written so largely, or so learnedly, concerning all the genera and species of the vegetable kingdom, from the "cedar of *Libanus to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall?*" Therefore, since plurality of wives are productive of such wonderful utility, it is to be hoped the British legislature will take the matter into mature consideration, and in the ensuing session establish an act for enabling every literary man to take as many wives as to him may seem neces-

sary for giving a full scope to his mental and corporeal activity. But, perhaps, it may be objected, that the Turks, of whom the Grand Seignor is the head, and who possesses a more extensive Haram of wives and concubines than all the monarchs of Europe, has as yet given no proof of his literary prowess: Admitted. This, it must be confessed, is a considerable objection to the general rule, and clearly proves, that a man may sometimes have too much, even of a good thing. But this does not subvert the general principle, which still remains firm and unshaken; *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

A. F.

LETTER CCXXXIV.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Oct.* 29, 1790.

When, in a gay mood, I lately sported a *jeu-d'esprit* on the superiority of married men, as to literary productions, and other exertions of the intellectual powers, I did not foresee the dilemma to which your ingenuity has brought me, by your curious *argumentum ad hominem*—"He is prolific in science; *ergo*, he is prolific otherwise."

This was turning the tables with a witness; but as I can in no wise admit the premises in this *particular* instance, I must deny the conclusion; and,

lest you should take it into your head that I am about to thrust my neck into the matrimonial noose, I have a good mind to recant every thing I said in favour of wedlock, which, observe, was but a jest; and, instead of enlarging on the blessed effects of matrimony, write a serious panegyric on celibacy; but, on second thoughts, as you will, ten to one, be like enough again to turn the tables, and consider my arguments as ludicrous when I mean to be serious, and *vice versa*, I had better postpone the design at present, and take you at your word, in committing to your guardianship a dear pledge, the illegitimate, as a *living proof* that the wild beast has already been happily tamed and bridled. With such living pledges, Bath is said at this time to abound; but as I cannot plead the honour of giving existence to any of them, I shall decline adopting them by proxy, and reserve your kind offer till I can claim, in lawful wedlock, the *jus trium liberorum*; a circumstance which, though not impossible, is by no means probable at present.

I am, &c.

A. FOTHERGILL.

LETTER CCXXXV.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Nov.* 11, 1790.

I was much entertained with poor Doctor S***'s ingenious method of absolving himself from a vow of secrecy extorted by magnetic Quacks, in which he exhibits a striking instance of the "*Insanire ratione modoque.*" Well may the adepts in Magnetism, and even in Free Masonry, now tremble for their grand secret. The former, lately valued at 50 guineas, has suddenly dropt to 10, 5, nay 1 guinea: and, though the professors, probably, well know that their secret is not worth purchasing at any price, yet the promised course of Lectures, if we may judge from the introduction, must be highly entertaining. When Doctor S. has fully satisfied our curiosity on these intricate subjects, it is to be hoped, if he is a married man, he will proceed to disclose in the same fair, open manner, the secrets of Matrimony, for the benefit of us Bachelors. Though it has escaped the notice of authors, yet I cannot help thinking that there is a striking analogy between these three *occult Sciences*, all which alike have their *secrets*, their *mysteries*, which none, forsooth, must presume to dive into, but the initiated. The professors alike proclaim, the wonderful advantages,

the comforts, the pleasures, nay, the *inexpressibles*, of their respective arts. Alike they delight in symbols, hieroglyphics, obscure phrases, and inuendoes, to blind spectators; but are said to throw off the mask when alone, or assembled at their nocturnal orgies. Animal Magnetism has its attractions and repulsions; its nods and its becks, and its squeezings: so has Matrimony. The magnetic professor loves to practise upon delicate females of fine feelings and susceptible nerves. He uses various grimaces and gesticulations; gazing all the time full in their eyes, and tickling their sides till he has wound up their passions to the highest pitch, and till the wished-for crisis comes, which generally terminates in a profound sleep. Now does not the expert Bridegroom practise exactly the same manœuvres, and with the like success? Other instances might be produced, of the affinity between these occult sciences, but enough has been said to demonstrate their similarity. Q. E. D. It would ill become a writer to boast of his own superior penetration; otherwise, I might without vanity assert, that I consider this as one of the greatest and happiest discoveries of the present day. And as you, who are one of the initiated, and consequently must be a competent judge, give such a marked preference to matrimony, when compared with celibacy, I cannot help feeling an itching kind of curiosity to try the experiment, in order to witness these same *inexpressibles*, as you emphatically style them.

But as this is the true cant language of an adept, and this laconic term may imply inexpressibly *bitter* as well as inexpressibly sweet, I think it will be prudent to wait the result of honest Dr. S.'s Lectures before I venture my neck in the noose. Meanwhile I am aware you have Horace on your side, when he exclaims, in rapture,

"Felices ter, et amplius,
"Quos irrupta tenet copula."

But was Horace really married?

Dear Sir, adieu!

A. FOTHERGILL.

LETTER CCXXXVI.

Dr. LETTSOM to Dr. A. FOTHERGILL.

Jan. 1791.

BOOK OF JUDITH, CH. XX.

1 Now in those days, there went forth a wise man, unto the great city of Bath, the city of warm waters.

2 And he sojourned nigh unto the waters, and many people of all countries and tongues.

3 Those who had legs, but could not walk. Those who had stomachs, but could not eat.

4 Those labouring under grievous pains; and the palsied, and the maimed. Even a great multi-

tude of all creeping things went down unto the great city of Bath.

5 And they forthwith sought out the wise man, who sojourned nigh unto the waters, for he was cunning in the learning of the Greeks and of the Romans.

6 Moreover he was skilled in herbs, for he was a physician of high renown.

7 And no man dared to drink of the waters of the warm springs, or go down into the hot pools, but as the wise man ordained.

8 And he waxed great, and his fame spread throughout the land, even from the city of warm waters unto the great city of the king, where dwelled William the Resuscitator, and John the Antipode.

9 Now William the Resuscitator, and John the Antipode, held close communion with the wise man of Bath, for they loved one another.

10 And they said unto him, Seest thou not that we have taken unto ourselves help-mates, and have raised up seed unto our generation?

11 Moreover they said, These things are savoury and of good report among men, and pleasant to enjoy.

12 And they counselled the wise man to take unto himself an helpmate of the daughters of Bath; and to cleave unto her, and to be as one flesh, and to feel inexpressibles, which surpass the understanding of him who lacketh an helpmate.

13 But the wise man hearkened not unto William the Resuscitator and John the Antipode.

14 But hardened his heart, and would not that any man should counsel him. Nay, he scoffed, and in the hardness of his heart, reviling said,

15 What meaneth these inexpressibles? Are they not the bitters of Cornubia, that run through the land of Hymen.

16 Nevertheless the wise man had yearnings in his bowels towards an helpmate: howbeit his strength failed him.

17 Overpowered with this conflict, he fell into a deep sleep; and in the midst of the night, even at the twelfth hour, a vision overshadowed him.

18 And he heard a voice, crying, Father, Father, wherefore am I not a ruler in the land? And he heard a second voice, saying, Father, Father, wherefore am I not the helpmate of a centurion?

19 And the Seer marvelled, and wot not what manner of vision he saw; and he cried, What meaneth this which I behold?

20 And the vision said, I am Dinah thy first beloved; and the voice thou heard, Why am I not a ruler in the land? this would have been thy first-born; he would have been cunning in the law, and a ruler in the land.

21 And the second voice thou heard, would have been thy second-born, comely to look upon; and a centurion in the legions of the great king would have betrothed her, and cleaved unto her, and raised up seed unto his generation.

22 And Dinah, whom thou now seest, would have been the stock of many children. The seed of thy generation would have been great, yea, like the sands of the sea, would have been multiplied; and, like the stars of the firmament, would they have shone; and many inexpressibles would have been thy portion.

23 Now the voices thou hast heard, are they not the voices of unborn babes? The babes that were to have sprung from thy loins?

24 And the Seer straitway awoke from the vision; and his heart palpitated, and his tongue cleaved unto his mouth.

25 Howbeit, when he saw it had been but a vision, his tongue got utterance, and he raised his voice, saying,

26 How long have I scorned the counsel of William the Resuscitator and John the Antipode, the friends of my bosom; and his heart waxed soft.

27 And he yearned for an helpmate, that he might raise seed unto his generation, and know all inexpressible things.

28 And when his friends, who dwelled in the great city of the king, heard these tidings, they rejoiced together, marvelling what manner of vision this was.

30 And the great men of Bath, and the maimed, and the scurvied, and the palsied, and all the creeping things thereof; and the daughters of the

city, and all those that dwell round about in the country, rejoiced exceedingly.

31 Saying, Amen, Amen, May his seed spring up as the willows near the waters of the valley, and wax strong, like the cedars of Lebanon: and may the seed of his loins endure from generation unto generation.

32 And William the Resuscitator and John the Antipode cried, Amen, Amen.

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CCXXXVII.

Dr. A. FOTHERGILL to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Sir, *Feb. 8, 1791.*

Accept my thanks for the tender impassioned verses written on a very affecting occasion. Bereft of such a truly amiable helpmate, I do not wonder that the lonely mourner's whole soul melted with such tender sympathetic strains—*Sunt Lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.* Such a scene is enough to soften bachelors, as well as married men. It was probably such a scene that drew "iron tears" down Pluto's cheeks. Pluto, however, *poor devil*, was married, but knew better than to sob and cry on account of any disaster that might befal his own wife. For she probably was complete mistress of the whining and canting art,

and knew how to drop crocodile tears at command, as well as any modern dame in Great Britain. No; no, Pluto reserved his iron tears for more important occasions. He knew to his cost that his own dear *infernal rib* was immortal, and this doubtless was the true cause why Pluto wept, as well he might, in the bitterness of his soul; and this helps me to explain why he let fall no common tears—*but tears of iron*—tears worthy *so hard*, so cruel a case! This, I hope, you will agree with me, is the true explanation of this knotty passage, which none of our commentators have hitherto been able to elucidate, but which now you see is as plain as a man's nose on his face—Q. E. D. Believe me, I have been much edified by that inspired writer, John the Antipode, and long exceedingly for the divine Dinah, that Phœnix of the sex, whom he hath pourtrayed in such fascinating colours. But does such a nymph really exist, and is she *come-at-able*? or is she not a creature of his imagination—a heathenish Venus—sprung from the froth of the sea? If so, a man may pursue a Juno, and, like Ixion of old, embrace a cloud. If, on the other hand, this female paragon exists and breathes, and is tangible, gentle, and tractable, pray send her to me by the first stage-coach that passes through Bath; and if I find her willing, and in all respects answerable to what the prophecy has foretold, I shall pray for the health and happiness of John the Antipode as long as I live; and if I should unfortunately

survive her, I will write a very moving Elegy on her death, and then strive to bear my loss with Christian patience. If your book of Judith is not apocryphal, I shall rest in hope of the speedy fulfilling of John the Antipode's prophecy. Till then adieu!

A. FOTHERGILL.

P. S. "Book of Judith!"—there is something ominous in the name!—What, Judith of old—that beldam who cut off poor Holofernes' head!—Methinks I smell a rat.—Indeed, I fear this said John the Antipode will turn out a false prophet, a wicked profane wag.

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *May* 12, 1791.

Before me is your sentimental epistle, replete with many of those nice traits and sympathetic touches which distinguish the writings of the celebrated Sterne. Under such a glowing pencil the whole canvas becomes animated; every object interesting, and each female figure fascinating. The heroine of your piece was sufficiently attractive, without those alluring embellishments with which you have set her off, and indeed rendered the picture too warm to be contemplated without

danger. The poet's fancy, in such a "fine phrenzy rolling," has in like manner described the unaccountable effects which the charms of his two beautiful mistresses suddenly produced through his whole frame, and what is more, how dexterously he escaped unhurt:—

Like sparkling Champagne
Lucy mounts to the brain,
And so tingles in every part;
Her fire comes so quick,
Her shot fly so thick,
No quarter she gives to the heart.

Fidelia demure,
More slow, but as sure,
Her mischief will gently impart;
Will day after day
Steal your senses away,
And then steal away with your heart.

But I who know both,
To love one should be loath,
So manage the matter with art,
I laugh at each trick
Of the slow and the quick,
And snug in my breast lies my heart.

After all, you married men are a dangerous set of decoy ducks, who delight in alluring unwary bachelors into the matrimonial noose, and when you find us entangled in the net, you laugh to see us flounce and struggle, without a possibility of getting out. On this subject, however, as Sir Roger de Coverly observes, "much may still be said on both sides." But the bearer waits, so must hasten

to a conclusion. Shall wait impatiently for your new volume. If oak bark will supply the place of Peruvian, it will be a great saving. Sir W. Fordyce talks of *pickling* living bodies with spirits of salt, and thereby preserving them from putrefaction. Now why may not tanning one with oak bark produce the like happy effect? *Sed manum de tabula—vive valeque.*

A. FOTHERGILL.

LETTER CCXXXIX.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *June* 20, 1791.

In the course of the last fortnight the weather here has undergone a remarkable transition from heat to cold. About ten days ago the thermometer in the shade stood at 80° and upwards, then suddenly, on the wind tacking about to N. E. sunk to below the freezing point. In the night-season snow fell on the hills, and ice of a considerable thickness was observed in the morning; since which the weather has continued cold, the thermometer 55 to 57 degrees. Most families where I visit I find every where sitting around a comfortable fire, and complaining of the return of winter, though on the verge of the summer solstice!

Gouty and rheumatic invalids speak of aches and pains, but otherwise no material change has appeared in the current diseases. I have more than once observed, that on such sudden variations every one is ready to anticipate a crowd of diseases which must infallibly ensue; and yet even the faculty are generally deceived, as well as the great and small vulgar, in these their wise prognostications. Though from luxury and over-refinement there is just reason to believe we are more susceptible of atmospheric changes than our more hardy ancestors, yet our bodies are so happily constituted, as still to bear remarkable transitions (like the present one) with impunity. Of all the fallacies our theoretical reasonings are liable to, there is none perhaps more frequent than those which are deduced from meteorological observations. In a cold rigorous season coughs and catarrhs prevail: No wonder, says the Doctor, the apothecary, the Lady Bountiful; how can it be otherwise in such weather as this? On the other hand, in a mild, temperate, or even warm season, an influenza appears, and the milder the weather, the more severe. But—No wonder, still cry the good old women of *both sexes*, this is a relaxing season, and the nerves are unstrung! Thus meteorology, like Sacred Writ, is brought forward to prove whatever men's preconceived notions incline them to believe or imagine. I have lately run over Dr. Russell's large volume on the Plague, and find the contagion prevailed through

all the varieties of weather; though one thing is remarkable; it is said generally to have ceased suddenly, or at least greatly abated about St. John's Day (24th June), at a period when people in this country would say it ought to have raged worse than ever.

When putrid fevers prevail about that period, No wonder, say we, this hot sultry season; but when they are still more predominant near the winter solstice, we know not well what to say; but still some how or other they are owing to the weather. *Opinionum commenta delet dies, Naturæ judicia confirmat.* But enough of this. What may your opinion be? You will partly gather mine from what has been said. In one point at least I am clear, and it is this, that in all winds and weathers, and through all the vicissitudes of seasons by which this poor Island is agitated,

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours assuredly,

A. FOTHERGILL.

LETTER CCXL.

From the same.

Aug. 21, 1794.

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Jokes however aside, though I have often, to keep up the ball, in imitation of Johnson, belied my real sentiments in ridiculing matrimony, yet I always secretly revered it, and perfectly agree with you, that on the whole, notwithstanding *certain drawbacks*, it bids fairer for happiness than the happiest state of celibacy can pretend to arrive at; and when a proper opportunity offers, shall be glad to risque the experiment.

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?

A. F.

LETTER CCXLI.

From the same.

Philadelphia, Oct. 30, 1805.

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In June last I accompanied Dr. Wistar, Professor of Anatomy (whom you know), in a long

journey on horseback, N. W. from Philadelphia to Lancaster, and from thence to the Susquehanna Junietta, and through several counties of Pennsylvania, far among the woods and wilds, and over such rough formidable roads as I had never seen before, except in my former tour along the banks of the Lehigh, into the wilderness, where the wild terrific scenery made me conceive we had entered on the confines of old Chaos! We alighted and walked over the rocky bottom, admiring the pendent rocks and hanging woods nodding over our heads, expecting to encounter rattle snakes and other poisonous reptiles, but saw none. In the wilderness we often travelled many miles without seeing a human being, and at length arrived at Belfont, our head quarters, a little town or rather village among the iron forges, where we had a little trout-fishing, and some agreeable rambles among the honest people, who were every where very civil and accommodating, though their fare was coarse and homely. The solitary inns, ycleped taverns, often mere *log*-houses, without locks, and sometimes even a latch to the doors where we slept; yet we felt no apprehension or suspicion of danger. We returned by Northumberland, a neat town on the Susquehanna, pleasantly situated on a neck of land between the two great branches of that noble river, in which we bathed with great refreshment. Spent a pleasant day with Mr. Priestley's family and Mr. Cooper, viewed the laboratory, great

burning lens, and other implements used by the late celebrated Dr. Priestley. The sight of these and his library, and some printed sheets of his life, drew from us a heartfelt sigh! We returned by Reading, another handsome city, where we also met with much hospitality. We returned by the Yellow Springs, the water of which is a strong chalybeate, though not much frequented; and reaching Philadelphia had ridden about 500 miles.

This day I accompanied Judge Smith to the villas along the banks of the river Shailkell, and viewed the famous mill for sawing large blocks of marble, where with two main wheels and some simple machinery, put in motion by a small rippling rill, no less than 22 saws were at work! a truly ingenious and useful contrivance, and which facilitates labour at a very cheap and expeditious rate. There is a similar mill, though on a much smaller scale, in Market Street, Philadelphia: whether such mills exist in England I know not.

A. F.

LETTER CCXLII.

From Dr. Rush to Dr. Lettsom.

Dear Sir, *Philadelphia, April* 8, 1785.

I was sorry to perceive by your last friendly letter that you have failed in procuring a loan for

my friend Mr. W. I lament the decay of the American character in London, and wish I could say something in defence of it. War tends to loosen the bonds of morality and government in every country; the effects of it have been greatly increased by the people of America handling for four or five years a depreciating paper currency. The evils produced by both, I hope, will soon cure themselves.

As nitre, the offspring of putrefaction, is afterwards an antidote to that process of nature, so vice often furnishes the most powerful remedies against itself, in the political as well as in the moral world. To reform as well as to enlighten our country, colleges and schools are now founding by the friends of humanity in most of the States. I have undertaken the duty of a trustee of a College lately established near the centre of Pennsylvania, at a village called Carlisle, 120 miles to the westward of Philadelphia. The place where this village stands, 30 years ago was inhabited by Indians and beasts of prey. It now contains above 300 houses, built chiefly of stone, and three churches. This may furnish you with a sample of the rapid progress of population and improvement in Pennsylvania. The college of Carlisle owes all its funds to private donations. We have appointed a Principal and two Professors; and our prospects are very flattering of a large accession of youth from every part of the State. We suffer as yet a great deal from the want of a li-

brary. Granville Sharp, esq. has extended his benevolence across the ocean; and we have recorded his name as a benefactor to our infant seminary in that way. I know the pleasure you take in doing good; I know your zeal in promoting knowledge; and hundreds testify your partiality to the American States. Will you give me leave to solicit your friendship to our College, in begging a few books from your friends for our library? the sweepings of their studies will be very acceptable in our illiterate wooden country. The lumber of the stalls in the streets of London, which are sold by weight, would make us truly rich. It will give me great pleasure to make our trustees (who are composed, with a few exceptions, of the first men in the State) acquainted with your name, and to assist in transmitting it to posterity, in a country where the fame of learning and benevolence will exist, after both have yielded in every part of Europe to the admiration of splendid buildings, or to a veneration for hounds and horses.

Your assured friend, and humble servant,

B. RUSH.

LETTER CCXLIII.

From the same.

Philadelphia, Oct. 26, 1786.

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You have suggested a number of excellent hints for the improvement and extension of knowledge in America. But, my friend, who shall undertake to carry such hints into execution? Philosophy does not here, as in England, walk abroad in silver slippers; the physicians (who are the most general repositories of science) are chained down by the drudgery of their professions; so as to be precluded from exploring our woods and mountains. Besides, there are not men of learning enough in America as yet, to furnish the stimulus of literary fame to difficult and laborious literary pursuits. I have felt the force of this passion; Alas! my friend, I have found it in our country to be nothing but "avarice of air."

B. R.

LETTER CCXLIV.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Philadelphia, May* 18, 1787.

To a person who rejoices in the extension of the empire of humanity, and above all, to a pupil and admirer of the celebrated Mr. Howard, the inclosed publication, I am sure, will be an acceptable communication. The institution has grown out of his excellent history of Prisons, aided in a small degree by the pamphlet lately published in this city upon the effects of public punishments upon criminals and society. The society at present consists chiefly of the people called Quakers: hence the peculiarity of the style of some of the sections of the constitution. I beg you would shew it to Mr. Howard, (if returned to London,) or publish it in some of your periodical papers. I have sent you a packet by Captain Willet, containing some copies of the constitution of the Society for abolishing Negro Slavery, to be distributed agreeably to their directions. Dr. Franklin is President of it. We expect to petition our Convention next week to make the suppression of the African trade in the United States an essential article of the new Confederation.

Yours, sincerely,

BENJAMIN RUSH.

LETTER CCXLV.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Philadelphia, May* 4, 1788.

Nothing but a matter deeply concerning the interests of science and justice, should have induced me to trouble you with a letter by the packet.

A certain Mr. Rumsay, from Virginia, (strongly recommended by General Washington,) lately produced a plan of a machine in our city, for improving the steam-engine, by reducing the fuel consumed by them to an eighth part of the usual quantity. This plan, it is suspected, has been copied, with a few trifling variations, by a person in this city, (equally known for plagiarism in philosophy, and a licentious opposition to the proposed constitution of the United States,) and transmitted to Mr. Bolton, of London, with a view of obtaining a patent for it. The only design of this letter is to request you to suggest the above information to Mr. Bolton, and to assure him that proper vouchers will be sent to him by Captain Willet, or Captain Sutton, in a few weeks; which will irrefragably prove that the sole honour of the invention belongs to Mr. Rumsay, and that if any emolument is to arise from it, he alone is entitled to it.

Mr. Rumsay possesses a very uncommon mechanical genius. He has invented a boat which sails, by means of steam, four miles an hour, against the stream; he expects to increase the velocity of this boat to ten miles an hour, by the application of the principles of his new steam-engine to the discovery. His modesty is equal to his talents for invention. In behalf of his friends (who are among the worthiest citizens,) I write to you in his favour. Your name and character are well known in our city. We look up to you to protect genius, to detect and defeat fraud, and to reward industry and integrity in a country which has exhibited so many shining examples of them all in the promotion of science.

Many thanks to you for the seeds of the Mangel Wurzel. I have distributed them extensively. To our great and good Virginia farmer, General Washington, I have sent the largest number of them. I have likewise published, in our papers, an extract from your preface to the third edition of the pamphlet respecting the English mode of cultivating them.

I am, Yours, &c.

BENJAMIN RUSH.

LETTER CCXLVI.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Philadelphia, April* 21, 1788.

I sit down to inform you of the great pleasure I have enjoyed, from hearing and reading of the progress of justice and humanity in Great Britain as far as they relate to the abolition of the African trade, as also to communicate a few facts to you upon this important subject. In the year 1772, I published two tracts in defence of the poor Africans, both of which you will find, I believe, in the possession of Mr. Granville Sharp. In the last of those tracts I took a view of the effects of slavery upon the health and lives of the negroes, and mentioned from respectable authorities, the diseases which were entailed upon them by their peculiar situation. As few, or none of these facts have been taken notice of in any of the late publications upon this subject, I shall take the liberty of repeating them in this letter, in order to mix one more drop with the great stream of humanity which has lately been opened in England. 1. The locked-jaw, or, as it is usually called among the planters, the *jaw-fall*, is a very common disease among the children of the slaves, and carries off so many of them as evidently to affect their population. After many inquiries into the cause of it,

I was perfectly satisfied that it arises from the heat and smoke of the cabins in which the children are born, and from their being exposed afterwards to the cool air. 2. The hypochondriasis, or, as it is called in the French West Indies, the *mal d'estomac*, is a very common disease among the slaves. It occurs soon after their importation, and often proves fatal, with a train of painful and distressing symptoms which are ignorantly ascribed to the effects of slow poison taken by themselves, or given to them by others. This disease, with all its terrible consequences, is occasioned wholly by grief, and therefore stands justly chargeable upon slavery. 3. Child-bearing among the slaves in the West Indies is attended with peculiar danger and mortality: this is occasioned entirely by the women having their bodies injured by carrying burdens beyond their strength when they are young, and in some instances by the figure of the pelvis being distorted by those kicks to which they are so often exposed in early life, from sudden gusts of passion in their masters. I received this information from a Dr. Taylor of the Island of St. Kitt's, who assured me at the same time, that the white women of the island in general had very short and easy births compared with the women in European countries. 4. All the numerous chronic diseases which arise from a scanty or an excess of vegetable diet, are common among the slaves in the West Indies. This evil, I have been well informed, cannot be remedied while slavery

remains upon its present footing; for very accurate calculations have made it evident, that the whole profit of a sugar estate, as it is now conducted, is saved from the necessary food and cloathing of the slaves. Under all these diseases, and the many other complicated evils which the slaves endure, we are told by their masters, that they are the happiest creatures in the world, because they are "merry." Mirth and happiness are two distinct sensations of the human soul. I once heard a man say upon the eve of his marriage, as an apology for not joining in the gaiety of the company, that "he was too happy to be merry." The singing and dancing to which the negroes in the West Indies are so much addicted, are the effects of mirth, and not of happiness. Mirth, and a heavy heart, I believe, often meet together; and hence the propriety of *Solomon's* observation, that "in the midst of laughter the heart is sad." In the last war but two between Great Britain and France, a British transport was accidentally set on fire. The neighbouring transports in vain attempted to relieve her. Some of the crew saved themselves by the long boat, while a few of them perished in the ocean in attempting to swim to the ships that lay within sight of them. The remaining part of the crew for a while filled the air with their cries for help and mercy. Suddenly there was a cessation of their cries, and nothing was to be heard on board the vessel but a merry tune on a violin, to which the crew danced

with uncommon spirit for half an hour, when the catastrophe ended, and the ship and crew disappeared for ever. This curious fact was communicated to me by the son of an old Lieutenant of a British ship of war, who was an eye-witness of the melancholy scene, and who often mentioned to his children and in company, the dying mirth of the crew, as one of the most singular and wonderful things he had ever seen or heard of in the course of his life. From the facts that have been mentioned, instead of considering the songs and dances of the negroes in the West Indies, as marks of their happiness, I have long considered them as physical symptoms of melancholy, or madness, and therefore as certain proofs of their misery.

With great respect for your zeal and activity in the business of the Abolition Society in London,

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

and humble servant,

BENJAMIN RUSH.

LETTER CCXLVII.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Philadelphia, Aug.* 16, 1788.

The inclosed inquiry into the justice and policy of punishing murder by death, is intended as an Appendix to the Essay upon Public Punishments.

I presume you will have no objections to my principles upon that subject, for they evidently lead to the tenet of your Society with respect to the lawfulness of war. If you approve of the inquiry, I take it for granted that you will procure a place for it in one of your periodical papers. It gave me great pleasure to perceive by an extract from one of your publications printed in our newspapers, that you are engaged in a war against spirituous liquors. It will be in the power of the physicians to do more than divines, or even legislators, in preventing their dreadful effects upon health, morals, and the general interests of society. I am so perfectly satisfied of this truth, that I not only bear a testimony against their being used with diet, but in medicine likewise. I believe they are safe in those medicines only which are given in *drops*. Where it is necessary, to give tinctures by spoonfuls, or in larger quantities, I direct them to be made with water instead of spirit. And I have been happy in discovering that I have made a greater impression upon many diseases by medicines given in a watery than in a spirituous or vinous menstruum.

From the operation of sundry publications in our newspapers against spirituous liquors, the sale and consumption of them has diminished one *third* in the course of the last year in the state of Pennsylvania. The Friends and the Methodists have taken the lead in rejecting them from their harvest-fields, their stores, and even from their

houses. It is expected that at the yearly meeting that is to be held in this city next month, a recommendation will issue from the Friends to all their members, to refrain not only from the use, but from the importation and sale of those destructive liquors. This measure, like their first testimony against the African trade, will, it is to be hoped, prove a seed that will extend its branches and fruit over the United States.

The College of Physicians of Philadelphia have likewise been active in this business; they have petitioned the Assembly of Pennsylvania to increase the duty and excise upon spirits. But they do not mean to stop here. It is expected they will meet the new Government as soon as it is framed with a similar petition; and from the present temper of the United States, there is little doubt of its success.

From the effects of a late severe attack of pleurisy upon a constitution originally slender, I find myself unequal in point of exertion to many objects I wish to have seen executed before I leave the world. None lies so near my heart as the extirpation of spirituous liquors.—To you, after I am gone, I bequeath a continuance of the war you have begun against them. You move in a great and extensive circle. One word from a London, will spread further and do more good, than a thousand essays in favour of humanity from a Philadelphia physician.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,

BENJAMIN RUSH.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Philadelphia, June* 8, 1789.

You oppress me with favours; accept of my thanks for the copy your friendship has procured me of Mr. Howard's late work. It is not yet come to hand. As soon as I receive it, I shall do myself the honour of thanking him for it: in the mean while please to assure him, that I shall prize it as much as if it was a bequest from one of the first and best characters of antiquity. I have derived many advantages from reading his first work; and can add further, that all the improvements in the treatment and punishment of criminals in our country, are derived from it.

I inclose you a small root, three of which were sent to me from Dauphin County in Pennsylvania, a few days ago. It possesses a most extraordinary glutinous quality. A small quantity of it, scraped or grated, and afterwards made into paste with water, forms a cement of so cohesive a nature, as perfectly to unite broken glass, china, or earthen-ware; insomuch that it will endure, when dry, the greatest heat. Two of the roots always grow together, connected by a fibre about an inch in length; one of them swims, and the other sinks, in water. The adhesive quality is confined, it is said, wholly

to the heavy one. It throws up above the ground only a single leaf without any stalk, one of which I have enclosed you. This leaf appears in May or June, and decays about the latter end of July. Some of the country people call it *Adam-and-Eve*, while others (the Germans) call it the *Devil's-bite*, from a story that is propagated about it, that the devil, foreseeing that it would be very useful to man, tried to destroy it, by biting off all its leaves, except one; hence, they say, the solitary leaf which accompanies it. It is much used in the place where it grows, not only for domestic and culinary purposes, but for the cure of diarrhœas and dysenteries. I have sent for a peck, or half a bushel, of the root, and intend to give it a fair trial as a demulcent and astringent in those disorders. From its pleasant taste, I think it probable it will make an agreeable article of diet for sick people.

I am, &c.

BENJAMIN RUSH.

LETTER CCXLIX.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Philadelphia, May* 28, 1792.

I inclose you an Essay on the disease produced by the bite of a mad animal, by an ingenious young gentleman of this city. It was published as an

Inaugural Dissertation a few weeks ago. To accommodate it to the meridian of London, I have, with the consent of the author, changed its title, and called it an Essay.

I now transmit it to you, to be re-published, if you think proper, in London. The performance has great merit; and promises to lead to something more rational and successful upon the subject of that terrible disease, than any thing that has yet appeared on that subject. Perhaps a recommendation prefixed to it, subscribed by your name, would help to bring it into notice. You may safely inform the public that the author is a young man of uncommon talents, and bids fair to do equal honour to medicine and to his country.

I inclose you a new edition of my Essay on the unlawfulness, &c. of punishing murder by death. The opinion (though once very unpopular) gains ground in every part of the United States. Many of your society are open advocates for it. I wish Christians of all denominations would unite in enforcing it.

Death, for any crime, is certainly as contrary as War, to the spirit of the Gospel.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours, sincerely,

BENJAMIN RUSH.

LETTER CCL.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Philadelphia, April 26, 1793.*

Your long political letter, referred to by you in your short letter by the *Wm. Penn*, came safe to hand. I deplore with you the death of the late King of France. His execution was unjust, unconstitutional, illegal, impolitic, and cruel in the highest degree. From the private history of his life, and the public history of his death, I am disposed to believe that he was the best king in Europe, and the honestest man in the French nation. Ninety-nine of our citizens out of a hundred, have dropped a tear to his memory. He was the father of the freedom and independence of the United States.

But one wicked act does not justify another. We deplore and reprobate likewise the interference of Great Britain in the dispute between the French nation and their late king. What can she expect to gain by it, equal to the loss of an hundred thousand men, and a hundred millions of pounds? She must at last acknowledge the independence of the French Republic, and submit to negociate with her Convention; for the noble cause in which she is engaged, though much disgraced by her rulers, must finally prevail. The infidelity and cruelty of the French nation do not militate

against this opinion; for they are qualified in a peculiar manner by both, to be the scourge of nations as wicked as themselves.

I beg you would present my most respectful thanks to Mr. How for his elegant present of Lady Rachael Russel's letters. He could not have sent a book that would have been more acceptable in my family; for my wife had read it hastily some years ago, and had long wished to possess a copy of it. I have inscribed on the inside of the cover of it "Julia Rush, presented by Richard How of England, 1793." It is an invaluable work, and the public will long owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. How for giving it to the world.

I am, &c.

BENJAMIN RUSH.

LETTER CCLI.

Rev. JOHN LATHROP, D. D. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Boston, Jan. 3, 1789.

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I know, Sir, you will be pleased with the following extract from a letter, which I received not long since from General Washington, and therefore I make no apology for sending it.

"I observe with singular pleasure the cases in which your benevolent society has been instru-

mental in recalling some of our fellow creatures, as it were, from beyond the gates of eternity, and has given occasion for the hearts of parents and friends to leap for joy. The provision made for shipwrecked mariners is also highly estimable in the view of every philanthropic mind, and greatly consolatory to that suffering part of the community. These things will draw upon you the blessings of those who were nigh to perish. These works of charity and good-will towards men reflect, in my estimation, great lustre upon the authors, and presage an era of still further improvement. How pitiful in the eye of reason and religion is that false ambition, which desolates the world with fire and sword, for the purposes of conquest and fame, when compared with the milder virtues of making our neighbours and fellow men as happy as their frail condition and perishable natures will permit them to be."

J. L.

LETTER CCLII.

From the same.

Boston, Nov. 9, 1790.

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While our literary societies in this quarter of the world are in their infant state; the death of

their founders and patrons, we must expect, will give a temporary check to their growth. We have this however for our unspeakable consolation, that the Father of Lights and of Knowledge, who hath raised up friends and benefactors to mankind, will not forsake the works of his hands; but, as He delighteth in the happiness of his offspring, He will continue to bless them.

I consider it as a happy circumstance, that when literary societies, and societies which have the general happiness of mankind for their object, are forming in this part of the world, we are at peace with the parent country, and with all parts of the earth. To you more particularly we look for examples; from you we are constantly receiving aids; and from those aids, which can only be derived from older countries, and from societies matured with age, if we are not wanting to ourselves, our progress will be vastly more rapid than it could be were we left wholly to ourselves. We live in an age of astonishing improvement; and although I frequently hear people complain of the present times, I cannot help entertaining the pleasing idea that the times are gradually meliorating, and that of course the sum of human happiness is daily increasing. Wars are not carried on with so much savage cruelty as they were in former ages; the rights of mankind, civil and religious, are much better understood and more fully enjoyed than heretofore. And, under Divine Providence, I cannot help thinking those so-

cieties which are forming in various parts of the earth for the encouragement of literature and humanity, and the abolition of slavery, are among the most efficacious means of promoting that happiness on earth, which good men of all persuasions have earnestly desired, and for which, in their most serious moments, they have devoutly prayed. The great revolutions among the states and kingdoms of men I also consider as necessary to bring about designs highly benevolent. Vicious habits, long established, require violent remedies. An effort sufficient to demolish a Bastile, and break the chains which had held the French in bondage for ages past, must shake the whole kingdom, and for a time subject multitudes to extreme suffering; but if we can view those sufferings as the unavoidable concomitants of an effort for liberty, we shall feel reconciled to them.

J. L.

LETTER CCLIII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Boston, Nov.* 16, 1791.

By our common friend Dr. Windship, I received your very acceptable letter, together with publications, which gave me pleasure and instruction. While we in this quarter of the world enjoy as

much peace and prosperity, and as many privileges of a civil and religious nature, as have generally fallen to the lot of mankind, it is our duty to pray for the peace and prosperity of all our fellow men: we have, therefore, experienced great anxiety while we viewed the clouds which were gathering thick in some parts of the European hemisphere, and which threatened multitudes of innocent people with unutterable misery. The calamities of war are to be expected, more or less, while arbitrary Princes and Rulers of the earth are dissatisfied with the portion which belongs to them of *right*, and continue to look on the possessions of their neighbours with an envious eye. The increase of religious and political knowledge, although a great blessing in itself, will serve to increase the struggle between the friends of liberty and the friends of arbitrary power, until the happy time shall come, when the rights of mankind shall be so generally understood, and the friends of true liberty shall become so numerous, as wholly to discourage all the real enemies of human felicity.

As Philosophers and Christians we shall therefore possess our souls in patience, while we are spectators of the *evils* which we must expect will take place while the contest shall continue between the real friends of human nature and its enemies.

The state of knowledge in our country is quite in its infancy, compared with yours; however,

the disposition which prevails in all parts of America, to follow the example of Europe, in forming *Societies*, will greatly facilitate improvement; and, by drawing knowledge from such on your side the water as have made great advances, we flatter ourselves that in a few years we shall begin to make a figure.

I am persuaded, the condition of mankind is growing better. Improvements in useful knowledge, in politics, and in religious sentiments, give us reason to hope every succeeding generation will be more productive of human felicity than the past. But, whatever the designs of Heaven may be, we shall find the purest satisfaction in a consciousness of having endeavoured to make our fellow creatures happy. Would my circumstances in life admit of it, I should be extremely gratified in having an opportunity to see you and some other friends in England; but must be contented in conversing in this way, while I hope to be more acquainted with you in another world; and am

Yours affectionately,

JOHN LATHROP.

LETTER CCLIV.

From the same.

Boston, Jan. 21, 1794.

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As to politics, we are in the clouds.—Pleased we were indeed with the revolution in France, in the first important stages of it; but, while we hope good may come out of the awful convulsion, we are disposed to weep—we weep plentifully over the calamities in which millions of innocent people are involved. We, in America, took an interested part in the great effort which the French made to break the yoke of oppression; and our happiness would have been exquisite, had our friends, who assisted in establishing our liberties, succeeded fully in their own country, and lived to enjoy the fruit of their labours. But, alas! where are they? Those whom we thought virtuous, and inspired with a proper zeal for the rights of man, were succeeded by the rash and violent, by whom they have been denounced and executed. If any thing has cooled the affections of the Americans, it has been the wild and extravagant conduct of the *Jacobins*, and the wanton, as it appears to many of us, the wanton execution of our friends—men with whom we were acquainted—who fought by our side, who rejoiced with us at our festivals, and whom we shall grate-

fully remember while their persecutors and murderers will be abhorred.* You will pardon my warmth. I knew some of those men who have been disgraced and executed, and I cannot be easily convinced they deserved so hard a fate.

J. L.

LETTER CCLV.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Boston, Nov.* 10, 1789.

I think it was in the month of June last, I received your very obliging letter, together with the acceptable present, in books, which you was pleased to make me. I read your History of the Origin of Medicine with great pleasure; and am much indebted to you for the information which I have received from that learned performance. Doctor Goodwyn's Dissertation has certainly great merit. Having perused those valuable tracts myself, I put them into the hands of Dr. Windship, agreeably to your request, and also into the hands of other gentlemen of the faculty in my neighbourhood, that they may receive the same pleasure from them which they have given to me.

We receive great satisfaction from an acquaintance with the ancients: many of their works will

be read with delight, so long as genius and taste remain in the world: but I have often thought we have reason to be thankful that we were not born a thousand years ago. In connexion with what I have now said, I will send you a few sentences from a letter which I lately received from that venerable philosopher Dr. Franklin: in one of my letters to him I had made some observations on the improvement of the present age; and in his answer he says, "I have been long impressed with the same sentiments you so well express, of the growing felicity of mankind, from the improvements in philosophy, morals, politics, and even the conveniences of common living, by the invention and acquisition of new and useful utensils and instruments, that I have sometimes almost wished it had been my destiny to have been born two or three centuries hence, for inventions of improvement are prolific, and beget more of their kind. The present progress is rapid; many of great importance, now unthought of, will before that period be produced; and then I might not only enjoy their advantages, but have my curiosity gratified in knowing what they are to be. I see a little absurdity in what I have just written, but it is to a friend who will wink and let it pass; while I mention one reason more for such a wish, which is, that if the art of physic shall be improved in proportion with other arts, we may then be able to avoid diseases, and live as long as the patriarchs

in Genesis, to which I suppose we should make little objection."

The good sense and vivacity which this great philosopher discovers, now in the 84th year of his age, shew us that long life, under certain circumstances, may be very desirable. How long the power of medicine, in some future highly improved state of the art, may help to continue and make life comfortable, time only can discover. The friends of science and humanity are doing what they can, in this quarter of the world, to make improvements in the healing art, and to qualify young men to practise with more advantage than heretofore.

A few days since I was in company with Mr. Jackson, a gentleman of learning and good taste, who was attending General Washington through this part of the country; and as I knew he would be pleased with the polite and truly classical eulogy which you give of that hero in your letter to me, I took the liberty to read it to him. Mr. Jackson was so pleased, that he insisted on having the letter a few days, that at some moment of leisure he might read it to the General. I consented, because I knew the General himself must be pleased with the esteem of men of virtue and learning in other parts of the world. General Washington's visit to this part of the country was attended with so much parade, unsought indeed by him, and with such crowds to pay their respects

to him, that he had very little time for any particular friends.

Your sincere Friend,
JOHN LATHROP.

LETTER CCLVI.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Boston, Nov. 13, 1799.*

Please to accept my thanks for the valuable present of the Natural History of the Tea Tree. The smaller works have afforded me instruction and refreshment. Reflections on Religious Persecution are excellent. I am convinced it is the will of God there should be a great variety of religious opinions, and that there should be a variety of ways in which men offer worship to the One Supreme: and, with an honest heart, I think I can say, while I am satisfied with the way in which I have been educated, I love good men of all sects and denominations, as ardently as I love good men of my own. It is my belief that while God is no respecter of persons, all good men may agree in every thing necessary to their happiness. The great and noble ideas expressed in the closing part of the Reflections on Persecution, fill my soul with the most delightful expectations. What incalculable millions of beings are, every moment of time,

"travelling towards the Heaven of Heavens, the pure empyreum of incomprehensible excellence!!" O blessed day, when we shall meet in those regions! When we shall have escaped from all the evils, and shall have completed all the labours of this imperfect state, and commenced actors of nobler parts, and spectators of more delightful scenes, than have ever been assigned for the employment or gratification of mortals.

With sentiments of affection
and great esteem,
I am sincerely yours,
JOHN LATHROP.

LETTER CCLVII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Boston, Nov.* 2, 1803.

I thank you for your very acceptable favour of July the 15th, and the pamphlets connected with the subject of Vaccination and the Humane Society. The world is greatly indebted to the medical gentlemen of Great Britain, not only for the discoveries which they have made, but for their noble, and in many respects disinterested, exertions to alleviate the miseries of human nature. Vaccination certainly bids fair to exterminate one of the greatest destroyers of mankind. When we

consider the millions of the children of men, which may, and which we hope *will*, be saved from death by this wonderful discovery, we should praise the Most High for this singular instance of his care and goodness. But, alas! the greatest benefits are by multitudes disregarded. Enough has been done on this side of the Atlantic to prove the efficacy of vaccination, as a security against the small-pox; but when our people find they have the remedy at hand, they very generally neglect it: I fear nothing but present danger will awaken them. Should the small-pox come among us, and kill two or three hundred, the security against it will be sought for. In this we must conduct ourselves as we do in many other things; we must do our duty; we must point out to our friends and neighbours the means of safety, and then leave it with them to act for themselves. I rejoice that in many other parts of the world, greater attention is given to this interesting subject. Superstition is sometimes made the instrument of good. Veneration for the cow has brought multitudes of the Asiatics to embrace the means of their temporal salvation; and as to their eternal condition, we may hope a Divine Parent will not be wanting in goodness. He who provides for the present condition of man, is equally ready to provide for the future. Yes, my dear friend, the Temple of Janus is again opened; again we hear the noise of war. The time of rest has been short; we congratulated each other on a general peace; we then thought

the nations had suffered enough to make repose desirable, and to give a prospect of its long continuance; but those passions which produce war and fightings were not subdued. He only who conducts the storms in the natural and in the political world, can restrain those awful passions which threaten Europe with slaughter and misery. I pray God you may be preserved from that ambitious Usurper, who has brought many and powerful nations to his feet. God has suffered him to afflict the people; and how long he may be suffered to hold up the sword over those who have not strength to oppose him, no mortal can say. It has not, however, been uncommon for such tyrants to fall suddenly, and end their career in disgrace.

I am, &c.

JOHN LATHROP.

LETTER CCLVIII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Boston, May* 18, 1810.

I take this good opportunity to write by Mr. Francis Parkman, son of a valuable member of the Christian society to which I belong, and who is one of the most successful merchants of this place. Young Mr. Parkman, who will do himself the

honour to call on you, has received the advantage of an education at Cambridge, and is pursuing a course of studies to prepare him for a public teacher of religion. He has for a companion, Mr. Hurd, who was also educated at our Cambridge, and is preparing for the same profession. They will pass some time in London, and then go to Edinburgh to attend the lectures, connected with the profession for which they are preparing.

It is, Sir, a pleasing reflection, that a love of general science has a strong tendency to keep the best people, in all nations, in friendship with each other. When men of information, and of good principles, from remote parts of the world, visit each other, they feel an interest in each other's country, and they will do what they can to remove prejudices, and prevent the quarrels which selfish and passionate men too often excite.

Some of the consequences of the dreadful convulsions in Europe have been felt on this side the Atlantic. It cannot be denied, that the influential men in our country have been, and are *still*, divided in their opinions, but under the guidance of a wise and good Providence we have hitherto been kept out of a destructive warfare. There have been seasons when the friends of peace and of order had great fear that the more violent among us would have driven the people into war with England; but we think the danger now is not great. The restrictions which our government thought proper to lay on commerce, had not the

effect which was expected, and in their wisdom they now permit the citizens of America to go wherever the other nations of the world will admit them. A large portion of our country now entertain a hope that such a treaty may be formed between Great Britain and America, as shall be to our mutual advantage, and our mutual safety.

What Heaven designs for the Continent of Europe, time will evince. We, who believe in the government of a Being infinite in power and in wisdom, still hope that good will come out of evil, and order at length will spring out of confusion; for "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain."

With the best wishes, and with sincere good will to you and yours,

I am your friend

JOHN LATHROP.

LETTER CCLIX.

Dr. WATERHOUSE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1791.

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* * * * * * * * *

I am not absolutely certain whether I received your very acceptable present of Clavigero's History of Mexico, with some other publications, be-

fore I sent the papers written by my friend Dr. Senter. If they came to hand since, I have now to express my obligations for them, and to tell you how much I was pleased and instructed by that very curious History of the Mexicans. Clavigero has let in light upon several dark subjects. I now see pretty clearly where our aboriginals came from, and how they progressed from North to South. A painter who went from this country to study in Italy, saw, as he imagined, three very exact paintings of some of our more northern tribe of Indians, in the gallery at Florence: when he expressed his surprise at seeing such portraits *there*, they told him he was mistaken, they were paintings of *three Tartars*, who were sent as presents by the Empress of Russia to the Grand Duke, who caused their portraits to be taken; another evidence that our Indians and the Tartars were the same people.

B. W.

LETTER CCLX.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Cambridge, Nov. 25,* 1794.

Dictionary Johnson has somewhere observed, that there is an inequality which happens to every man, in every mode of exertion, manual or men-

al: that the mechanic cannot handle his hammer and his file at all times with equal dexterity; and that there are hours, he knew not why, *when his hand is out*; and I verily believe it is true, for this is the third evening that I have sat down, without any visible impediment, to write to my friend Dr. Lettsom, and I have not been able to cover one page before I felt disposed to tear up what I had written, and throw it in the fire. Why is it that intellectual vigour will sometimes desert a man, merriment confuse him, and objection disconcert him—and, I may add, awkwardness overwhelm him—when neither ill health, nor low spirits, can be accused as the cause? It is true, this is the gloomy month of November, which is a black month in Old England, but made, by the wisdom of our forefathers, the brightest and happiest month in the year in New England, for in this month is celebrated the *Te Deum*, or "Thanksgiving," as we call it, throughout New England, when every Religious society (one excepted) return thanks publicly, their own way, and every heart is made to leap with joy. Contributions are made in every congregation for the needy servants and dependants; even prisoners are sure to have on that day such a repast as the British poor seldom partake of in the course of their lives. To see the year crowned with a plenteous harvest, and every man, woman, and child with a sufficiency to feed them and keep them warm just as they are entering on the verge

of winter, gives hilarity to our November, almost equal to the European May. The Governor and Council appoint this festival every year in this month by proclamation. It is made universal by appointing it always on the fifth day of the week, when our Friends hold their week-day meetings. The vast quantities of provisions brought from the country at this season give strangers some idea of this land of promise; and the easy situation of the lower class of people has induced some to say that their condition was too happy to last long. 'Tis charming to observe the spirit of benevolence which reigns among us. A fire destroyed forty houses a few months ago in Boston. In a very short time 70,000 dollars were raised by subscription and by contributions in all the Religious societies for their relief. Great poverty is not seen among us unless accompanied with drunkenness. At this season too we make our Congressional rulers. Here the lowest labourer dares, and often does, vote contrary to the wish of his employer; and should the rich man presume to controul the vote of his dependant or servant, he would not escape the odium of his neighbours. It is, however, to be regretted, that in general we do not sufficiently consider the superior advantages and blessings we enjoy over every other people on earth: we are happy in our habits, our morals, and our form of government. Should Heaven in mercy preserve us still longer from the desolating and immoral effects of war, I shall hope our habits

of peace will, as in Holland, save us from the destructive effects of that diabolical scourge for many generations to come.

This summer I have visited the medicinal springs of Saratoga in the State of New York, which are so celebrated among us that thousands resort to them in the course of a season from almost every State in the Union. In a newspaper which accompanies this you will see a short account which I have given of them. I have been not a little gratified by this journey. I went nearly 300 miles from the sea-coast, and was about ten weeks travelling what may be called a magnificent country, yet very different from what the *little big* men who inhabit palaces and haunt courts would consider as worthy that epithet. I passed one mountain that was 28 miles over: it had four or five towns on it. At its summit, where great Nature dwells in awful solitude, the surrounding prospect was pleasing, far beyond my powers of description. When afterwards I rode along the spacious Hudson, and saw this vast current winding majestically between enormous mountains, with here and there a stupendous cataract, I more clearly comprehended the cause of that elevation of thought manifested by a common soldier in our army during the war. While the army was encamped on the banks of this river, a private soldier, one day when off duty, amused himself with climbing one of these huge mountains. When he had reached the pinnacle his

mind was so sublimely affected with the amazing height he found himself from the surface of the water, and the vast extent his eye reached, that he stretched forth his right arm, and gave the following words of command: "Attention, the Universe! By kingdoms, to the right wheel—march!" This anecdote I had from Gen. Lincoln, and serves, I think, to shew that *situations* affect the human mind more than writers on education are aware of. It is probable the sons of the mountains conceive sublime ideas from their habit of looking down on the world.

I went quite up to Lake George. This vast sheet of water, expanding between two immense mountains, forms a sublime and beautiful prospect. To me it was the most beautiful picture I have yet found in the great book of Nature. I had some curiosity to see the field of battle where Burgoyne and Gates fought, as well as the spot where the former surrendered. General Gates himself happening to visit the Springs, I went with him, the Spanish Ambassador, and several others, to view this famous place. The General told me he should hardly have known the ground again, for what were then woods are now corn-fields, and regular farms. I always thought Burgoyne's expedition a very unwise scheme; I now saw it was an attempt worthy only of Don Quixote. An army of four times its force could not have marched to the sea-coast. When about to surrender, Burgoyne exclaimed with *surprise!*

"Hitherto I have fought with young men, and hired substitutes, but now I am opposed by the *owners* of the soil themselves;" a speech which shows how fit he was to plan a scheme of conquest in such a country. The several towns which have risen since the war in this back-country rather surprised me. Several of these towns would be called very pretty villages even in Old England. They are inhabited chiefly by New England people. In one town on the Mohawk river, there is, besides three places of worship, an academy containing about eighty young gentlemen. Hudson is a very flourishing town, first settled by some of our friends from Nantucket, and who wished rather to trade than fight, so purchased the land and built this town. Troy is another very flourishing neat town, wholly built since Burgoyne's capture; so is Lansenburgh, Half-Moon, Whiteston, and New-city. Stage-coaches run constantly between these towns; newspapers are printed, and circulating libraries are found in all of them. To give you an idea of the facility of travelling in this newly-settled country, I would just notice that we went from Cambridge to Saratoga in a coach and four, and returned without a single disagreeable accident; we were obliged indeed to employ oxen in some passes in the mountains. My particular excursions were made on horseback, and often on foot; the scenes were mostly new to me, and often highly interesting. I wish to make an excursion into Vermont, which would,

I am told, gratify the researches of the mineralogist; but I cannot be so long absent from home without injuring my business as a physician. A few years hence I may probably venture on a second excursion. It is expected, I find, that I publish my excursion to Lake George; but I believe I shall disappoint them, and that for two reasons: first, it takes me much longer to write for the press than my friends imagine; and secondly, a man in my situation cannot afford it: people *borrow* books in this country, instead of *buying* them. A man who prints a work in this country, most commonly does it at a considerable loss. To make any thing by a publication seems totally out of the question. It has one good effect, however: it keeps us free from a lumber of nonsense. Should I ever execute what I am constantly revolving in my mind, "A View of Society and Manners, with the Natural History of New England," I should send it to England, and publish it there without a name. The fact is, I have no taste for the practice of physic as it is conducted in this country. It is not worth a man's attention. I feel such a mighty difference between transcribing from the great volume of Nature, and practising among the very vulgar, that is, conforming to the whims and nonsense of old women and silly people, that I am sometimes almost determined to renounce it for ever. I know how a London physician gets his bread, but with us it is widely different: a man like me of a weakly

frame, addicted to study, is liable to be called out five or six miles on horseback in a severe winter night, and to remain out all night, and to receive (in the course of the year) a guinea for it! We are obliged to be physician, surgeon, apothecary, and tooth-drawer, all under one; and if we are not attentive to small things, and if we do not give consequence to trifles, we are dropped for some one who does. You are spoiled (say some of my friends) for practice in this country, by living so long with Dr. Fothergill, which is in a great measure true—a charming specimen of my intended view of society and manners!

I am, &c.

B. WATERHOUSE.

LETTER CCLXI.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Oct.* 18, 1799.

We consider you as the father of the science of mineralogy in this country. Our knowledge of that branch of natural history was very confined. We have, indeed, had gold and silver hunters among us ever since the settlement of the country, but they were a shy, distant, and dark set of people, no how communicative, suspicious and suspected, and in general very like the idea I have of those unhappy people, who waste their time and talents in the delirious pursuit of the philoso

pher's stone. It has happened, therefore, among us that the word *mineralogist* has shared pretty much the same fate with the word *magus* in Europe, which was in ancient days a word of great reverence, signifying a person instructed in the knowledge of the sublimer parts of philosophy, whereas it is now used to signify a necromancer, conjuror, or impostor, than which nothing can be further from the true character of the wise men of Persia. Your donation of minerals has restored the title of Mineralogist to its ancient and honourable rank, so that some of our young gentlemen have chosen that branch of natural history as a theme for their public declamations. I was less acquainted with that department of natural history than perhaps any other. I was, however, determined to master the subject: I began with Dr. Hill, and then read those you sent me, namely, Cronstedt, Kirwan, and Schmeisser. I was under ground the greatest part of the winter, and did not emerge into light till about the time the frost came out of the ground, and then I composed a few lectures, and distributed a printed letter, describing our collection of minerals, and inviting men of science and others to send every thing above the appearance of a common stone to our mineralogical museum. I here inclose a copy of it*. Its consequences exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Some farmers quitted their agricul-

* See note [L.] to the Life of Dr. Lettsom, in Vol. I

ture, and came above 100 miles to bring me what they conceived to be gold ore, which was only splendid *pyrites*. I undeceived these people in as gentle a manner as I could, by telling them that the very bowels of the earth gave man lessons of wisdom; for that it was in mineralogy as in morals, "all is not gold that glitters;" that it was with metals as with men, the most valuable made the least show; and the most worthless, most apt to catch the eyes of the uninformed multitude. Then I shewed them the true gold and silver ores from your collection, and contrasted them with the worthless but glittering pyrites. I laboured to convince them that gold and silver were precious metals, chiefly because they were very scarce, and that they were never found in such large glaring lumps as those sulphureous ores they had brought so far. To impress this more strongly on their minds, I told them, on the authority of Mr. Necker, that the whole quantity of gold in the vast kingdom of France would, if melted down, make a block of less than ten feet square. I laboured to convince them that a mine of copper, tin, or lead, were in one sense a mine of gold, and were metals which we should seek after rather than those esteemed more precious.

In broaching this entirely new subject to my natural-history-pupils in this university, I began by informing them, that the study of minerals was considered to be of such importance in Sweden, Germany, and France, that colleges were erected,

in which that branch of science was regularly taught: that subterraneous maps of the Republic of France were tracing before the war, and voyages undertaken at the expence of government for the express purpose of collecting minerals. I then endeavoured to give them some idea of the riches hitherto locked up in vast store-houses under our feet, and told them that the knowledge of minerals laid the line which separates the civilized man from the savage. That, although every thing for the support of life was continued with an unceasing circulation from the upper stratum of earth, it was nevertheless as true, that from the bowels of it, labour drew all her tools, agriculture her support, commerce her riches, and the fine arts their materials. Plunging into fire and phlogiston, I ventured to define a metal, and endeavoured to show how the imperfect ones could be decomposed and recomposed as they lost or recovered their *soul*, phlogiston. The specimens were exhibited as their natural history was given, and I soon found that I had effectually excited their curiosity to search further into those recesses of wealth, to pursue a subject hitherto unknown among them. I gave these infant mineralogists the theory of crystallization; and closed by assuring them, that as I had spoken of the most useful, and consequently most valuable mineral productions, I should say nothing of the diamond, the topaz, the emerald, the sapphire, the onyx, and other brilliant and very costly minerals, they being the

playthings of kings and queens, and beneath the notice of republicans! That some of these shining baubles, not bigger than a walnut, had been purchased for a greater sum than would pay all the expenses of the American government for the past year! and this only to decorate the cap, the necklace, or the finger of a King or a Queen. Yet how many thousands of the human species are excluded from the light of Heaven, and condemned to drag out a wretched existence in holes and caverns under ground, to procure these glittering trifles. *Quot manus atteruntur* (says the elegant Pliny), *ut unus niteat articulus!*

By the time I began my next course, I found that my pupils had picked up a considerable collection of mineral productions from various parts of the country, and I soon perceived that the subject had become popular, although a year before they never heard of *quartz, schistus, shörl, glist, tuffwacke, trapp, gneiss, hornblende, pyrites,* or *plumbago;* and could hardly compose their features at the very utterance of these Gothic names.

As mineralogy has become a favourite branch among our young men, and has, morever, excited the public attention, I thought it was proper to inform you of the steps that have been taken, and the success that has followed. I have been the *pioneer* in this business, and having broken the way, must leave to my successor the easy task of smoothing it. But whatever we have done or shall do, the American public must ever regard

Dr. Lettsom as the father of mineralogy in this quarter of the world.

The cabinet containing the minerals could not be more advantageously placed. It is situated in one of our largest public rooms, a room that would be denominated elegant at either your Cambridge or Oxford. It is ornamented with full length paintings of our principal benefactors, *viz.* Boylston, who founded a professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory; Hollis, who founded two professorships, and was otherwise the greatest benefactor this University ever knew; Hancock, who founded a professorship of Hebrew and the Oriental languages; and Hersey, who laid the foundation for a professorship of Anatomy and Surgery, and likewise for the Practice of Physic. There is also a portrait of Gen. Washington and President Adams. Among the prints that ornament the room we distinguish Copley's death of the Earl of Chatham, his Death of Major Pearson, the Tribute of Money, the Nativity, and print of Mr. Lawrence. There is also Trunbull's Battle of Bunker's Hill, and the Attack on Quebec by Montgomery. In the same room is placed a large orrery, made by Joseph Pope of Boston, which is particularly described in the second volume of the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Adjoining this room is a smaller one filled with philosophical apparatus of English workmanship, by far the largest collection of the kind in the United States. Contiguous to the

same is the museum for natural and artificial curiosities, a catalogue of which I will send you on some future occasion. On the same floor level is the University Library, containing about 14,000 volumes, well chosen and very neat. Certain spaces between the books are covered with fine engravings of the English philosophers, divines, poets, and statesmen. On a conspicuous stand is placed a fine marble bust of the late Earl of Chatham, a man whom the Americans almost adored. Several paintings, among which is a very good one of Cardinal Bentevolio, heightens the ornament of this very valuable library. The books are placed in alcoves, and those who have contributed largely to the collection have their names inscribed above in large gold letters. Among these we distinguish Hollis and Hancock, neither of whom contributed less than a £.1000 sterling. There is likewise inscribed as benefactors your English Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts; also the province of New Hampshire, who voted a very generous sum towards the purchase of books for this library.

I am, &c.

B. WATERHOUSE.

LETTER CCLXII.

From the same.

Cambridge, Nov. 16, 1799.

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Yesterday I met with the Travels through the States of North America and the Provinces of Canada, in the years 1795, 96, and 97, by Isaac Weld, jun., second edition, and have read the first volume, and merely run through the second, which relates to Canada. Of all the publications respecting the United States I have yet seen, it is the most despicable; and I feel mortified that such a series of malicious falsehood should have passed through two impressions. If the design of the writer was to check the emigration of his countrymen, the Irish, I can forgive him, because we have two many already among us; but to offer that work to your respectable public as a true picture of American society and manners, is a disgrace to any man who knows the use of letters. Such a collection of rancorous prejudices and juvenile petulance I never yet met with; insomuch, that I cannot feel easy without bearing my testimony against his representations of the common people or peasantry of this country in my collection of letters. If Isaac Weld, Jun. published those two volumes for the purpose of inducing the Irish to

settle in Canada, in preference to these States, I can see reason for his false colouring; but why should he do it at the expence of the American character? which is, according to him, a compound of stupidity, laziness, and knavery. It may be accounted for another way; some young men have come over to America, from England and from Ireland, who have no consequence in their own country, yet assume intolerable airs of importance in this; they appear to me to be of that class of men which you, in England, denominate "Riders," who are sent by the merchants and manufacturers to settle accounts, and obtain orders. The haughty airs with which these *little great men* adorn themselves, are very disgusting to our quick-sighted peasantry and inn-keepers, who do not fail to tip their companions the wink, as much as to say, "let us smoke this assuming foreigner," and this they sometimes do to his mortification and disgust. The Americans are a very civil, courteous people. Their attention to gentlemen strangers is as remarkable, as their sarcasms are severe to certain characters who affect to despise them, their manners, and their country. I have seen enough of other countries and my own, to form some judgment on this head, and I venture to pronounce the Americans a kind, humane, and courteous people, but feelingly alive to resentment when they perceive a foreigner treat them with contempt, and behave as if the American ground were not good enough for them to walk on. Such writers of

Travels as this Isaac Weld, actually do a great dis-service to their countrymen, who may hereafter visit this country. Such writers will probably occasion the Americans to treat the English, Scotch, and Irish in the manner he describes; and surliness, shyness, and inhospitality may be the consequence of such publications. Had this young traveller visited New England, and written in the same abusive strain of its inhabitants, I would certainly have addressed a letter to him through the medium of a London press.

B. W.

LETTER CCLXIII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Cambridge, Jan.* 1, 1801.

This is the first day of the new year. A severe snow-storm distinguishes the ending of the old, and the beginning of the new.

> This year began, shall wondrous things behold!
> But—what to me the stars have not foretold

says one of our American almanack-makers.

You in the south of Britain can form no adequate idea of one of our severe snow-storms, when the wind rages as if it would "blow the earth into

the sea." This rugged season is, however, with us, a season of merriment, universal sociability, and expansive bounty. Our ancestors brought the custom of making this season a period of hilarity from Europe. At this season the rich give a portion of their good things to the infirm poor, and to those confined in prison, not even omitting the criminals; so that the hearts of the most wretched at this time are made to beat with a short-lived joy. If the earth be covered with a firm body of snow, it is esteemed an highly favourable circumstance. By means of it, an easy and pleasant intercourse is made between our vast back country even as far back as Canada, and our sea-ports; for the mode of travelling in sleighs renders every transported article much cheaper than if conveyed by wheels. Thus does a firm and even coat of snow increase our plenty, mirth, and sociability;

> For now, amidst the rigours of the year,
> The tinkling sleigh-bells greet the damsel's ear.
> The vial too sends forth its frolic sound,
> And mirth, and dance, and jollity abound.

You will cease to wonder at my quoting rhymes, when I tell you that I employed my pen the greatest part of yesterday in the manufactory of poetry! You must know that it is the custom of the news-carriers to address at this season, those to whom they carry papers, in rhyme, or what they call *poetry*, recounting past events, foretelling future ones, magnifying their own importance,

and *begging a little money.* One of these *Mercuries* who frequents my doors, applied to some of my family for such an address, and so it came in a circuitous course to me. Being confined to the house by indisposition and the snow-storm, I tried to enliven the gloomy interval by weaving a poetical address for the aforesaid Mercury; and I here transcribe a few of the leading stanzas for your diversion, should they happen to meet you similarly situated. When you have read them you may burn them, as I should probably do, were I to keep them until to-morrow. Several stanzas, alluding to local matters, are omitted :—

THE NEWS-BOY'S ADDRESS TO HIS CUSTOMERS ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR, 1801.

The various comforts of the changing year,
In situation snug have oft been sung;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, elevate and cheer,
And furnish charms to grace the poet's tongue.

But chilling *Winter*, riding on the storm,
Half froz'd I sing unto my trembling lyre;
With scarce enough to keep my body warm,
Or wherewithal to feed the kitchen-fire.

I am a *Printer's Boy*, condemn'd to trudge,
In snow and rain, to circulate the news;
Can this be done, kind patrons, you shall judge,
Without a small expence of boots and shoes?

Although December keen, has blown his blast,
Yet Januarius the same trumpet blows;
He's froze the lakes, and all the rivers fast,
And painted blue your humble servant's nose.

Think what I brought you all, the year before,
Occurrences most strange beneath the sun,
Will ever year unfold to mortals more?
Yes! bounteous Sirs!—the year that's just begun.

Old Ninety-odd pass'd like a rapid stream,
And on his surface bore tremendous things!
Vast heaps of slain, "and garments roll'd in blood!"
The blood of subjects and of scepter'd kings!

'Twas then you heard how Liberty inspir'd
With more than mortal energy, the band,
Who would in Bastile-dungeons have expir'd,
Had they but lisp'd these words—"*The Rights of Man.*"

Hark! Gallia's cannon roar! terrific sound!
Lo! stupid vassals strew the bloody field!
See Austria's sons with anguish bite the ground,
And the combined slaves compell'd to yield!

These were thy triumphs, France! but lo! a tear
In frighted Mercy's milder eye is seen,
Check'd in her heavenly course by Robespierre,
And his infernal scourge, the Guillotine.

But see *Democracy*, of Yankey birth,
With open front, and an undaunted eye,
How kind he looks! how firm he treads the earth!
He dares to *think*, and *act*; nor fears to *die*.

On his approach fell Cruelty withdraws,
(Dress'd like an Algerine, all stain'd with blood)
And in his train, Equality of laws,
With Peace and Love, and every other good.

Thus * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * &c. (local.)

Bless'd is our land, above all others bless'd,—
No haughty Lord here tramples down the Poor;
No odious Priest, in superstition dress'd,
Nor furious Soldier burst your sacred door

The cultur'd land, exuberant bounty brings;
In chains of gold our world's by Commerce bound;
The Printing-press supplies the arts with wings;
Humanity consummates our renown.

We've every good without the curse of kings,
For ev'ry good do equal laws diffuse,
And I'm the Herald of these glorious things,
And bring, like Noah's dove, the best of news.

A small reward is all I shiv'ring ask:
Next year I've something better still, to say,
When this, that's just begun, has done his task:
And your petitioner will ever pray,

That joys substantial may your steps attend,
"And calm content that happiness increase,
Your scenes of pleasure may they know no end,
"And all your paths, be paths of perfect peace."

So much for my shivering, frost-bitten Muse, and her trembling lyre! Do you think she would ever earn enough to buy herself a pair of snow-shoes?

Adieu! and attribute this long and tedious epistle to bad weather and its consequences, weakness of body and of mind of your friend

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

LETTER CCLXIV.

From the same.

Cambridge, March 9, 1801.

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The large seeds produce a squash, or rather pumpkin, of an admirable flavour. I found them on the Island of Nantucket, when I was called there about two years ago to see a patient. I was struck with the sight of its enormous leaf and spacious vine. They told me that some of their whale-men brought the seed from Cape Horn, a few years ago; they therefore called it the *Cape Horn Pumpkin.* But when I brought the seed on to the Continent, and distributed them in this quarter, I gave it the name of the *Patagonian Pumpkin.* They are dressed like the winter squash. They make admirable puddings, and also bread, when mixed with half flour, or Indian meal *(i. e.* ground Indian corn). As to their cultivation, we generally put five seeds in a hill, just like cucumbers, with some manure; yet they grow well in the sandy soil of Nantucket, where they scarcely know what the word *manure* means; for although that Island is 120 miles from Boston, yet they carry their winter vegetables, even cabbages, from that port.

The smaller seeds in the same paper-bag are the *winter* or *crooked-neck-squash*, similar to those I sent a year or two past.

I have filled up the box with a few ears of *Indian corn*; they are of an uncommonly large size, and of my own growth. I *grew* (to use an *Anglicism*, which we *Yankees* smile at) about 160 bushels of such ears the past season. It makes the chief bread of my family; *I prefer it to all others*, and (behold the similarity of taste) so did *General Washington*; he never chose to breakfast without it. It is made with great expedition, simply by mixing it with boiling water and a little salt, and baking it before the fire for about fifteen minutes; hence it is called *Journey-cake*. We make it about a quarter of an inch thick; when it is brought on table we split it and butter it, and I prefer it to the richest cake ever invented.

My wife has also put in, to fill up the box, a sample of starch, of her own growth and manufacture. It is made of potatoes, and manufactured by the children. I believe, but am not *certain*, that the same practice is pursued in some parts of England. If it be a new thing with you, I will send a particular account of the process; for I take it that you are now under the necessity of studying how to save wheat.

B. W.

LETTER CCLXV.

From the same.

Cambridge, Nov. 16, 1802.

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I have sent, by this opportunity, a few pages of my publication on the Kine-pock, to Mr. Ring. The whole will be printed within a month. Every body will approve of the absolute propriety of addressing it to yourself and to Dr. Jenner, when they know that the first intimation I ever had of the cow-pox came from Dr. Lettsom, and that Dr. Jenner has been to me what the *sun* is to the *moon*. Should any of you think this book of sufficient importance to admit of a London edition, I shall add to it an Epistle Dedicatory, expressive of these obligations. But more of this hereafter. I shall bear in mind the LL.D. for Dr. Jenner next July. We give degrees but once a year. Dr. Jenner has just sent me a present I highly prize, a silver box inlaid with gold of exquisite taste and workmanship, bearing this inscription "Edward Jenner to Benjamin Waterhouse." But Mr. Ring annexed the superscription in rather an hyperbolical style, "From the Jenner of the Old World to the Jenner of the New World." Long will it remain among the sacræ relictæ of my family.

B. W.

LETTER CCLXVI.

From the same.

Cambridge, May 28, 1807.

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You mention that on reading over again my Lecture on Tobacco, you was more gratified than at first. I may venture to mention to a friend, that this little production acquired more popularity than any medical or philosophical publication ever printed in America. It excited the attention of all parents who had sons in Colleges. It was popular with every one who had journeymen, apprentices, or clerks, who were apprehensive of fire from smoking cigars. It was popular with the married ladies, whose husbands were in that habit; and it was violently popular with all the young ones who wished for husbands, and hated the smell of tobacco. It was a matter of serious consideration with the clergy, because it called their virtue in question. The subject was a standing joke after dinner, when the fruit, wine, and cigars, were set on the table. Wherever I went in town or country, men, women, and children, were pointing me out as the gentleman who wrote against cigars. Did this feed my vanity? Not absolutely. I was mortified that my labours in Vaccination were, seemingly, less valued than my

Smoking Lecture. You perhaps are not aware of the universal prevalence of this nasty custom. Upon nice estimation it was found that *seventy thousand dollars* were consumed in New York, in one year, in cigars. Dr. Ramsay, the historian, republished my lecture in the newspapers, and added his own masterly pen to my feeble pages; and Rush and Mitchill added to it the weight of their approbation. I received innumerable letters from various parts of the Union in consequence of this simple publication. A short but neatly complimentary one from our Chief Magistrate I shall transcribe for its Ciceronian elegance:

"THOMAS JEFFERSON to DR. WATERHOUSE:

"Legerat hujus amor titulum nomenque libelli;
"Bella mihi, video, bella parantur, ait."

"So Ovid introduces his book *Remediorum Amo-*
"*ris*. A Lecture against Tobacco was calcu-
"lated to excite a similar alarm in a Virginian,
"and cultivator of tobacco. However, being a
"friend neither to its culture nor consequences,
"I thank you for the pamphlet, and wish a suc-
"cessful opposition to this *organ of Virginia in-*
"*fluence* *, as well as to every other, injurious to
"our physical, moral, or political well-being.
"Accept my friendly and respectful salutations.

"*Washington, March* 3, 1805."

B. W.

* A well-known and even hackneyed phrase in New England, introduced by Jefferson's enemies.

LETTER CCLXVII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Cambridge, May* 8, 1810.

What a tedious length of time has elapsed since I had a line from you, or indeed, any of my old friends and correspondents in England! Our non-intercourse has operated as cruelly on friendship as on trade. The commerce of both has suffered by it; but I hope both will again revive with an increased vigour, so as to make up in energy what has been lost by time. Where is Jenner? and where is Ring? There is, I hope, no embargo on their friendship. They, I hope, as well as yourself, have not passed any non-intercourse resolutions with their trans-atlantic friend. Be assured yourself, and tell them, that I must still be allowed to send you my "*raw materials*," to be worked up by you all into those fine fabricks, which bear so high a price in every market of the civilized world. Are you aware that I have scarcely seen a sample from you these two years? For the honour of my country I am ashamed to tell Dr. Jenner how I have been treated by our legislature respecting remuneration. I have received nothing but abuse; nay, more, I have been intrigued out of my place, as Physician to the United States Marine Hospital, worth £500

sterling a-year, and given me, by Mr. Jefferson, as a reward for my labours in Vaccination; and this merely in consequence of his going out of office and others coming in; so that, at 56 years of age, I have now to contrive and execute some new plan to supply this deficiency. I propose to quit my quiet retreat in Cambridge, and move into Boston, there to give my Lectures on Natural History and on Medicine; for here, the Botanist I formerly spoke of has been forced into my place. Were I a single man, and without children, I would go to England; if not to live there, at least to die there. You do not knock a man on the head in Britain because he exerts himself more than his neighbours do. The history of your mineral-cabinet would make you weep. If I have my health, and can hold a pen, you and the public shall know the whole of it. Sometimes, one man influences and impels the sentiments and conduct of the public. I am not calculated by nature or habit to combat intrigue.

The two parties in Massachusetts, the one called Federalists, or the English party, and the other Republicans, have been most curiously balanced. The latter party now predominates, and the partizans of England are daily losing ground. The English party have been too confident, and too violent. They have pulled the string so hard as to break it. *John Bull* is a strong but violent animal; Buonaparte must make an ox of him before he can tame him to his hand.

To compensate for embargoes and non-intercourse with England, a spirit of manufacturing has come to our assistance. Almost every ship from Spain or Portugal, brings us the *Merino* sheep. Forty-four arrived in one vessel, at Boston, a few days since. Some of which have been sold for *one thousand dollars* a-head! If we go on, as we have begun, we shall, in a year or two, be able to export *Hispanico-American* wool to England. While one party is vociferating that we cannot live without England, the other are trying to *demonstrate* that we can. While one depreciates our resources, the other extols them to the skies. Wisdom fixes her approbating eye on the line between both these extremes of party. France commonly magnifies our power, while the English delight to minify it.

We have something in the physical line somewhat alarming. The *spotted fever*, so called, has appeared here and there in Connecticut, and in Massachusetts. Several have died of it *in less than 24 hours*. Two perished as speedily as that within a mile of my dwelling. It has appeared in high and dry situations, as well as in low and damp ones. Is not this the plague? Those who have died in this neighbourhood, appear to have perished as if by some subterraneous effluvia, rather than from a malignant state of the common air. Near upon, and after death, the sufferer appears spotted. Men, women, and children especially, have been cut off in a few hours, by this strange

distemper. What author has treated of such a disorder? It differs widely from the yellow fever. It seems to merit the name of a poison rather than a fever.

I suspect that my manuscript sent to you has been stolen by some *governmental* emissary. Is it not a fact, that the British Government are disposed to suppress every book that contains such an account of America as would induce their mechanics and farmers to emigrate hither? I have heard some curious anecdotes to that purpose, which tend to strengthen my suspicion.

Should an opportunity occur, do not fail to write to

Your affectionate Friend,

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

LETTER CCLXVIII.

From the same.

Cambridge, July 15, 1810.

My Dear Friend,

This will, I hope, be delivered to you by my friend the Rev. Thadeus Mason Harris, minister of the first parish in our old town of Dorchester, near Boston. Mr. Harris is a man of sense and science, and was three or four years Librarian of this University. You will find few men, from this

part of our country, better acquainted with its natural history and general state, than Mr. Harris; you will therefore, I am persuaded, take pleasure in conversing deeply with him. Besides some business connected with his family, he goes to Great Britain, like other travellers, for the acquisition of general knowledge; and he has, if I mistake not, a good soil for its reception. As to me and my family, he knows all about us.

As to politics, I shall say nothing. One half, nay, more than half of us, love our own country, and prefer its honour and interest to every other country, while the residue view England, and all the rest of the world, through the medium of their counting-houses. Whether it be so in England you can best determine. The violent spirit of party contaminates every thing in this country. Every man who does not manifest a strong attachment to England and all *her* views, is suspected of being attached to Napoleon and all *his* views. Nay, more, the man who is attached strongly to his native country, who wishes to see it draw forth its own resources and manufacture for itself, is marked down as an enemy to his country; and a friend to the views of Buonaparte. I am of this description. I am not disposed to consider England as our mother, but grand-mother. I view her emissaries, who are sent over here to fill our country with seditious pamphlets, as highly dangerous to the peace of our country; especially those who endeavour to familiarize us to the idea of separating

the northern from the middle and southern States. Whatever you may think of us, from our newspapers, from our periodical and other publications, and acts of the legislature of this state, last year, you may rest assured that a great majority of the American people are disposed to maintain, even with the sword, every sentence in our famous declaration of independence. It is a truth beyond all controversy, that there is a dangerous British faction in the heart of some of these New England states; and I am fearful of the conflict that will attend the extirpation of this foreign influence. This party are zealous that we should form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Great Britain; but the great body of *us* are averse to any entangling alliances with any European power whatever. We are the new world, and we wish to act agreeably to that lofty idea. We ought immediately to lay the keels of 60 stout frigates, and when they are launched, to begin 40 more. We can do it. We have all the materials within ourselves. We have lately commenced a *cotton sail-cloth* manufacture, and can soon extend it to our wants. The Turkey men of war, even ships of the line, have sails of this sort. I am only doubtful whether we have a sufficiency of copper in this country, ready rolled for use. We shall never be respected by either France or England, until we are in a condition to defend ourselves from their encroachments on our rights and property. That party denominated the Republican, in opposition to that called Fœderalists,

is decidedly predominant in every State of the Union, Connecticut excepted. The Republican party gains ground every day, and the other will never, I believe, domineer again. I was of this Fœderal party until within this year or two, as far as it regarded my voting; but I never was active or zealous; I, however, have abjured them since I find they prefer the honour of a foreign country to our own.

I yesterday spent the day with my old friend President Adams, at his residence about a dozen miles from Boston. He took me up to a high and commanding spot of ground, like your Richmond-hill, which overlooked a magnificent prospect of sea and land; the latter highly cultivated, and embellished with a great many fine seats, that would not disgrace the environs of the capital of the British empire. He there gave me a prophetical view of our beloved country, and pointed out our future greatness. One of our largest frigates, the Constitution, was then in sight, under sail. He expressed the pleasure which the sight occasioned; declared his belief that we might have 60 of them in two years, if we were so determined; and that our future glory would result from our ships of war. Among other important things, he said that every part of Europe, Holland excepted, that Napoleon had overcome, were reconciled, and even pleased with the state in which he had put them. In other words, that he had made their condition

better. Perhaps you, in England, are too near the objects, to judge of them so justly as does our *Elisha*. Before long, I hope to send you an history of the Lettsomian cabinet of minerals, which may surprize you

Farewell! and do not forget

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

LETTER CCLXIX.

From the same.

Cambridge, Dec. 30, 1810.

Dear Doctor,

I pretend not to speak with exactness, as I cannot, at this moment, lay my hand on your last letter; but I believe it is near upon two years since I have received a line from Dr. Lettsom; and more than a year since I had one from Dr. Jenner. Has our Act of Congress occasioned this *non-intercourse* between old friends? I have actually received more letters from the Continent, from Russia, and Germany, and France, during the two past years, than from England. If I recollect rightly, I have written to you thrice since receiving a line from you. One of the letters was, I know, carried into France.

I have had some apprehensions that you may have been sick; again, I have thought, though unwillingly, that by this time the advances of age must naturally, and of course, have affected even the indefatigable spirit and active mind of a Lettsom. If I, at fifty-seven, begin to feel the chilling effects of the cold hand of Time, it would be extraordinary indeed, if my trans-atlantic friend should feel the same activity for which he has been so remarkable. We do not advert to the encroachment of time on our absent friends; and if in health, we are insensible of his silent march upon ourselves. The ending of one year, and the beginning of a new, naturally bring to our minds the rapid march of time, and its victims. How few are the medical men, whom I once knew in London, that are now living. I have out-lived two setts of our college officers, our friend Dr. Lathrop alone excepted, and he is upwards of seventy. When I look upon my son (John Fothergill) twice as big as myself, and now no longer a minor, I find that I too am grown old without feeling it. Nevertheless, I as yet experience but little diminution of my muscular activity. You shall judge for me. We have transferred our Medical School from Cambridge to Boston, and I go in every morning at this season, and give a medical lecture one hour and a half after sun-rise; and three evenings in a week I give a lecture on natural history in Boston, in one of their public halls, and out again to sleep, flying over the snow and ice in my sleigh, which I

most commonly drive myself, and the next morning I am off again a little after sun-rise. I can leave to my children an example of industry, if nothing more.

It would give you pain were I to relate the persecution I have undergone for presuming to take the lead in *botany* and *mineralogy* in this University. I am no longer keeper of the *Lettsomian Cabinet of Minerals.* The public have resented the treatment I have met with, and have patronized my Lectures on Natural History in Boston beyond example. I have just given a course to a large audience, composed of the first characters in the state, of both sexes. I have it in contemplation to quit Cambridge and reside in Boston.

Never was there a young country making more rapid strides to greatness than ours, notwithstanding the wicked efforts of an unprincipled faction, which obstinately oppose, and mischievously thwart, every step of our Government that tends to aggrandize our country, or give strength to our independence. England has had a very powerful party in this country; but their intemperate violence has defeated their aims, and I very much doubt if they will soon rally again.

Almost every vessel that arrives among us, from Spain or Portugal, brings Merino sheep. We have thousands now in New England. Our friend Bowdoin alone has more than five thousand sheep of our own, and of the Spanish breed. Some of your political writers say we cannot even clothe

ourselves. The first good opportunity, I will send you patterns of our broad cloth.

Our government has, at length, taken possession of West Florida, and our British faction abuse the government for this decision; but every patriot will support the government in the step they have taken, and let all the people say *Amen!*

A few months since, Dr. Decarro sent me a German translation of my Lecture on the Pernicious Effects of Tobacco, and of Ardent Spirits, printed at Vienna, which lecture, says the sage translator, was delivered in the Chapel of the University of Cambridge, at Philadelphia.

Remember me to Dr. Jenner, and to Mr. Ring, and I hope you yourself will not cease to remember

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

LETTER CCLXX.

From the same.

Cambridge, July 19, 1811.

My Dear Friend,

I was sadly disappointed in not receiving a line from you on the return of my friend the Rev. Mr. Harris; I believe, however, that after he visited Scotland, he did not return again to London, but embarked from Liverpool, without visiting the

capital a second time. Do you bear in mind that I have not had a letter from you for more than two years? Neither times, nor seasons, nor changes, nor prosperity, nor adversity, should allow us to forget our old friends.

If I can, I mean to send by this vessel, the Galen, a volume I have just published, entitled "*The Botanist.*" It was written to create a taste for that pleasing study, and hence its popular dress and style. Although I am afraid of your Critical Reviewers, yet I should like to know their opinion of it. We labour under many disadvantages here in making a book, to what you do at the "punctum vitæ vitelli orbis." Our scanty libraries are not among the least of our inconveniences.

I am about changing my residence from Cambridge to Boston. A factious spirit tinges every thing among us; it has infected our University, and I am perfectly disgusted on finding literature bending to transitory politics. Our respective countries are remarkably situated and circumstanced, as it regards each other. A mutual jealousy is too evident. England has full as many enemies as friends in this country; while France has not many friends. We have no great expectation that Mr. Foster's mission will be productive of any great benefit. It is generally believed that procrastination is the aim of both sides. However strange it may appear, it is a fact, that there is a great majority of the people of this country heartily disposed to go to war with Eng-

land. I am, however, of opinion, that this disposition is owing more to a wish to *put down* the English *party* among us, than to any real inimical feelings to the English people. A war with England would crush that party; and it is almost worth the trouble of it. The English party are striving to separate the northern from the southern States; and rather than this should be effected, I myself would give my voice for war with Great Britain, let the consequence to our commerce be whatever it may. If, therefore, you should hear of some of your friends and correspondents in this country advocating a war with England, you may rest assured that it is more a war against the *British party* among ourselves, than against you in England.

If I find no passenger by whom I can send the book I mentioned to you, I shall direct him to leave it at the New England Coffee house. Mrs. Waterhouse desires her regards to you, and we both hope to hear from you under your own hand, by the return of the Galen.

I remain your friend

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

P. S. The letters we used to write to Europe were written on trans-atlantic paper, but this never will again be the case. Our manufactory of paper is entirely established. Our manufactory of broad cloth is going on in a very prosperous manner, and so is our cotton. Our cutlery is ad-

vancing beyond my expectation. The son of our friend Dr. Morse will probably call on you. He sailed from New York, or I should have written by him. I have sent the book I spoke of to the care of Mr. Morse.

LETTER CCLXXI.

Dr. W. Thornton to Dr. Lettsom.

New York, Nov. 18, 1786.

My Dear Doctor,

Thou informedst me that Mr. Smeathman was again disposed to visit Africa. I should be glad to forward any laudable scheme; and I am myself disposed to visit it, for the execution of one which I deem superior to the mere investigation of Nature. I am firmly persuaded that the abolition of slavery would be the most easily effected by making a Settlement there; and I see very few difficulties in undertaking it, that cannot be easily surmounted. Fear, in a good cause, is beneath the spirit of man. I have been now amongst the negroes, and should have no doubt at all but that their minds would be more easily attuned to virtue, than is commonly supposed by the generality of mankind. I am induced to render free all that I am possessed of, by the dictates of conscience, and the uncommon desire I have to see them a happy people. My inclination is however in some degree counter-

to the prejudices of my parents—prejudices absorbed by a West Indian education, and which, by the continued habit of slavery, are now become shackles to the mind. They tell me that if I am disposed to free them, I must take them entirely away; for, with propriety, they urge that it would be hard upon one half the number of negroes upon our plantation to remain in slavery, whilst the others are liberated; and I must suffer much in differing so very materially from my parents, that, contrary to their desire, I must free those that I find by their marriage settlements fall to me. My desires of property would be very humble and limited, if I only were to enjoy it; but the desire I have to render benefits to others, whose daily bread is eaten by their superiors in this world, I must own furnishes me with a wish to become capable of tendering them. I must obey, as far as I can, my parents. My own feelings plead for their liberty; and in that case my parents for their being taken entirely away. I can do both; but when I asked myself the question—to what place can they be carried? I could think of none so proper as their own country, because there each might have as much ground as he thought proper. He would be a *respected*, not a *despised* member of society. He might, by carrying over the arts and manufactures of the islands, serve his country essentially, and teach them the inhumanity of such practices as tend to deprive their fellow creatures of their liberty, and

subject them to the horrid slavery of which *he* has lately tasted the bitterness. But these humanity would still wish to shelter under her wing; these I could not conclude to send unprotected: and who would protect them? Perhaps they might be marked as the more desirable prey, because they are already versed in the necessary or most useful manufactures of the Indies; and if they were again subjected to slavery, who would record their sufferings, or tell to the world their second miseries! Some one must stand forth, and why should not the same spirit direct me to their preservation, that has already whispered to me the necessity of their freedom? Dr. Fothergill, Mr. Smeathman informed me, was very desirous of a Settlement being made there, and offered, if he would undertake it, to procure him a very large subscription from Friends. He had once acted as an adjutant in the army, and thought it necessary to be furnished with arms, not to defend himself against the invasion of the Africans, but the European merchants, traders, &c. The Doctor reminded him of the testimony of Friends against arms, and he required then the company only of a hundred Quakers. But the country is represented, though I believe much exaggerated by the policy of the traders, as the most sickly that any of the Europeans have visited. And impressed with these ideas, it would be a difficult thing to persuade an hundred of any profession of men to quit their temperate abodes to be

scorched there, especially the Quakers, whose friends would advise them against it, whom interest would scarcely drive from home, and whose little converse with foreign countries would prove an obstacle against attempting any Settlement in one so different to what they had been accustomed. My Friend Smeathman's plans I am not well acquainted with altogether; but what I saw of his, was more, I thought, a plan of commerce with the Africans, than a Settlement regulated for the advancement of agriculture as well as commerce. He did not propose, I think, to carry over with him any Africans already civilized. He did not, I believe, extend his views to the liberation of those who are brought down to the coast to sell, &c. However it is difficult for me to judge what would be his plan by what had been his intentions; nor is it to me of any consequence.

I find myself entitled to between seventy and eighty negroes; and half the landed estate that we possess in Tortola. Many of these negroes would be improper companions in my future intended Settlement; therefore I would leave such behind. I would then divide the estate into a certain number of lots, and let each lot to them separately, inquiring what rent they could afford to give me; and without laying upon them any burthen, desire them to pay that rent regularly every year, for six years, or more or less. If they behaved well, and instead of plundering their neighbours' grounds, cultivated regularly their

own, I would grant their freedom, which I should think such conduct had entitled them to; but it should be held out as the bait to a virtuous life; and if they had been for that space of time accustomed to lead a regular life, if they had found the benefit of society, and had enjoyed the reward of their own labours, instead of, like bees, having their honey taken away, and nothing left but the hive, such a reward would only serve to enhance the value of their little possessions; and the attachment they would have acquired by the habit of tilling always the same ground unmolested, to their own particular residences, would dispose them not to leave them, but to continue good subjects, and to take, as *free* tenants for life, perhaps, the lots which they had even enjoyed before liberty was granted. If any one refused to be regulated by the ordinary laws prescribed for their common welfare, and through intemperance or improper behaviour, became the object of complaint, he might be adjudged by his fellow-tenants, and either fined in liberty or property. When the farm shall be expired they are at liberty either to remain in the West Indies, or might be carried over to Africa to become proprietors of land, as they thought proper. Such is the method I should adopt in the employment of my land, and such the means of inducing the most ungovernable of my people to become good members of society. In Africa, after composing

a Code of Laws, to which each should, upon being convinced of its propriety, sign; and after purchasing from the present possessors the lands that I should deem the most convenient, the most productive, and the most healthy, a grant should be made to each of a certain quantity of land; and making private, not public, property of the rest, they could not change their possessions on every trivial occasion, but would be constrained (without purchasing) to continue their exertions upon their lots already in possession. Thus by proper encouragement and perseverance, a most valuable country would soon become the seat of commerce, of arts and manufactures, of plenty, of liberty, of peace, and happiness! Every proprietor might be taxed according to their extent of territory, for the support of places of worship, of schools, and societies for the encouragement of science, a certain but small proportion *per centum*. From this likewise, a certain sum might be annually employed in buying the slaves that are brought down to the ships: and the higher price which such a Company might be enabled to give for the ransom of them than could possibly be granted by the Companies that trade to Africa, would effectually put an end to the trade; and every person so purchased might be adopted, who would be very willing, when land was granted to them, to repay their purchase money; and by good examples would doubtless not only become very valuable members of society, but perhaps of

Christianity, the professors of which have become so despicable in the eyes of not only the Africans, but the East Indians, the inhabitants of South, and also the Indians of North America, but particularly the three first. The money which had been repaid would again be ready for the same uses to which it had at first been applied, and there would also, by the general funds increasing, be continual additions. The numbers which by this mode might annually be rendered free, would by a pacific government be greatly increased, for all who were in any danger, and who had heard of the Settlements, would be induced not to wait to be sold to them, but would visit and offer themselves to the community, desiring to be adopted as members. Being convinced of the impropriety of carrying arms, I would teach them to have dependance on something superior to the arm of man. I would make treaties of peace, which should be deemed inviolable, with the surrounding chiefs or kings; then visit them, as the ambassador for the king of the country. The powers of Europe to make and establish the most solemn treaties, with each nation, of peace and of commerce. Every European Power would, no doubt, be glad to accept, upon easy terms, the trade of one of the richest countries in the world. They would have no expence to support, might send their own vessels, could never be jealous of a Power which, whilst pacifically inclined, would never increase, and indeed the basis of the Government would

be founded in peace. They would for a long time enjoy the *manufacturing* of the African *raw commodities*, as they would for a series of years be more inclined to the culture of their immense territories, than to the carrying on of manufactures.

If the Ministry of England were to refuse terms, and stand at a distance, the French, who are much more acute politicians, would probably embrace so valuable a treaty.

Be kind enough, my dear friend, to give me thy advice and assistance, but consider attentively every intention of mine in this affair. It is the most important which certainly ever engaged the attention of one man.

For fear that I might meet with any interruption in the execution of this, I would not have it made generally known, therefore beg thy secrecy—to such, however, as thou mayest judge will be necessary; and if any of the Friends who can assist thee in advising, or, endeavouring to forward it, may shew their desire to see it fully accomplished, I beg thee to mention it in such a manner as thy wisdom and learning may dictate. If thou findest any parts objectionable, be kind enough to mention it, for I see no difficulty that cannot be conquered. As for the climate, I have no fears; every climate may be made to suit the constitution of man; and I attribute the deaths of many who have visited that country, as well as the West Indies, to intemperance, and want of attention in avoiding the heat of the sun.

The *quassia amara*, which thou wast intending to describe, is not really in the West India Islands. The *rhus metopium* is the quassia of the Islands, but is ranked in quite a different class of plants to the real quassia; therefore no dependance is to be placed on any account which thou mayest receive thence. Besides, that given in the Journal of the Abbé Rosier is satisfactory. The title of the book is *Observations sur la Physique, sur l'Histoire Naturelle, et sur les Arts. Par Mr. Abbé Rosier, à Paris.* The tenth volume was published in 1777. I am not certain which volume it is in, but the history, with a pretty good description, experiments, and a good print, were given by *Doctor Patris*, of Cayenne François. The true quassia is very scarce, even on the Continent of South America. Mr. Von Rohr saw only one plant in the mountains of *Santa Martha*, and some as ornaments in the gardens of Surinam and Cayenne. Linnæus's is a good description (Amœnitat. Acad.), but the plate is bad.

The corolla never opens, but in his it is represented as expanded. The rhus metopium has small red flowers. The quassia amara *vera* has large, deep red, and beautiful flowers. The cinchona Caribbæana which I sent, I believe, is all from the same trees; *i. e.* the same species, and even variety. The dark red was taken from trees that were larger; the greenish light bark from young shrubs; but, as they were full of seeds, the bark different in colour, taste, &c. the leaves

more curled and numerous, I thought they might have been different; however, till I have made an experiment to determine it, I shall conclude they are the same. By sowing the seeds of the larger, I can easily see by the young plants whether or not they are the same. From my gardens I intend to supply Africa with every thing that the East would, I imagine, produce, in case I should really go there; and I see no reason why I should not. When I hear from thee on the subject, I shall write more.

If thou approvest of my plan respecting Africa, and thinkest thou couldst favour me with subscriptions for equipping me, I should take it kind. If it be considered that I sacrifice eight or ten thousand pounds, besides my practice; which, with the pains I have taken in the study of my profession, would doubtless bring me in a good living, it might serve to stimulate others to do something of consequence. My time would be, if there, likewise spent, part of it in an investigation of nature, and in writing a history of the country.

Believe me to be,

With the sincerest affection
and friendship,
Thine obliged,
WILLIAM THORNTON.

LETTER CCLXXII.

From the same.

Newport, Rhode Island, Feb. 15, 1787.

I wrote a very long letter three months ago to my dear friend, and hope soon to be favoured with an answer. It contained my sentiments in general on slavery. I have been some time past in Rhode Island, and find many free negroes very desirous of reaching the coast of Guinea, to form a Settlement there. Many of them have families, and are regular industrious men. Forty or fifty in this small place have often assembled to address me, knowing I have their welfare much at heart; and they approve of my measure which I have proposed to them. They are, and with great propriety, very cautious, and desire the most particular information relative to the intended Settlement. They have formed themselves into a regular society, and are desirous of conducting their affairs with one voice. At Boston, I learn, there are a great many free blacks, who are likewise formed into a company or society. Since my arrival here, I met with Friend Roach, who is lately returned from England and France. He informed me, that the English had fitted out several transports to carry the blacks of England to Africa, and to form a Settlement on the River *Sierra Leone*:

I am pleased that they have first thought of that place. My friend Smeathman was appointed over them. But I heard he died. Poor fellow! I was much affected. I wondered, indeed, that I never heard from him, though I had written so often, and had entrusted many things with him, of which I never had any account, though some were very valuable, and some were to me almost invaluable. Some account, perhaps, may come hereafter. I mentioned to the blacks what was really news to me, and to which I was perfectly a stranger till I had the pleasure of seeing friend Roach. They enjoyed with me the good intention of the English, but are very desirous of knowing whether they are to be considered as a colony of England, or perfectly independent. If the latter, it will flourish, because many would embark; and if to be dependent on England, none here will engage; for they think that they could alone be happy where there is perfect confidence in their lawgivers, and where their own voices are to be heard.—They are right. How much arbitrary power is daily exerted by those petty tyrants who are sent to govern the different colonies! What has England to seek? nothing but their trade; and where the country is perfectly independent, it is the most likely to flourish. The free blacks of America are very numerous, and the Settlement they undertake will surely be prosperous in proportion to the number. Those of England are very few. They have reason to detest a Government which even yet

does not consider them as entitled to the common rights of men. If a Settlement be already made by the English, I beg my friend will inform me upon what principles, that I may satisfy those who are desirous to undertake this affair. I should have no objection to going with them to Africa myself, if they remain independent; but I believe no colony of these poor despised and persecuted people will be formed on any other. If the English exceed other nations in the perfection of those articles which they export, they will, no doubt, almost monopolize the trade to Africa; but if the French and Americans can exceed in some, which is rather improbable, why, for one trivial consideration, should a potent kingdom stoop to abuse another? Why should Africa still groan under the shackles of policy? However, real policy urges, in the strongest manner, their independency. I have no doubt but that this will be considered, and I hope that impartiality will tend to establish the opinion.

At a meeting of the Blacks in Newport, Rhode Island, I desired them to consider attentively, whether they approved or disapproved of carrying arms; and after some days' consideration, and weighing the consequences particularly, on both sides the *question*, they were of *opinion, and insist, that it would be proper to carry arms, to take up merely in defence.* I told them, that it was contrary to the principles of Friends; but they thought without them they might be again made captive, and reduced into a state of slavery. I was much

pleased to see all the young men pay such particular respect to the elders, and not even venture an opinion, till the sentiments of the elders were first heard. Many of them are tradesmen that read and write very well, and I have no doubt but that I can procure two thousand to attend me, if they were well convinced of the success of those who are already gone, and of their independency. I have written part of a sketch of the advantage that may be derived to Europe by a Settlement there, and if it were finished I would send forward a copy. These observations may, however, furnish thee with matter for consideration; and I beg as soon as possible to know the result. I think by proper laws they may be made a good and a happy people. If lands can be procured for them, they wish to know upon what right they are to be held, and to have every species of information possible.

The articles of commerce would be, to Europe, cotton, indigo, gold dust, ivory, gums, dyeing woods, drugs, spices, and even tobacco; to America, all these, except tobacco, and the addition also of sugar, and its products, cocoa, coffee, &c. as they have no colonies that would interfere with such productions; but as the Americans have little at present to give, in return, to the Africans, their chief trade would be to England for a long time, and their principal commodity would be cotton, which supports so great a number of English manufacturers. Besides, the English would have an

advantage in beginning a trade with them, for when a channel is once open, the stream generally increases it. Again, if the English should be now supplied with articles, which their rivals in power formerly furnished, they will have another advantage. Perhaps these things have already been considered, and every independent wish that the Blacks could form, been granted. I wish it may be so—for the Blacks of America will seek an abode in some region of independence, where their own laws are alone to be regarded; and if they do form a Settlement, it is likely that the Blacks, who may at present be in a state of subservience to other powers, will emigrate to one where all are upon an equality; and where a man that Nature cloathed with a white skin, shall not, merely on that account, have the right of wielding a rod of iron. The British, as well as other nations, have, in this respect, every thing to gain, or every thing to lose. The minds of many Africans are ripe, and their understandings clear.

I think America a fine country. This is called the Island of Beauty. The majority of the women here are *pretty*; they have fine complexions, and in general good teeth, which, in America, are not characteristics: some are *handsome* here, and very few beautiful. To ask after a lady's fortune is a gross affront; the English of which is, that they have none. The Fine Arts scarcely exist here, and learning is little considered; but they are unaccustomed to see any superiors, and that gives a

dignity to the people, which I have never met with in countries where the nobility were respected as a superior order of beings. I think them in general a happy people here, and admire them; and, before the British and French brought all their trains of sin, along with the rest of their artillery, they were singularly virtuous. But pride and luxury are now known here.

There has been more snow in this island this winter than has been known for these fifty years back, and indeed since my arrival here I have seldom seen the streets free of it.

There are no botanists here; therefore to attempt to give an idea of the productions of this place is in vain. The morasses, I find, every where are full of the *calamus aromaticus;* and though they might load vessels with it, labour is so dear, that it may be had much cheaper from England!

There is a species of small laurel here, very common, though I have not seen it; some call it a *myrtle*, bearing small berries, which the country people gather and boil in water, from which floats a large quantity of wax of a green colour, and which they sell in common here at about one shilling per pound. Melted in tallow, and cast into moulds, it makes beautiful summer candles, and from North Carolina they export very large quantities. The shrubs abound there, and even here they can procure a great deal.

They are very fragrant when rubbed between the fingers, and are covered with a scaly substance,

which already has a waxy appearance, and is, I think, in great quantity, considering the bulk of the seed. When the seeds are thrown into water, the wax that surrounds floats them; but when the water becomes hot, the wax melts off, and the seeds sink immediately, leaving the wax on the surface in a cake when cold. This taken out may be liquified and strained, then it is beautiful and fit for any use. The wax is whiter that is taken from the winter's berries, because they are bleached by the weather. I think it more like tallow than bees-wax is, and probably may be better on many accounts than it. I know of no particular history of this, but am of opinion, it would be well worth attention. The shrubs do not grow more than four or five feet high in general, and they bear when only one or two feet in height. The flowers, I hear, are white, and have a very beautiful appearance. The leaves, they say, are very fragrant; and the branches, after the leaves have fallen, are so full of berries, that it is difficult to conceive where they could have been placed. They are entirely fallen at present, and I can only learn, that they are shaped like the leaf of the myrtle, and very finely scented. Many of the berries have dropped, too, by the late heavy storms and high winds; but some of the inferior branches are set in clusters, as full at present as the profuse hand of nature could have well placed them. I have sent thee a few of the sprigs, with the berries on; and I hope, though they have lost many of

their beauties, since the rustic hand of my messenger was laid on them, they may be sufficiently well preserved to make them acceptable. I mentioned in my last, I think, that I would advise thee to plant in thy hot-house some cashew nuts, or cherry nuts. They grow very quick, and before they get a yard high will bear many fine apples. They bear in the West Indies, in two or three years, and sometimes in one, and continue for an age. I do not remember to have ever seen them in any hot-house. When the nut is beginning to shape, it may be put into a bottle, which being suspended, the apple will soon fill, taking its form: if large, it looks beautiful when growing. I imagine by this time you have in the gardens of London the tallow tree, the bread fruit or tree, the *cortex Winteranus*, and many other valuable acquisitions. If they are to be had, and you are desirous of a trial in the West Indies, please to inform me, and every attention shall be paid to them.

Yours, &c.

W. THORNTON.

P. S. I mentioned in my last letter, that I am desirous of giving freedom to the Blacks, of whom I am possessed, in number, of above seventy; but my intention respecting that, as well as accompanying them to Africa, is unknown to my mother, or to any of my relations, though some of them suspect it.

This morning I received a letter from the *Union*

Society of the Blacks, and the names of more than seventy were put down, who were willing to attend me in this small city.

They say that they desire a few young men of their number, in whom they can place perfect confidence, may be permitted to visit the court, and to return and give a report of the prospect they have of being peaceably settled. A dozen young men have offered themselves, who are willing to sacrifice their lives, they say, if they can benefit their countrymen by it, and as many more would offer themselves, if it were necessary. I wish them not to incur any unnecessary expence, and therefore advise them to wait till I hear from thee. I told them that if the Settlement already made were independent of any crown, and the blacks were well received, they might go without fear; and I beg that my friend will give them every information, which may be signed by the Committee, as it is intended to be made known, not to a few men, but a nation of Blacks.

I would wish also, that my character were spoken to, because in an affair of so much consequence it is necessary to take away every possible obstacle, or suspicion, and I know that many would be glad to raise suspicions among them, that it was meant but as a bait to entrap them.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXIII.

From the same.

My Dear Friend, *Boston, May* 20, 1787.

I hear that, in a few hours, two vessels are departing for London, and I am desirous of testifying how unwilling I should be to let any opportunity escape me of writing to my friend.

I lately sent some very long letters on the most interesting subject that can warm the bosom of benevolence. I mean that relative to the freedom of the Africans. One of them went from New York, five or six months ago, and I am very desirous of hearing some account from London of your proceedings in their cause. I wrote my first letter from New York, before I knew that you had any intention to send out the Blacks of London, who were willing to return to their native country. The more I have thought upon the subject, the more I am resolved that no consideration shall prevent me from undertaking any attempt to rescue them from further oppression. Hundreds are ready for me here, and many have addressed me, knowing that I profess myself their friend, and nothing shall ever tempt me to be otherwise. I know my parents will probably endeavour to turn aside my views, and direct them into another course, but for what end do I live? Am I to vegetate? and

shall my existence be known by no good action after my breath has ceased? It might many ways; but where is there an object so worthy of my attention as the present one? Long has the Almighty permitted the Whites to tyrannize over the poor Africans. But a day of hope begins to dawn, when they shall enjoy the smile of the Deity. When I was in England, I thought the sugar sweet, but saw not the bitter tears that moistened the ground on which it grew; but when I had been a while in my native country, and viewed the situation of the Blacks, I regretted often that I was born a slave-keeper.

Again and again I have thanked my God, and thought it was for an end of his own. It appears my lot, and the more I consider the subject, the more I am compelled to look upon it as my duty to render the utmost services in my power, that the fulfilling of this humane and laudable scheme may be accomplished. Many people tell me of the difficulties that will present themselves; and what of moment, I ask, was ever effected without difficulties? Nothing at present seems to have power to shake me, and turn aside the current of my mind. I hope that the benevolent Being, whose eyes are for ever awake, and whose ears are never shut, will fix me still more firmly, that nothing may even suggest a fear. At present I have none. I wrote a very long letter from Rhode Island, in which I mentioned that I did not doubt but that two thousand free Blacks will attend me from America.

They have even expressed a desire to have it represented that they would not embark without a perfect independence; and I think it both reasonable and politic for the nation, as well as themselves; for if they remain independent, and open their ports to all nations, these powers will, no doubt, protect them, and it will be not the interest of one nation alone, but every nation.

By the papers here, we are happy to learn that a vessel has sailed from London for *Sierra Leone*, with the Blacks, and we are all anxious to know how they were received on the coast; and likewise whether they are gone as a colony. If so, *unhappy;* if the contrary, *happy*. I wrote a piece lately, which is not quite finished; but will I hope soon be *printed for a few of my friends, and some for you in London*. It is intended, by a variety of reasoning, to shew the propriety of their being independent; and to shew the bad tendency of *colonies at all*, likewise the method by which the Blacks may be rendered useful members of society, a commercial nation, and a happy people. Samuel Adams, with whom I am very intimate here, has examined it particularly, and approves of it wholly. I am afraid to *publish* it, lest it might be handed to my mother before the scheme be ripe for execution, and I would not that she should have unnecessary uneasiness. I love her, and all my relations, but I hope if they do not approve of my making a sacrifice of a few years of my life, my

mind will rest satisfied with the approbation of a higher Being.

I know of no other person who will make the same sacrifice of family, friends, fortune, and an expensive education, with the most precious years in the prime of life, to live with the rejected and despised part of mankind, and in an unhealthy climate. When done, where are my dependencies at my return? My lands in the West Indies, when I have taken off the Blacks that fall to my share, which are more than seventy in number, I mean to give to my mother, and the Blacks, their liberty. My estate in England, to which I became heir, I have given some years ago the rents of to my aged grand-mother, and aunts, during their lives, for their kind and affectionate care of my brother and myself, during our infancy. They were like mothers, and I would treat them as such.

Where now is the tie that will prevent me from attempting to execute this grand affair? What have I to do but to live usefully, and to die happily? If you can find any one who is more calculated to execute it, I will submit to your proposals; but if you cannot, I claim attention; and with the men I can raise here, am willing to attempt what I know many would startle at. My profession and knowledge of many of the arts and sciences, will not meet with a more likely opportunity of proving their utility to the world. I have lately written to France on this subject, and mean soon to open my plans to the friends of

America and England, &c. Liberal subscriptions have been offered me, but I refused them, until I should be empowered to act, by your *Committee of African Affairs.* Please to send a letter to *the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, Newport, Rhode Island, giving, as a body,* my character, as I wish them to be fully assured that I am not unworthy of their confidence.

Yours, &c.

W. THORNTON.

LETTER CCLXXIV.

From the same.

Philadelphia, July 26, 1788.

* * * \

their services to me, and are not afraid of any danger. I do not think that if I were to take such of my own people as I could have perfect confidence in, that I should be a loser. I should not fail to take up such tracts of land as could be suited to the produce I should most require; and though the land might not immediately make me much return, in a very few years it would be superior to any West India estate. If I could only establish for a certain number of years a chance of exchange betwixt a few people settled there, and merchants that I should appoint to receive theirs, and send our goods, the profit would be great, and a certain share would be my due, with little trouble. Were they indeed to become a happy people, my sacrifice would be but small, and great their gain. They would individually be happy, but I should partake of the happiness of each. My parents wish me again in the West Indies. Africa is very little hotter; and I should prefer spending two or three years there to any part of the world. Projectors, I know, are generally deemed men whose actions run before their reason, but my conduct hath ever been cautious, and if this should be thought an unreasonable intention, it is not for want of consideration, for I have thought very seriously of this affair, even before I left the West Indies; long ere the plan of a Settlement was agitated by sending out the Blacks of England. Dr. Fothergill, indeed, contemplated this many years ago, and he seldom bent his ex-

alted mind towards a mean object. It was thought by him a most effectual mode of opening the eyes of the European Powers to behold a source of traffic much more worthy of their merchants than human flesh. He doubted not by this means to destroy the very basis of the slave trade. He pointed out the luxuriant productions of this fertile region which now lies waste, while its numerous inhabitants cultivate little barren spots (comparatively) in a land not nearer the market. What advantage does Europe gain? The produce is still raised by the blacks. In this case they are slaves, in that subjects!—Again, my dear friend, I solicit thy patience—thy consideration of this important subject—thou hast succeeded Fothergill, and thy benevolence is a continuation of his. Again, I solicit thy advice, and I will also ask thy aid—I ask it, not for myself alone, but for a nation.—I would that the Africans were an independent people, that no nation may say, "to our market alone you shall send your commodities"—they may be taxed high—higher than in other countries—the markets may be lower—the African wants encouragement, but in that case he would meet with none. You may say, who must protect them?—God, and their own arms. It may require some time to establish such a *colony*, or rather Settlement, as I hate the word *colony*. But I would, before we entered upon it, show such a plan that would carry with it full evidence of its practicability. I would dedicate some time to it,

and make a stay in Africa of a few years. The climate is inhospitable, the people remarkably hospitable. This insures success—that may be guarded against.

Few may be better fitted to undertake a project of the kind than myself, none more willing; my acquaintance with the culture of tropical productions, with medicine, with many necessary arts, which the Africans do not understand; my disposition to serve them, and willingness to give up every pleasure of society, every tie of relationship, for a while, on their account; the inquiries I am desirous of making in the country relative to the natural history, &c.; entitle my offer to a serious consideration. I wait only for an account of the reception the Blacks met with from England. Should they even fail, I am more resolved to ask the aid of the benevolent of England; if they should not fail, the Blacks of this country will be more disposed, probably, to follow. Please to give me thy sentiments respecting the intentions of the English in making that Settlement. If it be for a British Settlement, the Blacks of this country will not be disposed to go thither; if a free *Negro Settlement*, as mentioned in thy letter, not meaning *colony*, they will go in prodigious numbers; and if it be intended for the good of the Africans in general, giving encouragement to the Blacks of this country will be the surest means to secure success, for many of them are well acquainted with arts and manufactures, and behave

as well as any of the Whites. I hear with astonishment, that great opposition is making to prevent an Act to abolish the Slave Trade. The English must either effect it, or claim no colony; for it will be the height of absurdity to prevent other nations from trading in the flesh of their colonists, if they continue to trade in the persons of other Africans. The mere name of *colony* is no preservation. In another place thou sayest, *a free empire was to be founded;* that this deputation of Smeathman was by a private subscription, &c. All this is very favourable; and I hope yet that the Blacks of this country will be tempted to go, for they have no inducement here to gain high characters, nor to acquire learning, being excluded from all offices by their colour merely. Some here are worthy of high places, and have amongst themselves the rank of governors at present. The fathers are highly respected, and the young men pay the utmost deference to their opinions. I received petitions from very large assemblies of them, praying I would interest myself in forwarding their acquiring a Settlement in Africa. They petitioned the legislature of Massachusetts, praying for vessels to take them out, with all necessaries, &c. They received the petition with great goodness, and promised as soon as they could procure a proper place to settle in, to grant their request. I wrote, as they desired me, to London, but I imagine thou didst not receive all my letters. I had several meetings with them, and was always

affected deeply with their situation. They have no lands there, and having been released servants, many of them would be incapable of working them. The winter is long, and eats up all the summer. Many have run away from other states to procure freedom in New England, and dare not return, were they possessed of lands, and capable of tilling them. In Africa it would not be so—no winter; the culture of the most valuable article at present (cotton) the easiest of any other vegetable; no cloathing, or little; as much land as each could cultivate, of the richest quality, and free from heavy rents, &c. I have procured much information respecting that country, both by reading every thing I could find on the subject, and by conversing with those who have visited the country; and by all accounts it is one of the richest in the world. I have procured the Nankin cotton, the staple of which is of a yellow colour. I sent some to my estate in Tortola, desiring they would not plant it near other cotton, lest it should be impregnated thereby and spoil its colour. I have a few seeds of it remaining, and would have sent thee them, but shall not be able to get them before the vessel sails, as they are in the country. I sent last year for cinnamon trees, mangoes, leeches, camphire, sago, mahogany nuts, allspice, and some others; but they arrived (from Jamaica) here, when the river Delaware was frozen up, and the vessel proceeded to New York. *All* my plants died, and the careless captain mislaid my seeds.

so that I did not get one, though I paid very high for them. Some of them got to town, but were then giving up the ghost, if we may speak according to the doctrine of metempsychosis. I have lately sent again, and have inquired likewise for the bread fruit and nutmeg, but am afraid the English do not possess them. I am in hopes these will have a better chance; and I shall take them, if ever I go to Africa, to that country. I am much obliged to thee for thy kind intentions in sending out the plants which thou hast mentioned. They will be highly valued as plants, still more so in having come from thee. I would not that any of my relations knew of my plans respecting Africa. They inquire what I am doing. I can only answer, waiting till I hear of the Sierra Leone Settlement; but I am silent on that subject, and amuse them with an account of my health, the small politics of this country, their expectations and mine, &c. No man, I believe, regards his relations more than I do, but Africa is a country unsettled. I have no fears, and I think to a courageous mind there can be no insurmountable difficulties. If I do not hear soon, I shall be tempted to go and see, for it is now a year and a half, at least, since I made my inquiries. I shall be cautious in emancipating my slaves, as thou advisest, and I know that uncommon prudence will be required, for, as thou well observest, they might otherwise plunge from slavery into licentiousness. I admire exceedingly thy letter on this subject, as it conveys, in the most

elegant manner, the disadvantages that might unavoidably be the lot of men, whose change would be so sudden. At the same time, in the most philanthropic manner, it points out the propriety and necessity of attending to their situation, to make it as comfortable as possible. I shall be cautious, and do nothing unadvisedly.

I have observed yet, very little difference between America and most parts of Europe, except in the vegetable productions and climate. The weather is, in summer, as hot as in the West Indies often, and sometimes in the same day we have three or four changes of season. All that I have yet seen, from Boston to the lowest parts of Maryland, has been made by the sea. The grounds are generally level, with small eminences or rising variegated hills, here and there, but no mountains, without going back. The trees, I think, are in general not so beautiful as the English, because the vegetation is quicker, and they shoot upwards, without projecting so far on the sides. But one great reason may be, that they are seldom planted singly in open spaces, as in England. The water is not good all along, but hard, and generally impregnated with either saline or fossile bodies. It is more difficult to find a lady here with good teeth, than in England with bad. I am much pleased with the equality of the people here, and think them freer from misery than any people I ever saw. It will be, I doubt not, in a little time, one of the happiest places in the world.

A grand treaty is intended to be held at Muskingum on the Ohio, with the Indians, at this time; but I hear some of them have, for the first time, fitted out a large boat, high on the sides, pierced for musketry, and musket-proof, by which they have taken several boats, and scalped several people. I meant to have gone, being not more desirous of seeing that grand country, than of giving my most esteemed friend a particular account of it. The treaty itself would have been a grand object; as would also the natural history of the country, and the romantic views, as they are finished by the dashing pencil of nature. Salvator Rosa might have gained, even by a jaunt like this. Indeed, he would have been more in his element than I, amongst robbers. But my companions are too much persuaded of the danger to go, and I cannot undertake it myself. From the disturbances the Indians have lately been guilty of, it is supposed the treaty now will not be general, and the commissioners have little to buy their good faith with; therefore it is imagined these lords of the soil will, like other nations, give no friendship where there is no interest.

I wonder the European powers do not at once blast the Algerines; it is astonishing that they plunder all the world with impunity.

I find the company, of which Mr. Rumsay is principal, has procured a letter of introduction to thee from our good and worthy friend, Dr. Rush*.

* See LETTER CCXLV.

He pretends (Rumsay I mean) to be the inventor of the steam-boat. I have, however, inclosed thee a couple of pamphlets, proving he got it from Mr. Fitch, of Philadelphia. These pamphlets were published before I had any thing to do in the affair, and on becoming acquainted with it fully, I purchased four shares, or one tenth, of Mr. Fitch's discovery. The boat is to be tried this evening or to-morrow, and I will endeavour to give thee an account of it. Ours is moved with paddles, placed at the stern, and worked by a small steam-engine. We have exclusive patents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, and New York, in which are included the principal rivers. The Potowna will be navigable, it is expected, in a few months. General Washington is the great promoter of the canal, which communicates betwixt the bottom and top of the falls. I think there are two hundred shares, and each £100 sterling. The revenue to be by a toll on all shipping and craft passing and repassing for ever. That river will accommodate the country behind for seven hundred miles, and it is a very rich soil.

Some thousands emigrate, in the course of three or four months, down the Ohio, and settle on its borders, during each summer. Many go to the banks of the Mississippi, and the lands, which are remarkably fertile there, are rising fast in value; however, the country is so large, that it can, in many places, be had for six-pence or a shilling per acre, in large tracts, well watered, and secured

by good titles. Some of it has been known to produce one hundred bushels of corn per acre.

I have sent four flying squirrels and four ground squirrels. The flying squirrels are a family, male and female, with two young ones; the young are very easily tamed; the ladies here have them running all over them, and carry them in their pockets or bosoms, with a small collar of leather round their necks, and a little chain. They do not bite, but soon grow familiar. The old ones and ground squirrels are more difficult, but may, by constantly handling them in gloves, be tamed. You may keep the old, male and female, of the flying, and one of each sort of the ground, to breed.

I meant to have sent to thee and Cousin Pickering, some of the summer ducks, which are very nice eating, and the male reckoned one of the most beautiful birds in plumage in America.

I have a short piece, nearly ready for the press, on distillation, which I shall send thee when it appears; but I am much engaged in the steamboat, and find it an object that requires much study to effect. I invented, some time ago, a steam-cannon, with which, by one charge of water, I fired thirty balls with great force and no noise. Twenty-four balls in two minutes, &c. Dr. Franklin told me to lay the discovery before the Philosophical Society, which I may some time hence think of doing; but it is not a subject that I should be tempted to lay before the meeting.

Yours, &c.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXV.

From the same.

Philadelphia, Nov. 15, 1788.

My Dear Friend,

I must now mention the subject which has so often been repeated in my letters to thee that I am afraid of affecting thy patience. I mean that interesting subject which respects the liberty of so many thousands. I remain yet ignorant of the fate of the Blacks who went to settle in Africa. I wish, whatever has been their situation, I had been in London at the time of their embarkation, and the Committee would have granted me the same powers as my deceased friend Smeathman. I believe nothing on earth would have given me such satisfaction. Before now, my poor slaves who are broiling in the West Indies, had been happy and free men; nor do I think I should have been a loser, for the lands in Africa are the richest in the world. The loss of all my friends for a few years would to me have been no consideration; for what relations or friends have I here? and yet I am very happy, considering that I am not in Africa. I think I should not find it a difficult matter to reconcile the present inhabitants to the new comers, or settlers. The only hints I have

heard of their reception were flying reports, that I thought might have been framed by some designing or interested trader, of their having disagreed with the inhabitants, that their numbers were much diminished by diseases; and that they were obliged to resort to a small island, as well on account of their health, as to prevent their total extirpation by the enraged and jealous natives. Were these accounts true, I am so far from being deterred by fear, or diverted by idle tales from my object, that I am daily more and more anxious, and if I cannot be forwarded, I must return early in the spring to the West Indies, where I shall practise physic, and be more exposed than in Africa to the inclemencies of climate; and where, by every method of honest trading, joined to my possession, and the sale of my lands, I can gain a sufficiency to fit out a transport or two for Africa—I mean to do it. But my life and time will be spent in effecting what, with a little assistance, might be brought to perfection in a few years. In one case I might taste of happiness in this life before my relish for life ceases; in the other, winter would come before I had finished my summer's work. By the regard and friendship which thou hast often kindly expressed for me; by the unbounded confidence I have placed in thee, in opening my whole heart; by thy love of humanity, I conjure thee to be my friend in this instance. Thou art one of the Committee of African Affairs; thy voice, for thy heart is known, will be heard; and whatever thy tongue

shall utter, of these things that I tell thee, it will sink deep into the minds of those that hear.

Thousands of Blacks in this country have full confidence in me, and out of these thousands I could select hundreds with whom I could trust myself any where. The British scheme was ill conceited in sending out rather by force, than consent, men, abandoned, and incapable of supporting themselves in any manner; these American Blacks are many of them men of good character, acquainted with the cultivation of the earth, with arts and manufactures, willing, nay desirous of going, and would know well how to conduct themselves, considering, that on the propriety of their behaviour depended their safety and happiness. I beg that these considerations may be laid before the Committee; and I doubt not but that a very large subscription would be seconded here, were it opened in England, to effect this grand and humane undertaking, which has been already begun. My father has written to me to return to Tortola, that my mother's estate may be divided, half of which, by her marriage settlement, falls to my share. Out of my Blacks I could select a few honest good men, well acquainted with the cultivation of the tropical productions; and the use they would be of would not be inconsiderable. My acquaintance with their culture, and with the diseases of the country, with other considerations to which thou art no stranger, might, perhaps, entitle me to a preference in the superintendance

of such a scheme; but I shall be perfectly easy in that respect, if I shall be deemed inferior to another, and if he possesses virtue. My possessing an independent fortune at present, chiefly in the West Indies, and being willing to transport my own Blacks to Africa, will surely put it out of the power of any one to suspect my intentions. I leave to thee this concern, relying on thy endeavours to forward my intentions, for I assure thee all other considerations appear unworthy of a mind that has once been occupied with so grand an object; and I shall never taste my full share of happiness here till this scheme be effected. Dr. Fothergill, thy great and worthy predecessor, thought much on this subject, and would have subscribed ten thousand pounds to have effected it. His thoughts and actions have, with his professional practice, descended to thee; and though I love not my country, it is so debased, it gives me a secret pleasure that thou art my countryman. Long mayest thou enjoy good health, and that flow of spirits which enlivens the souls of thy friends! Long may thy benevolent actions sing thy name to to distant lands; and the needy rejoice in thy existence!

I am, &c.

W. THORNTON.

LETTER CCLXXVI.

From the same.

Philadelphia, April 26, 1789.

Thy very kind favours of my dear friend, I had a few weeks ago the pleasure of receiving, accompanied by the copy of a letter from Granville Sharp, beautifully transcribed by thy very amiable daughter, to whom please to return my thanks. I received also the reports of the committees on the examinations respecting the health of his Majesty; and the Political Magazine, for which I am much obliged to thee; but some pamphlets from Granville Sharp, and other publications, with the prints mentioned in thy letters, I have not yet received, but imagine thou waitest the departure of the London ships. I thank thee most sincerely, my dear friend, for the kind advice thou hast so urgently given me respecting the African scheme. I mean, at least till I hear further from England concerning it, to go to the West Indies, and endeavour, as thou advisest me, to increase my fortune, and make myself independent of my property in Tortola; when I can take such measures as may make my Blacks happy, till I have encouragement to send them to Africa, which I hope will be soon, and shall let thee know my intentions before my plans be executed, and follow as much

as I can, the advice of thee, my friend and worthy countryman. Thy friendship I cannot but reflect upon with the greatest pleasure, and consider myself as highly indebted for thy friendly attentions, such indeed as I will endeavour, but in vain, to repay. I find the ship Apollo, which is to take this, is getting under way; I must therefore omit many things I would have mentioned, and refer to my next, which I hope will be soon.

I am, Yours, &c.

W. THORNTON.

LETTER CCLXXVII.

From the same.

Philadelphia, Nov. 13, 1789.

My Dearest Friend,

I wrote to thee since I had the pleasure of receiving thy kind favours; and some others which were announced by a short letter from thee, never came to hand. I am now anxious to participate in that happiness which thy communications so extensively diffuse, and the more so after so long a silence. Let me, however, inform thee of the uneasiness I lately experienced on thy account. I was preparing a letter for thee, and had received a promise by a gentleman, setting out for London *vid* New York, of its safe delivery; *Deo volente.*

The day before, I had mentioned thee particularly to my relations. Next morning, ere my letter was finished, on going to breakfast, one of my friends read me a paragraph in one of the public papers, mentioning the death of my dear friend "J. C. L——, M. D. F. R. S. S. A. &c. by which the [illegible]ent has been deprived of an excellent friend and physician, the poor a generous friend and benefactor, whose heart was ever open to their wants, and whose purse flowed freely for the alleviation of their distresses, &c." I was struck motionless. I could eat no breakfast. I afterwards retired to my chamber to lament, in secret, the friend I valued the most in the world. I was to have written that day to my parents, for a vessel sailed early next morning for Tortola. I attempted it, but I failed. I wrote, however, a few lines in the night, and related to my dear mother the melancholy news. I meant to prepare a pillar of white marble, and erect it in the very spot which received thy first breath. But while sadness preyed upon my soul, and my mind refused the cup of pleasure, I was again called to myself by some of my worthy friends here. James Pemberton, on whom I waited with great anxiety, told me that he had just received accounts from London of the death of Dr. Hooper, and that nothing of the kind was said of thee, which could not have been the case had Heaven called thee. Dr. Wistar and Dr. Park, my worthy friends, who are correspondents of thine, informed me of the same

thing; and by other similar accounts, I was carried from the excess of grief to that of joy. I wrote since to my parents and relations, felicitating them, myself, and the whole world, upon the occasion. It is customary to kill the great very often, to let the world know that *they* are but mortals, though immortal. The late Frederic, King of Prussia, died more deaths than, I believe, any King in Europe, because he was the greatest.

I beg thee, my dear friend, to be careful of thy own health, while thou art so indefatigably engaged in the preservation of that blessing in others.

I mean, if possible, to write a few lines to Granville Sharp, whom I love for his benevolence; also to Mr. Clarkson, who has laboured so much, and so effectually, for the most oppressed people under the sun. I am unacquainted with them both, but I consider them as relations, and cannot hear their names mentioned, but with an unspeakable pleasure.

I have sent thee the copy of a letter which I have just written, in answer to one from the President of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery in France, who have styled themselves *The Friends of the Blacks, Les Amis des Noirs.* I cannot but urge the propriety of settling Africa; and whatever may be said with respect to the difficulties, I can never be happy till I have offered my services. I think I can render more good there, than in any other region of the globe, and I am therefore irresistibly led to desire an opportunity of exerting my

endeavours in favour of that country. Difficulties rise up and present themselves before my view, like mountains; but I have resolved to let nothing rise higher than my mind, and am certain I can look down with perfect indifference upon all obstruction, were I but once appointed to the superintendence of this undertaking. I have given up all ideas of obtaining happiness, till the completion of my prospects be obtained, for I am confident that this Settlement will be productive of more good than any thing that could be offered in favour of the Blacks. I must request thee, my dear friend, to forward it as much as lies in thy power, and do not consider the sacrifice I wish to make, as any sacrifice; for I am young, active, weaned from my dearest connexions, and single. I have motives for this undertaking, which no other in my circumstances can be likely to have; and though many may possess much superior abilities, I am certain no one possesses more willingness to submit to the difficulties of the execution than myself. It is in vain for any of my friends to attempt to persuade me from it. I desire only the means of settling the Blacks there, and will leave my appointment to the will of those I wish to benefit. I shall assume no power, nor need any one be jealous of dignity among such a people. But I am afraid I tire thee upon this subject. I wrote upon it often, but have received no letters from thee that tend to animate me to this undertaking.

I intend to depart hence for Tortola soon, to

stay there, in anxious expectation of something being done for the Blacks. The Parliament ought not to have delayed their determination to abolish the trade. Every man who is made a slave this day will curse their procrastination. The rights of millions ought not to be trifled with. The Settlement, however, may be made, if slavery, or even if the trade be not abolished, and will give much aid in bringing about that event.

Believe me to be, with the most sincere wishes for thy happiness,

Thy affectionate Friend,
W. THORNTON.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

From the same.

Philadelphia, June 15, 1790.

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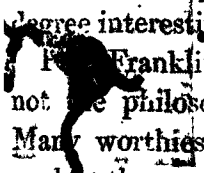
I am sorry that some of the southern members disgraced themselves so much, by abusing, in such indecent language, the Quakers, for their petition in favour of the abolition of the slave trade in this country. It appears very strange that this *land of freedom* should permit such language in favour of slavery. The tree has grown very large, but the fruit is not quite ripe. I hope there will be enough for the Africans to taste of soon. I am anxious to

know how the Settlement is likely to go on in Africa. My mind is still there, as I think much good may be done by that affair. Let me hear from thee soon, I request thee, and give me all the information respecting it that thou thinkest in any degree interesting; for to me it will be much so.



Franklin is gone, and the worm respecteth not the philosopher. He did much in his day. Many worthies are still left, who I hope will not neglect the work of the present moment.

My letter must go immediately. Farewell, my dearly beloved friend and countryman; and may Heaven bless thee and thy family.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXIX.

From the same.

Tortola, July 31, 1791.

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I have lately been composing some essays on language; the first is entitled *Cadmus*, or a Treatise on the Elements of Written Language; illustrating, by a philosophical division of speech, the power of each character; thereby mutually fixing the orthography and orthoepy. The second, An Essay on the most simple Character that can be found, for writing with Facility, Expedition, and

Legibility. The third, An Essay on the mode of teaching the surd, and consequently, dumb, to speak. These shall never be published without being presented to my worthy friend, nor shall I ever forget to do myself the justice to attempt to recommend myself to thee more strongly than ever thy friendly partiality has done, by exhibiting to thee my best productions, if ever I deem them worthy.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXX.

From the same.

Tortola, May 5, 1792.

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I have completed a piece, which I mentioned in my last, on the elements of written language, and I prove clearly, that there are thirty letters in the English language, twenty-one of which are vowels, the remaining nine are aspirates. There is no language that I cannot write perfectly (with regard to sound I mean), nor indeed is there a dialect that I cannot reduce to writing, provided I can pronounce it. Upon this plan I can shew clearly that there is not a sentence, in all the books

ever published in English, of ten words properly spelt!

Upon this system I am composing a short piece, by which the surd, and consequently dumb, may be taught to speak in a very short time; and children who can hear may be taught to read in a few weeks.

My piece is entitled *Cadmus*, and will shortly be offered to the American Philosophical Society. I am engaged in a Dictionary of the English language, with all the roots, and the true spelling, which has never yet been given properly; for this is entirely different to any plan heretofore pursued, as Sheridan's ingenious plan was new in its day. But Sheridan's is full of error; Johnson's very imperfect and erroneous in his explanations, and particularly in his derivations. I am much assisted by my dear friend Captain Rivardy, who is so much pleased with my plan, that he enters heartily into my scheme, and I cannot have a more certain criterion of its goodness than his approbation.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXXI.

From the same.

Philadelphia, Feb. 21, 1794.

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I long to hear of thy son; I hope he will not imbibe any ideas from Germany, except philosophical or chemical ones; I doubt not but he will support amply the lustre of thy name. He will hardly outshine thee; but his genius is great, I am certain, from what I saw of him. He has penetration. He has many valuable qualities, which will not suffer him to pass unknown in the world. He has virtue; his tutor or Mentor has virtue and learning; he must be great. He will have had opportunities of improvements, which I shall always have to lament the want of. He will be ripe before I began to take root. He will be urged by thy incessantly-working soul to become active like thee. I languish here amongst merchants, and talents here are in a measure useless. I must work in politics, and exert myself in a way suited, not to myself, but to those about me.

I am ashamed of my idleness; I have done nothing; I promise Heaven to do much: If a man *wills to do, he does.* I have not yet a claim suffi-

cient to demand thy attention, but I will endeavour to obtain it. London I often sigh after, not because I love gaiety, but science; not because it contains pleasures, but profit, by which the mind has always a repast prepared for it. You are a great and virtuous people; the rich cannot, however, feel for the poor; you have many hospitals, and great provisions for them, but that is the test of their misery; you ought to ask why they require them. We have no poor, except those who, from disease, are rendered incapable of working. Every man can get, by daily labour, from two to four or five shillings sterling per day. We pay him, we thank him, and we treat him with due respect. No man here can abuse another, even by word; all are respectful, and we do not despise a man who cannot afford to lay his legs by as useless. A man who does not even keep a horse, is nevertheless thought worthy of our public trusts, and we measure his rank by his virtue and talents; it is not universally the case, but it is general: in England it is not so at all. I will not dwell upon the subject.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXXII.

From the same.

Columbia, Dec. [illegible] 1794.

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When thy favour of the 10th of August last arrived, I was sick in bed of a bilious fever. I read thy letter with much pleasure; it was a reviving cordial, and had a good effect on thy sick friend. I was seized with this fever in consequence of fatigue in getting down to Georgetown, on account of public business. My wife and I are settled here, in consequence of a very honourable appointment, which the President of the United States has conferred upon me. I deem it honourable to have this mark of the attention of George Washington, especially unsolicited on my part. The Secretary of State sent to me, and asked if I would accept the appointment, which I could not indeed refuse. I am made one of the commissioners of the district of Columbia. This district I have more than once sent thee a plan of—no, I am mistaken, it was of the city of Washington, which is included in the district of Columbia. This extends one hundred square miles, and includes also George Town, which joins the city of Washington. These are in Maryland.

It includes also Alexandria in Virginia. The Board of Commissioners consists of three: my colleagues are Daniel Carroll, late Member of the Grand Convention that formed the constitution of the United States; and Gustavus Scott, one of the senators of Maryland. Mr. Scott and I succeed Dr. Stewart, son-in-law to Mrs. Washington; and Mr. Johnson, late Governor of Maryland: we are the chief magistrates of the district, which was ceded to the Congress, over which they were to possess exclusive jurisdiction. We have the expenditure of all public monies, for the accommodation of the Congress, in buildings, &c. We have the disposal of one half the whole city, for the ground was equally divided between the individual possessors and the public, by accommodations which gave great and general satisfaction. The trust reposed in us is so great, that I do not know a more extensive power in any offices of our Government, except the President, or perhaps the Secretary of State, Treasury, and War. Our salaries are small; theirs about double; we have six hundred pounds per annum (currency). In Republican Governments we are not quite so expensive as in Monarchies; we work for honour and the public good. The Treasurer of the Mint has not five hundred pounds per annum.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

From the same.

George Town, Potomac, Jan. 1795.

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It is odd, but when I baptized my work *Cadmus*, and the American Philosophical Society inscribed it on my medal as an honour, I had no idea that, like him, I was to build a city. I wish my life may be half as honourable in the West, as thine has been in the East, to our native country! Thou deservest a column, while I cannot hope for a stone. I cannot rest when I think what I might have done, and reflect on what only I have done. I sicken at the idea, and lament the loss of time—God grant grace to me, and direct me to be, if possible, a benefactor to man! But I am sinking fast. I cannot bear fatigue without being sick. I am sought for by company; when I hear music my ear is tickled; my eye delighted with painting; the murmuring brook arrests my attention, and I forget that it represents time, which glides away and returns not. Nature is always regenerating, but man is dying. I must do more than I have ever yet done, or my name too will die. I live, but to no end. I will work, and may yet do something. I am now in company, and cannot write all my thoughts. They are such as

cannot amuse thee; I will drop them. I must institute a Philosophical Society; an Agricultural Society; establish the University which has long lived in my mind, and which, on mentioning my ideas to the President, he approved of much. He even desired me to write and digest a plan. I have begun it, I mean that it shall include the mechanic arts, as well as sciences; but I believe I have mentioned this before. Washington (city) improves very rapidly, and I think will be one of the most elegant cities in the world.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

From the same.

George Town, Nov. 26, 1795.

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The place where thy parents lie, is under the two tamarind trees, which stand in the middle of the picture, a little to the left of thy old mansion house.

The view is taken from Great Joes Vandyke *, and represents the scene after a shower of rain. There may be a boat in the channel between the two islands. At a little distance from the shore, in a line with the house, (in the passage between the islands,) there is the greatest variety of beau-

* From this Drawing the annexed Engraving was made. Ed.

tiful corals, sea-ferns, sea eggs, and various productions that I almost ever beheld. I brought several hence, which I have in boxes, and indeed I think a cabinet might be much increased from that place. The sea looks purple with them sometimes, when very clear. On the print I have drawn a few plants of the great American aloe (*agave Americana*). The whole hill abounds with them, in great perfection. I have seen some of these plants forty feet high, and could easily distinguish them seven miles.

I have somewhere a little piece I wrote on them, if it contained any thing worth sending thee, I would have sent it. I can hardly write yet.

When I visited thy place of nativity, I had not a compass with me, nor had I any instruments, but from observation, the house stands north and south; I have taken a north-west and by north view. I have, from the rough measures I then made, taken a ground plan, which I will send by another letter. It must not be considered as correct, for it is meant only to give an idea of it. I would advise thee (as the posts and frame of the house are of *amarat wood*, which is hard and durable, and as the whole is very perfect) to send for the whole of the frame, let not a peg be taken out unnecessarily, for the hammock pegs are still in their places, on which thy relations have slept; and thou mayst fit up this house in England, and rest on the same. Let the pieces be all marked in taking them down, and it will be very easy to

transport the whole to thy grounds at Camberwell. Let the person who does this, send thee the dimensions of every part.

I intend to establish a Philosophical Society here, under the title of the Columbian Philosophical Society, or some such name. I hope to have thy leave to inscribe thy name as a member, and that thou wilt not only become a member, but forward the institution by sending some papers.

The celebrated Volney has lately arrived in America, and is now republishing his Travels into Egypt and Persia. He is engaged in reducing all the Oriental Languages to the European Alphabets; and I am pleased to hear that the first person he inquired for was thy friend Cadmus.

It has been observed that Cadmus, after introducing letters into Greece, went to build the city of Thebes—This application has, however, too much of vanity in it for me to repeat. I often think of the observations of Solomon, that after he had built and adorned his pleasant places, and planted groves, and had obtained all that the heart of man wished for—it was vanity; there is no solid pleasure but that which is derived from good works.

I have no doubt, from what I hear, that Volney will pay me a visit soon. I wish it, for there is no language that man can speak which I cannot write: at least this is my idea. Judge Turner, one of the superior Judges of the N. W. territory,

told me, that since he studied my small work, he can take down with great facility the Indian languages, which before he was incapable of doing; though he understood tolerably the language of the nation of Creek Indians. The Judge understood my work in a few hours, with instructions, and writes *English perfectly*. He is a man of great genius, and I think will make many valuable discoveries in the back countries which he visits. When Volney comes here, we shall try to reduce the Eastern Languages to a fixed scale, which will advance towards the completion of an universal alphabet. I think it will not contain more than about fifty characters, perhaps even fewer may do, for the European may be considered as containing the great outline of all; and there is more ease in learning it, than can at first be conceived, for when we have laid aside names, sounds follow in order.

The great key of human learning will be the universal alphabet, with a perfect knowledge of which any one will be able to read all languages as they are spoken; how much then will the learning of languages be facilitated. When I first began this subject I found unspeakable difficulties, and I at one time had many doubts as to the completion of it, for difficulties increased for some time, every part was so involved in error by many ingenious men. The cause of my considering the subject at all was, the difficulty I had in teaching a negro servant to read. I was tor-

tured with his want of intellect, and considering the subject, I found the language was faulty, for the man understood when I gave words properly spelt; but in the present mode there is no spelling at all. We invariably *speak letters*, and my plan is, to write the letters we speak. *We never speak but one letter at a time.* But let my work speak for itself.

I have a fine farm, for which I pay six thousand pounds, this currency, about £3530 sterling, of 572½ acres, situated just six miles from George Town and the City of Washington. I have also purchased several lots, next to those whereon the President means to build his private house of residence in the city, which we have travelled over together on foot, and laid out plans of future improvement. Thou wouldst, my dear Lettsom, enjoy such little excursions—we were alone, and I thought myself highly favoured by the manner in which this great man received my opinions. Thou wishest to see him—come to this region of happiness. I have many things confided to me, that, could I consistently with my duty disclose, would make our prospects appear to thee truly grand. We are approaching to a state which will, I doubt not, be the envy of the world. Come, I say again, and I promise thou shalt have a gratification that emperors covet to enjoy—thou shalt converse with Washington,—thou wouldst be by him kindly received,—he would soon know thee, and call thee his friend. What do I say to thee?—

thou art in the midst of learning, of arts, science, grandeur, wealth. It requires a mind of great resolution to leave all these things, but thou hast a great mind, and many will envy thy happiness if thou art thus gratified. I can say nothing of what I would say were I not entrusted with the mind of the President, but I know thou wilt love me yet better for refusing to tell even my best friend what is confided to me. Washington would not hesitate to tell thee many things, although he is very reserved in general. Come, and partake of his conversations, where thou wilt find such solidity of judgment as shall convince thee that his mind dwells in the midst of great things, and mingles in trifles with difficulty. He is a man of great accuracy, of great forbearance, firm in his friendships, chaste in his opinions and words, correct in his judgment, free from affectation, mild and even meek in his manners, respectful to the meanest person, whose salute he never fails to return; indefatigable in his duties; temperate; he retires early, and rises early; is an example in private life; but above all, he is an example in public, of reverence to the Deity, by his regular attendance at church; and in all his actions as Chief Magistrate of our Republic, he invokes the protection of God, and ascribes to Him alone the happiness of our Nation!

I intend to collect all I can concerning him; and if I can do nothing with it myself, it may be of service hereafter. I wish it were in my power

to do him justice. He has a regular Journal of his whole Life, particularly during the war, which is all in order; this will be a treat. I have seen in his private closet the trunks that contain these valuable memoirs.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXXV.

From the same.

Washington, Oct. 9, 1797.

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If, my friend, all the instances of your generous attentions to the afflictions of human nature, were recorded, they would compose an ample volume. When I hear of misery, I sympathize with the sufferers, and I would be willing to grant a participation of what little falls to my lot. When I hear of such generous liberality as raises the objects o distress above want and misery, and cheers the voice of affliction, my heart bursts with feelings of benevolence towards such virtuous men. I feel grateful to Heaven that the emanations of Divinity are permitted to quicken the sensibility of mortals, and that the mysteries of perpetual happiness are revealed. Were it not for the enjoyment of that delight which is only known to them

who live, not for themselves merely, what could induce man to solicit life? I think, my friend, of thy virtues, I think of thee with pleasure, and I have also the happiness of joining with thy name a list of worthies whose friendship I enjoy. I lately visited Washington, whose virtues thou hast long known. I remembered thee to him, and repeated thy kind inquiries after his health, and the mode in which he spent the evening of his life. He desired me to give thee his best respects, and thought himself honoured by thy inquiries, which he acknowledged by letter in answer to thy favour. I hope his letter to thee has not also been so unfortunate as to miscarry. Not only the American Republic has had its privileges invaded by the powers at war, but also the republic of letters!

The celebrated Volney has been travelling for a year past through every part of this country. He spent the principal part of this summer with Mr. Jefferson (vice president) and myself, dividing his time; he also spent part of last summer with me. He will pursue his travels, and from his travels much may be expected. Kosciusko has arrived in America, but is yet in the Northern States; I shall doubtless see him when he comes to visit General Washington.

Since I began this letter, the General called on me. He came up to this city with young Fayette, who is setting off to take shipping to France, to meet his father, at last liberated from tyranny and oppression. M. De Fayette is a very vir-

tuous young man, about 19 years of age. He has been in General Washington's family ever since he retired from office, and was before sent by the General to Princeton college.

It will be a satisfaction to thee to hear that when the President retired from his public charge, he wrote a very flattering letter of approbation to the commissioners, testifying his satisfaction and pleasure in their conduct; observing, too, that if any of us retired from office, the country would experience a great loss. I have received from him many invitations and many attentions. He rides out every morning by day-light, visits all his farms, returns to breakfast, then writes in his library, which is not extensive, answers letters, which are very numerous, dresses and dines at an early hour, between two and three, enjoys a social hour or two, retires sometimes to write, or attend to private affairs, takes tea or coffee, and after reading a little, or sitting with his friends, he retires to rest at nine o'clock, but eats no supper. He is very active and healthy, cheerful, but moderate in all things. He eats with a good appetite, and at breakfast takes honey and butter with bread made of Indian corn (maize), which he eats in preference to the finest wheaten bread. It is made in small cakes expressly for him. He takes a moderate glass of wine after dinner, and enjoys a *bon-mot*. He sometimes gives one—As he sat at table after dinner, the fire behind him was too large and hot; he complained, and said he must

remove; a gentleman observed it behoved the General to stand fire; Washington said it did not look well for a General to receive the fire behind. On receiving his friends, he gives them a hearty welcome; then says, consider yourself as perfectly at home now, as if in your own house, you know my manner of living, we must all be at our ease without ceremony. Mrs. Washington is a very agreeable, lively, sensible person, and has the remains of great beauty.

W. T.

LETTER CCLXXXVI.

Dr. MEASE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Health Office, State Island, June 1, 1796.

Dear Doctor,

The subject hinted at in your last, respecting the impropriety of a second acceptance of the office of President, by Washington, opens a wide field for political speculation. In my opinion, motives of ambition had little weight, in inducing him to accept the office originally, or in standing a second election. He knew well, that he had arrived at the summit of fame at the close of the war, and that it was impossible for him to derive any additional lustre to his name by his future conduct. He moreover must have been convinced, that he suffered a considerable risk, by engaging in the ad-

ministration of a government just organizing, and might, by an unfortunate measure, lessen the reputation he had already acquired; but considering the necessity that plainly appeared, for placing the office of the first servant of the people in a man who possessed the greatest share of confidence among his fellow citizens, which he knew he did, he was induced, from a pure wish to promote the interests of his country, to accept the unanimous offer of the electors to become President. At the expiration of the first period, he saw the United States rise into an unexpected degree of consequence and importance to the rest of the world, with which connexions must necessarily be formed; and he perceived they would have a very difficult part to act, in order to keep clear of the desolating war that had just then commenced between our old ally and the rest of the European powers; he therefore thought it his duty still to continue in office, until our own government should be firmly established, and peace again return to convulsed Europe; and happy, thrice happy, have been the consequences of his prudent conduct throughout this important period, in restraining the rash enterprises of our justly-enraged citizens, against the depredators of your government, for the seizure of their property and persons, without a pretext of right; and in preventing the effects which the enthusiasm for the cause of our former faithful friends had nearly produced. Had any other man been at the helm we must have certainly been in-

volved in war with one of the parties. Not that I suppose a man of equal political talents could not be found, but because there was no other man in whom the people, and the other departments of government, so readily reposed their confidence. Even he did not escape censure from the envious and disaffected; but the prosperity we enjoy is a full answer to their calumny and detraction. The treaty was far from meeting his approbation, as has since been made public, but its ratification was a necessary consequence of the Senate's recommendation; and the only probable means to keep us at peace. Every one believes he will resign his pretensions at the next election, and that the contest for the office will be between Jefferson and Adams.

I do not think with you that the annual or biennial elections of our Presidents would be attended with any beneficial consequences. By choosing them from each State in rotation, no doubt each would be pleased, but the measure would be attended with all the mischiefs inevitable to the rapid rotation of public affairs, which is so remarkably exemplified in the government of France. The individual States see their interest too intimately connected with the concord and unanimity of the whole, to be displeased because one of their citizens does not fill the chief office in the government. The equality of the representation in the Senate, secures the independence of the small States, equally with those whose extent

of territory or population is greater; and the perfect concord subsisting in the federal legislature upon this head, will, at least for centuries to come, prevent the division of our government, and those internal broils, which have been so long predicted by the Dean of Gloucester, and other English politicians, who have no idea of the existence of a government made by the people, or of any being supported but by force, bribery, and corruption, and the continuance of those abuses which despotism has created. The German constitution (if they have any) is so different from ours, that a comparison will not hold good, and the dismemberment of a single State from the whole in our Union, could not be effected but by force, and by force would it be obliged to submit to the constitution which its representatives had contributed to frame. Washington, therefore, may die or resign, and our government will still continue the admiration of the world.

May you continue to promote science, and enjoy the happiness of a well-spent life.

JAMES MEASE.

LETTER CCLXXXVII.*

Dr. Mitchill to Dr. Lettsom.

My Dear Sir, *New York, Oct. 23, 1815.*

This morning I received your welcome parcel of pamphlets and hand-bills, giving me information of what is going on among the sçavans of London.

The formation of a Philosophical Society in the metropolis, proves how much you have to do, and how many able hands there are ready to work. I have no doubt there will be enough for the members to transact, although the Royal Society, the Linnæan Society, the Society for the Promotion of Arts, and other Institutions, labour in their respective vocations with all their powers.

Here, in New York, a Literary and Philosophical Society has been founded. I send you a copy of the President's, [Dr. Clinton,] inaugural address. It has been much read and admired here. In it you will find a great deal of information relative to the civil and natural history of this country, and more especially of New York. I hope you will vouchsafe to read my version of the third and fifth piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius, contained in one of the illustrative notes. And I beg you to shew it to your literary and professional

* This letter did not arrive until Dr. Lettsom had paid the debt of nature. Ed.

worthy, John Mason Good, Esq., with the assurance of my respect for his character and talents.

Our Society's first volume will appear within the week, in a quarto form. It will contain, besides the President's oration just mentioned, and other valuable matters, my *Narrative of the great Earthquakes of* 1811, 12, *and* 13, *in North America*, and my *Classification and Description of* 167 *Fishes found in and about New York*. I hope, by these papers, to add something to the geology and ichthyology of our time. My memoir is accompanied by figures of 60 fish, which I suppose to be chiefly unknown to naturalists.

I have lately returned from a tour to Vermont and the North. Since my return I have exhibited to the curious in our city, a slab of dolomite, or elastic marble, forty-eight inches long, three inches broad, and one inch thick; making one hundred and forty four cubic inches of stone. It is of a snowy whiteness, and of a crystalline structure. Its properties are the following:—1. If shaken, with one end resting on the floor, it can be perceived to vibrate to and fro; 2. It may be bent backward and forward, and with perfect ease; 3. When suspended by the middle, the two ends sensibly decline and hang down; 4. The two extremities being supported, the middle descends to a curve, which may not only be seen, but measured. This curious specimen was obtained from the transition-quarry of Pitt's-field, in the Western part of Massachusetts.

I enclose you the last number of the Medical Repository, wherein you will find curious information concerning the epidemics which ravage the interior districts of North America; and the last reports of the New York Hospital, of which you are such an active friend.

I have finished a description and arrangement of the

Amphibious animals;

Reptiles.

Tortoises	12	
Frogs	7	
Lizards	10	29 species;

and of the Serpents,

Crotalus	2	
Boa	3	
Coluber		16 species,

of these parts of North America, amounting to 45 species.

The *testaceous* animals have been collected and described in 66 species. The *crustaceous* in 19 species. The *molluscous* and *cetaceous* are also nearly done; and all these from life and nature, and not from books.

I remain, with great esteem and regard, my excellent Sir,

Yours as ever,

SAMUEL MITCHILL.

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

Dr. Warren to Dr. Lettsom

Dear Doctor, *Boston, May* 30, 1790.

Whatever pleasure I may have experienced in the honour of your correspondence heretofore, nothing can exceed that which I feel on the present occasion.

I again enjoy the opportunity of an epistolary communication with one whom this part of the world had deeply lamented as departed to that country, from whose "bourne no traveller returns." The friends of science, and of humanity, here, felt themselves extremely interested in the event, and though far distant from the land which gave you birth, and personally unknown to you, unfettered by the narrow prejudices of place or country, they liberally shed tears to the memory of a man whom they had considered as their friend and brother. Thank Heaven! those tears were premature, and you yet live to serve your country and the world. A mistake in the gazette was the source of that sorrow which an account of your death had diffused throughout this part of our continent. That you may long live to extend a healing hand to the infirmities of humanity, and to promote the interests of society, is a wish not con-

fined to the limits of your native country; but warmly entertained in the breasts of Americans.

By the direction of the Massachusetts Medical Society, I have, as their corresponding Secretary, presented you with a copy of papers communicated to them, and selected for publication; and I herewith send you another, as a small acknowledgement for the favours of this kind, which I have received from you. The poverty of this country, with respect to literary productions, is such, that I am not enabled, by any means, to make that return which your notices to me in this way, merit. We are, however, making some advances, I trust, in the paths of science, and we shall think it no dishonour to imitate the means by which the enlightened nations of Europe, and particularly England, have become so celebrated for their cultivation of the arts. At a humble distance, we shall indeed long remain, but from the labours of the industrious, something advantageous may, in all countries, be derived. An intercourse with the learned, on your side the Atlantic, will greatly aid our efforts, and stimulate to a laudable exertion in the pursuit.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

JOHN WARREN.

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

The Hon. JAMES BOWDOIN, to Dr. LETTSOM.

Sir, *Boston, Nov. 2, 1804.*

I consider Chemistry a science of the first importance, especially in this country, where the arts are too little cultivated, and require aid from every source, from the speculative theorist to the practical artist. Permit me to observe, if not irrelative to the subject, that rich as this country is in its surplus productions, it is evident that that surplus will prove insufficient *in a time of general peace*, to procure what we require from abroad, without the aid of some principal, important, manufactures at home. What those manufactures should be, what would be most beneficial, and least injurious to our commerce; whether they ought to be left to individual enterprise, or to receive the special encouragement of our governments, are questions of much political importance. There can be no competition of interests between the two countries in the arts applying to agriculture and mineralogy; and I apprehend that the English would readily afford us all the light of their experience upon these subjects; but as applying to the manufacture of some of our raw materials, they would probably feel much jealousy and reluctance; this jealousy, however, may be carried too far, as

it might lay the foundation of those measures which may bring us forward too early as a manufacturing nation. To suppose that the people of England would be hostile to all manufactures which may be established in this country, without reference to their utility or necessity, is an extreme case, and quite unreasonable; to discriminate between such things as we can and ought to manufacture, and such as we can, with most convenience, derive from them, would be wise and judicious policy; for such a discrimination, whilst it might diminish the number of articles imported, would not probably lessen the amount of our importations; it would serve rather to regulate than to lessen them, for such are our prejudices in favour of every thing English, that we expend our commercial resources in many things of little benefit, and thereby lessen our ability to purchase those of acknowledged utility. Reciprocal advantage is the basis of all permanent commercial intercourse. Were it left to itself, without the troublesome interference of ministers, and their short-sighted schemes of policy, there is no doubt the individuals of the two countries would find their common interest in their commercial connexion; but navigation-acts, discriminating duties and prohibitions, however well they may apply to other nations, and to our European nation in its commercial concerns with another, are very doubtful expedients, as applying to the commerce of the

United States. The United States have as yet no manufacturing establishments to influence the government. Whatever has been done for the protection of our navigation and infant manufactures, has arisen from the necessity of the case, from those acts of discrimination which distinguish British policy, in reference to the commercial intercourse with other nations.

Among the many objects which unite and link nations together by a common friendship, perhaps there are none more powerful than those which arise from the joint operation of moral and physical causes. I consider commerce and its exchanges among the physical; and language, modes of education, and religious worship, forms of government, and judicial proceedings, among the moral causes; from which spring habits, manners, opinions, and, I may add, prejudices, which in their turn give force and security to their influence on commerce and national intercourse. Literary institutions, in this point of view, may be considered among the best means of transfusing and perpetuating national habits, and those advantages which may result from them to a commercial nation; and upon the same principle, our seminaries of learning may lay claim to the protection and patronage of patriotic Englishmen, for preserving and perpetuating a national pre-eminence in the commerce of the United States.

I should not have written thus much, had I not

have known you to be well disposed to the literary institutions of our country, and to have made generous donations to our university of Cambridge.

Permit me, Sir, to invite your attention to an infant institution in the Eastern part of our State, commonly called the district of Maine; not with a view to a particular donation from you, but merely to state to you that there is an institution at Brunswick, in the county of Cumberland, handsomely endowed by the government of the State, and the benefactions of individuals. It has, already, a handsome building erected, called Massachusetts Hall, and preparations are making for a larger and more extensive one for the accommodation of the students. The Rev. Dr. Joseph M'Kean, a learned and respectable man, is the President; it has several professors and instructors, and a number of students, who entered upon the career of their duties and studies about two years ago. The institution bears the name of Bowdoin College, in compliment to the reputation and literary talents of my late father. Having been in England, and a member of Christ Church College, Oxford, and having been formerly acquainted with some respectable gentlemen there, and knowing what I had occasion to observe, that there were many private libraries in England, some of which were of little use to their possessors, I have had the idea, that, if a gentleman of known talents, information, and influence, which I am well persuaded befits you as a just character, would un-

dertake to make known the situation of a respectable and promising infant literary institution, that it wanted an addition to its library, and additional articles to its apparatus for philosophical experiments, there are many respectable English gentlemen, who would be glad of the opportunity to contribute a few books to the institution, and some articles, perhaps of little value to themselves, which would prove of the greatest advantage. Be assured, Sir, that your friendly aid and patronage upon this subject, would be gratefully received and honourably noticed.

I hope, Sir, you will not consider the foregoing suggestions as improper on my part, and as transgressing that line of civility which I justly owe you. My motive is a good one, and I hope you will take no exception to the mode. I mean nothing but what is perfectly respectful, and consistent with the most scrupulous delicacy.

Be assured, Sir, of my esteem, and that

I am, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

JAMES BOWDOIN.

LETTER CCXC.

Dr. LETTSOM to The Hon. JAMES BOWDOIN, Governor of Massachusetts.

London, Sept. 19, 1805.

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We find that many of our expensive canals pay an interest of £10 per cent. merely by one part of the country bartering its product for that of another, whereby they are mutually benefited. Thus coal is bartered for limestone; the one is essential to manufactures, the other to agriculture. The first is an important staple of England, gained from the soil by labour, and is as valuable as its iron or its wool, or the cotton of its colonies. It enables it, with its fisheries, in great measure to pay Spain for working its mines; Portugal, for the rich productions of the Brazils; and America, for its lumber, iron, and tobacco; the profits of which generate new activity, and increased industry in the country that produces them, by means of its finer manufactories, and its innumerable articles of luxury, dependent on its collieries and its machinery.

Thou wilt now perceive, that my ideas coalesce with thine, respecting the policy of promoting,

upon a broad external scale, the reciprocity of commercial interests.

With respect to America, it primarily leads to the consideration, in what respects and degrees, should America promote her agricultural trade and manufactures? and ought she to encourage one at the expence of another? If the answer of the merchants of Marseilles to Colbert, "Laissez nous," were the general rule of governing powers, every thing would gradually find its just level. It may, however, be laid down as an axiom, that whilst agriculture affords employment and subsistence for every demand, it produces the most radical strength and wealth; it is the bosom of nature which gives the milk of vitality, and preserves morality; and whilst it produces a surplus, it adds wealth to industry, and increases the means of subsistence; but when there is not a surplus of natural product, adequate to the demands of expensive manufactures, or foreign articles of luxury, internal manufactories of its own productions, by enhancing the price of its rough materials, must come in aid of agriculture; her iron must be made into bolts, nails, and other coarse implements; her hemp into cordage and canvas; her corn into flour; her line into cloth, and thus commerce results as the handmaid to imports and exports, and mutually assist in the promotion of each other, till at length large towns are formed, and in the ratio of population, the finer manufactures will increase; but in the same ratio refinement and luxury will

augment, and the necessity for external traffic will exist, which, in the present state of civilized society, constitutes the strongest bond of union between commercial nations.

It would, however, carry me beyond the limits of my time, to enter into a detail of restrictions or tariffe between you and us, though we may unite in opinion as individuals, that the greater the reciprocity and facility in trade, the greater will be the mutual advantages in wealth and in union of sentiment.

To realize this commercial reciprocity, and facility, the great statesman * I have already mentioned, to lessen the restraints imposed by our navigation-act, and finally to enrich and unite the world, proposed to make a free port in one of our West India islands, which consequently would be accessible and open to all nations, and barter established, without the vexations of custom-house duties or excise at the place of destination. The duty, excise, or tax, was to be laid on in our ports, on our articles of export or import, and hence the merchant, by enhancing the price of merchandize at the place of destination, the consumer would ultimately, as must ever be the case, pay for the additional impost levied in England, without feeling a direct tax, or the vexatious routine of custom-house duties.

* The late Marquis of Lansdown. Ed.

Had this policy been pursued by the administration of Lord North, the Americans would have remained our fellow subjects, or our best allies. By Shelburne's system, the trade of North and South America would have centered in our West India isles, and most of the cotton, coffee, dyeing woods, and the precious metals of the latter, would have been conveyed to the grand depôt, as well as the lumber, corn, iron, cordage, and heavier articles of the former; whilst foreign powers, at the same time, would have retained their carrying-trade without the restraints of our navigation-act; and our own carrying-trade would have been increased, by conveying our manufactured and expensive articles, with those of our Asiatic monopoly, and in bringing to Europe, the rough, as well as the rich products of the American continent. The wealth thus poured into our ports would have enriched our merchants, and gradually rendered England, not only the emporium of the world, but also the source of universal vitality, by extending both external commerce, and domestic activity, to every trans-atlantic port; and by which she would have become the *punctum vitæ in vitello orbis*; like the egg itself, she would generate life and vigour to the most extreme circumference; more luminous than the sun, her animating rays would have pervaded the poles, and given activity to hyperborean regions, by including in this great political system this axiom, that the promotion of reciprocal inte-

rests begets reciprocal wealth, happiness, and union; in other words, that by rendering those with whom we have commercial intercourse, wealthier and happier, we render ourselves so; and, as hath been intimated, every country and clime has something to give, and something to receive, or wanted, to suit the respective peculiarities of climate. Thus, the arctic regions not only afford us timber, furs, and fish, but also oil to illumine our rooms, or aid our staple manufactories of wools and skins, as well as the luxury of down to soften repose. In return, our warm manufactured woollens, iron hooks, spears, and a thousand necessaries, would increase the wealth and the comfort of both.

"To perpetuate this happy plan of mutual commercial advantages," said Shelburne to me, "instead of acting towards France as a natural enemy, I would make her a natural friend, by reciprocity of interests. I would form a treaty offensive and defensive with her, and, united, we would maintain a perpetual peace throughout the world." Then the Millenium, which some Religionists have spoken of as a distant object, would have been realized and anticipated.

From the mutual benefits which industry and labour thus give and receive, we may apply the axiom to science and mental acquirements, which, like the mirror, admit and reflect objects, and under this sentiment, I will use my endeavours in favour of the Bowdoin College. If a certain an-

nual sum, however small, could be devoted to the purchase of books, and foreign collections, like the smallest embryo, it would gradually acquire stature and vigour, and amply repay to posterity your present sacrifices; and as a beginning, to promote incubation of the productive egg, I transmit a few books for the college, which bears a name justly venerated in America, and esteemed every where, and highly by

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CCXCI.

The Rev. J. MADISON, D. D. to Dr. LETTSOM.

Williamsburg, June 16, 1810.

My Dear Sir,

I received your letter of the date of January last, and was particularly gratified in finding that you continued in the enjoyment of health, both of body and mind. Your kind and friendly attentions are always highly valued; but, upon this occasion, I have been, in one respect, unfortunate. Your letter only came to hand, though the package arrived safe in Baltimore, and the owner of the ship informed me that he had been particular in forwarding it. I have lost the pleasure which I should have derived from a view of your unremitted exertions in the cause of humanity; but I

feel much indebted to you for your good intentions and flattering remembrance of me.

How long will the savage trade of war interrupt that beneficent trade, which Nature exhorts her children to cultivate with each other! I have published a map of Virginia, upon a large scale, which has been neatly engraved, and well finished; and have felt a desire to forward a copy to you; but such is the state of intercourse with Europe, that I have not been enabled to hear of a direct communication with you.

America, if she is wise enough to adhere to the system which has hitherto directed her conduct, and I have the strongest reason to believe that she will, cannot be drawn into the wars of Europe. She has, within herself, all the resources which national felicity requires. Her manufactures have taken an astonishing turn, and are rapidly advancing. We shall soon be perfectly independent of other nations for every conveniency; and though the true interest of this rising empire, so far as opulence may be an object, would not encourage too great an extension of manufactures, yet the preservation of peace will more than compensate for the loss of pecuniary gain.

Believe me to be, Dear Sir, with the sincerest respect and esteem,

Your friend and servant,

J. MADISON.

LETTER CCXCII.

Dr. LETTSOM to the Rev. J. MADISON, D. D.

London, Dec. 12, 1804.

Reverend Friend,

It is not my practice to take copies of letters to my correspondents, but having received a pamphlet with a letter from Dr. Ramsey of Charleston, respecting the cession of Louisiana, which is likewise a subject of one of thy letters, I have taken the liberty of so far invading Dr. Ramsey's private right, as to extract minutes of my address to him, for thy perusal, in order to prevent my going over the same ground in my present correspondence. There is one subject, which I have slightly hinted at—the toleration of slavery in America; and after perusing the excellent pamphlet, on the Emancipation of your Slaves, with which thou some months ago favouredst me, I feel a difficulty in determining upon any plan adequate to the magnitude and urgency of the object. To sell them to others for future slavery, would be the height of cruelty, and to continue them with yourselves in perpetual slavery is impolitic and dangerous, as you have recently experienced, as would be their immediate and complete freedom. I conceive, with every dispassionate writer, that a *gradual emancipation*, is alone feasi-

ble, and, in my opinion, easily practicable. It requires, however, a considerable length of time, to teach a slave to be free; therefore emancipation should be gradual, for were it immediate and general, slavery would degenerate into sloth and unbridled licentiousness. The example of the late Prime Minister, Count Bernstoff of Denmark, should be adopted. He liberated his slaves with the most scrupulous caution, and parental attention. He first allotted to each of them a piece of land, and instructed them to plough, sow, and otherwise cultivate the soil. He obtained for them tools, and utensils of every requisite kind, at a considerable expence; and during this course of instruction, he supported them under every exigency or want, to which such a novel state had introduced them. In a few years they not only maintained themselves, but acquired a surplus to pay him a rent, and the old Count lived to see his domains four-fold in value; and the freemen, whom he had reared from a state of slavery, enjoying ten-fold happiness. One of the Count's estates was traversed by four great roads: in the centre where they met, he lived to see a statue erected to himself, as a monument of their gratitude. This was erected solely at their expence. I confess I feel a prejudice in favour of my White brethren, and consequently a bias against a near alliance with our Black fellow-creatures, and would wish that the blood of the Whites should not be contaminated with that of the Blacks,

but this has taken place pretty generally in the West Indies, and perhaps in some degree in America. This mixture will, however, ultimately cease, because the issue of this union, at length, assumes the character of mules, and cease to breed or propagate; that is, after a few generations; so that in process of time, the black tint would become extinct, or lost, without the aid of a new importation of Blacks. This seems to be the law of the Creator both in the animal and vegetable creation, who has been pleased to form varieties in the human species, beyond the bounds of which we cannot trespass. A negro will be a negro for ever, and a White will sustain his specific character, as does the Calmuck and Indian. Their corporeal frame is almost as clearly marked as their colour. The proportion and form of their bones are different, and those of the head remarkably so. Moses, in giving the genealogy from Adam, rather confirms than controverts the proof of this variety; for the children of the patriarch left him to unite and marry with other created beings, coeval with Adam.

From this view we may conclude, that we could not form Whites in Guinea, without the extirpation of the Blacks, nor Blacks in America, without pursuing the same process. If I mistake not, the late John Hunter, of London, imagined that Adam and Eve were Blacks, and that white is a deterioration or degradation from black, as many animals become white by age or disease, or by extreme

cold; whence white foxes, hares, bears, partridges, &c.; but I do not know that the white bear of Greenland is less in size, strength, or ferociousness than the black bear of Russia, or the brown of America.

Two pleasing considerations result from this immutable law in the creation. First, as the Supreme has been pleased to constitute human beings of different colours and structure, we ought each to embrace the other as brethren, and equally favoured children, of one beneficent parent. Again, we may conclude that no intermixture of the different varieties will absorb or destroy the respective originals, which ultimately will each acquire or resume its primary states in the scale of creation, because Nature has circumscribed the propagation of mules, in the rational as well as in the brute and vegetable creations. The adage says, "You cannot wash a blackamoor white;" in like manner, we cannot change the White into the Black. Thus I feel a satisfaction in concluding, that if you liberate your slaves, and allow them an establishment, a succession of years will preserve or restore the respective original form, colour, and character of such as intermarry; or, at length, by ceasing to propagate, the old varieties remain in their pristine peculiarities.

I have conveyed with this a small packet for thy acceptance from

Thy assured Friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER CCXCIII.

Sir CHARLES LINNE' to Dr. LETTSOM.

Upsaliæ 1772, *C.* 1. *Julii.*

Viro Clarissimo
Domino Johan. Coakley Lettsom
Car. Linné.

Accepi literas tuas et semina die 8 Maii missa: pro utrisque maximas, quas umquam possum, reddo gratias.

Liber tuus perplacuit cui præfixa 3 sunt insecta omnium optimè delineata.

Theam omnium pulcherrimè et graphicè descripsisti. Ego vidi tantum sicca florum specimina, adeoque unicum stylum numeravi. Vidi cæterùm in duabus aliis plantis ubi unus fuit stylus, sed maturescente fructu, biloculari rumpi in duos; hic fortè aliter in Thea. Anne etiamnum apud vos Londini floreant Theæ, quas novi vos possidere copiosas?

Pauca jam scribo, cùm in literis neque plateam, minus domum ubi habitas allegâsti, adeoque dubito quòd in manus tuas veniat.

Translation.

To the renowned John Coakley Lettsom.

Charles Linné.

Upsal, July 1, 1772.

I received your letter of the 8th May, and the seeds sent with it, for both of which I return you my best thanks.

Your book, which has prefixed to it a plate with three insects, most accurately delineated, has pleased me very much.

You have, of all others, most excellently and exactly described the Tea-tree. I have seen only a dried specimen of the flowers, and therefore I reckoned but one style. I have observed, however, in two other plants, in which there was but one style, the double seed-vessel, separate into two, when the seed was at maturity; but this is perhaps otherwise in the Tea-tree. Do those plants of the Tea-tree, which I know you once had in great abundance, still thrive with you in London?

I write but little now, since you have neither mentioned in your letter the number of the house, nor even the name of the street in which you live. I am doubtful, therefore, whether it will reach your hands.

LETTER CCXCIV

From the same.

Viro Clarissimo D. D.
Johan. Coakley Lettsom
Car. Linné.

Tuas die 18 Septembr. hodie primum accepi.

Librum selectissimis typis Barclaii avidè expecto, nec dubito quin D. Lindegren primâ cum occasione mittat. Grates ulterius reddam dum ad me pervenerit. Quid tibi reddam pro tot tantisque in me beneficiis?

Methodus tua conservandi semina Indica perplacuit, et credo illam longè certiorem fore quàm alteram cum cera. Methodus mea, quam quondam præscripsi, propius ad tuam accedebat, et hæc erat. Lagenula vitrea repleatur seminibus in Indiis nuper lectis et siccioribus, dein subere optimò claudatur.

Hæc indetur lagenæ multò capaciori, et repleatur salibus variis mixtis, ita ut sale undique lateribus silicet fundo et orificio incarceretur interior lagenula. Salibus mixtis oritur frigus majus, ne à calore climatis exsiccentur semina.

An Thea apud vestrates per hyemem conservetur in viridario uti apud nos; vel an ullus tentavit eam exponere frigori hyberno?

Dum mihi inscribas immortale opus, me anxium reddis, qui queam mutuæ prestare honoris et affectus officia.

Translation.

To the renowned John Coakley Lettsom.

Charles Linné.

Your letter of the 18th of September, I did not receive until to-day.

The books printed with the very choice types of Barclay, I am expecting with great eagerness, though I do not doubt but that Mons. Lindegren will forward them to me the first opportunity. I will offer you my further acknowledgments when they reach me; in the mean while, what return can I make for so many and such valuable favours conferred upon me?

Your method of preserving Indian seeds pleased me much, and I think it far more certain than the other mode of doing it by wax. The method which I formerly recommended, very much resembled your own, and it was this. Let a small glass bottle be filled with seeds lately gathered in India, and well dried, let it be well corked up. Then let this bottle be put into a much larger one, filled with various mixed salts, so that the inner bottle may be completely inclosed in them, that is to say, on the sides, at the bottom, and over the mouth. The mixed salts produce a greater degree of cold, but the seeds would be dried up by the heat of the climate.

Is the Tea-plant kept through the winter in your country within a green-house, as it is with us, or

has any one yet attempted to expose it to the winter's cold?»

Since you have inscribed your immortal work * to me, you have made me more anxious than ever to be able to perform all the mutual relations of esteem and affection.

LETTER CCXCV.

Dr. COMBE to Dr. LETTSOM.

Bloomsbury Square, Oct. 22, 1787.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

In regard to the Howardian medal, I submit the following to your consideration: A medal, unless appropriated to some person, or recording some fact, or series of facts, well defined, that is, clearly pointed out, becomes nugatory. Mr. Howard, having refused to let either his head or name be placed on the medal, has rendered it very difficult to do him honour, or inform posterity, or even foreigners of the present age, the occasion and intention of striking it. Under these circumstances, thus discouraging, I have attempted something. There seems to be two considerable objections against a Greek inscription, however apposite and elegant; one, arising

* "The Naturalist's and Traveller's Companion," 2nd Edition. ED.

from the smallness of the number of people who are able to read it, and so far counteracting the design of a medal; the other, from the artists not having Greek punches for the letters; and to have them made for one medal only would be very expensive. As the medal is intended for foreigners as well as our own countrymen, I think an English inscription is not suitable. Latin is a language generally understood throughout Europe; more can be expressed by it in a less space, and custom seems to have made it (if I may be allowed the expression) the medallic language.

On the obverse, a view of a prison, which, by irons, chains, &c., may be clearly defined, towards this a man walking; in the exergue, *Infirmus eram et visitastis me, in carcere eram et venistis ad me*, *Matt.* xxv. 36; and in the contour *nec morbi nec æquora terrent*, alluding to the dangers he underwent of infectious diseases, and in travelling, when in pursuit of his very humane plan. On the reverse, the figure of Britannia, the same as on a medal of Antoninus Pius, holding out a civic crown, over a standing figure, and underneath, *Britannia, L. M. miserorum consolatori*, 1787.

Still something, I think, is wanted for the information of posterity, which must be supplied by gentlemen having the following engraved round the edge, after they have received the medal.

In honorem *Howard arm.*

C. C.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

(LETTER CX. vol. ii. p. 109.)

THE COW: A SONG.

Tune—*The Banks of the Dee.*

TOO oft' are our songs about war, love, and drinking,
More humble 's the subject I celebrate now,
But, if beauty and worth claim our praise, in my thinking
Well worthy the song is the mild useful Cow:
For docile and kind is the Cow in her nature,
Serenity beams in her face in each feature;
In use too she greatly surpasses each creature;
Oh, such are the virtues we find in the Cow.

How balmy her breath as the flowers she feeds on
As fragrant to smell as the newly-mown grass;
How steady her step in the meadow she treads on,
How instructive to man as he near her shall pass
For there, as the cud o'er again she is chewing,
She teaches me just what I too should be doing,
O'er my reading and thoughts, that more good be accruing;
O this is the lesson I learn from the Cow.

The milk, twice a day, from her bag it is flowing,
Pure fountain of health both for man and for child!
O yet, while your children to manhood are growing,
Mild tempers thus form them by food that is mild.
But yet, while her milk for the babe we are boasting,
Strong food too she gives to keep navy and host in,
For from her spring the oxen which give beef for roasting,
For English roast beef we 're in debt to the Cow.

Long time the *Small-Pox* o'er the world has been raging,
Sweeping thousands and thousands betimes to the grave,
But Providence, kindly, its rigour assuaging,
Has pointed the means from its fury to save:
For our own useful Cow a distemper supplying,
So mild and so safe that we hear of none dying,
Bids us smile at *Small-Pox*, that dire plague thus defying,
And for this we are greatly in debt to the Cow.

Oh! spurn not the gift, both so simple and safe too,
Despise not because 'tis deriv'd from a beast;
'Tis a blessing that Heav'n itself hath vouchsaf'd you,
And in Med'cine's great round tho' the last not the least:
So clean is the Cow, and so pure is her feeding,
Her breath, milk, and flesh we are so agreed in,
To prevent the *Small-Pox* we are one and all needing:—
Before Man's distemper, O give me the Cow's.

Nor think it presumption to bring one disease in,
To exterminate that which a Providence sent:
Both the scourge and the means he affords for releasing,
By the same dreadful, merciful Father are lent,
A blessing so great with objections thus meeting,
We as well might diseases with med'cine cease treating,
Lest thus Heav'n's ways we were boldly defeating;
Then we'll hail our physician with joy in the Cow.

O cherish the Cow, then, and give her protection,
Be her's the rich meadow wherein she may roam;
The sweetest of hay claims for her your selection,
And fodder her kindly at night at your home:
Be the maid or the boy that shall milk her humane, Sir,
If her they ill use, see that them thou restrain, Sir;
Thy hopes in her profit shall not be in vain, Sir;
Thy food, thy physician thou 'lt find in thy Cow

J. P.

No. II.

(LETTER CXVI. vol. ii. p. 127.)

THE BLIND BOY OF THE VILLAGE.

(Tune—*The Poor Black Boy*, in "The Prize.)

I ONCE saw sunshine, ah the day!
My morn of life as morn was gay,
All then was joy:
But now my day is clouded o'er,
The blessed light I see no more,
A poor Blind Boy.

When to our Vale the Small Pox came
To seize on many a tender frame,
And health destroy;
From head to foot one grievous sore,
My life was spar'd—Sight I deplore—
A poor Blind Boy.

No friendly Jenner then could say,
How sure the raging pest to stay,
Mankind's annoy;
'Twas then unknown the Cow did bear
A cure that should hereafter spare—
Ah! poor Blind Boy.

Ye tender Parents, hail the guest,
That comes to stay the deadly pest
That kills your joy;
The gracious gift, O! do not spurn,
Lest you lament, with fond concern,
A poor Blind Boy

To me it soothes the bitter smart,
Diffusing bliss into my heart,
Without alloy,
To think no brother hence shall wail.
Or have to tell the mournful tale,
A poor Blind Boy.

But tho' of sight I am bereft,
Yet many a comfort I have left
My song t' employ;
To Heav'n, through Jenner, do we owe
A blessing to prevent the woe,—
A poor Blind Boy. J. P.

No. X.

(LETTER CXXXIII. vol. ii. p. 157.)

A SONG

For the Anniversary Meeting of the Directors and Governors of the Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate.

Tune—*The Anacreontic.*

THE Sea, as its waves after waves loudly roll,
And its tides or recede from or gain on the shore,
With awe and devotion exalts the full soul,
And the Maker's loud praises extols in its roar.
This made the "sweet Psalmist" enraptur'd exclaim,
O these are thy works, great and manifold, Lord!
Earth and Ocean alike boundless wisdom proclaim,
Be Thy wisdom and goodness by all breath ador'd.*

The Sea doth in commerce realms far distant join,
Uniting as friends whom it seems to divide,
In fellowship joins both the Poles and the Line,
As swift o'er its billows rich merchantmen ride.

* Psalm CIV. 24—26.

Within its own bosom vast treasures it bears,
Each creature that creeps, or disports on the fin,
In herring-shoals myriads each season it rears,
And the whale "who delights to take pastime therein."

These are but in part what the Parent of Good
Hath show'r'd down of mercies, benignantly free;
A constant BETHESDA still flows the salt flood,
And health, strength, and spirits, we gain from the Sea.
Here bathing, the bow'd may soon, brac'd, walk upright,
The blood, now contaminate, wash, and be clean,
The dim may recover the blessing of sight,
And the unnerv'd by palsy in vigour be seen.

But, alas! how shall those who droop thus far in land,
Whom poverty, more than their sickness, bows down;
Poor wretches! no means can their stations command,
They languish unpitied, they sorrow unknown.
Taught by Him who made Sea and all men of one race,
A BETHESDA, a house of reception we raise;
Humanity's friends! the blest object embrace,
Bestow here your wealth to your Maker's high praise.

O ye, who for health here approach the wide Sea,
And ye, to these shores who for pleasure repair,
Wide open your hands, with hearts grateful and free,
Give the lame and afflicted your blessings to share.
Then, if on the bed of affliction you lie,
He who comforts in sickness alone can bestow
Will grant you his aid when for mercy you cry,
And shed healing dews on your sickness and woe*.

J. P.

* Psalm LXI. 1—3.

No. III.

(LETTER CXXIX. vol. ii. p. 151.)

ON ALEXANDER

EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS,

Restoring a Poor Man to Life who had been drowned.

By widows' tears, and hapless orphans' moans,
By nations' cries, and by a whole world's groans,
From Macedonia Alexander rose,
And built his fame upon his subject's woes;
Then wept, unable to extend his state,
And all succeeding times, agree to call him Great.

On Wilna's stream, as Russia's Monarch stray'd,
A peasant's body on the bank was laid,
Of seeming life bereft; a friendly band,
Forth from the flood, had brought it to the land,
And gather'd round with unavailing zeal,
If signs of life they haply might reveal:
But all in vain. Yet, with paternal love,
The Prince himself would every means approve;
With unremitted energy applied,
Till thrice the hour revolv'd; when, lo! the tide
Of life again renew'd, and sighing breath
Gave token he 'd repass'd the gate of death.

With eyes up-rais'd the Father Monarch stood,
"The brightest day is this of all my life, good God!!!"
Tears from his eyes the pious words attend,
And Alexander lives the poor man's friend.
You, who the story hear, with hearts elate
Say, is not Russia's Emperor THE GREAT!

J. P.

October, 1806.

INDEX

OF

NAMES AND SUBJECTS.

A.

Abercrombie, ii. 102.
Ackland, General, ii. 291.
Adam-and-Eve, a plant so called, ii. 438, 439.
Adams, President, ii. 470, 490.
Adriani, Count, a short account of, i. 58.
Africa, on the new settlement on the coast of, ii. 234, 236, *et seq.* 280, 281. Custom in, respecting the use of lizards, ibid.
——— Preferable to America for a settlement of free blacks, ii. 525.
Albinus, Professor, i. 42.
Alexander the Great, anecdote of, ii. 44.
Alexander, Emperor of Russia, on his humane conduct to a poor peasant, ii. 150. See *(note.)*
Allen, Ralph, i. 89. On the acquisition of his own wealth, i. 111.
Alphabet, universal, Dr. Thornton's, ii. 552.
Alston, Professor, i. 6.
America, Humane Societies in, ii. 26. On the sugar-maple in, and properties of, 43. Annual deaths in by the small-pox, 122. On vaccination in, 160. On the extension of knowledge in, 428, 446, 447. On the science of mineralogy in, 465, 466, 467. Cabinet of ores and minerals in, 470, 471. Library in the university of Cambridge in, 471. On the conduct of the Federalist and the Republican in, 485. Price of sheep in 1810 in, 486. Spotted fever in, 486, 487. Politics of, 488, 489. Flourishing state of, 495.
Americans, character of the, ii. 473. Custom of, in snow storms, 474, 475. Factious spirit of the, 488, 495, 496.
Anatomical preparations, Mr. Hewson's, i. 143.
Anatomy, course of, Mr. Hewson's, i. 144.

Ancient mythology, new system of, Jacob Bryant's, ii. 173, 174
Anecdote of Alexander the Great, ii. 44. Of a miser, 223 Of the mirth of the crew of a sinking ship, 434, 435. O the enthusiasm of a soldier on the summit of a mountain 461, 462.
Anderson, on his wood-cuts in Grove hill, a poem, ii. 104, *note.*
Anderson, Dr. remarks on his "Bee," ii. 28. Remarks on his cha racter, 45, 344.
Anecdotes of Dr. Sutherland, and the hospital of charity at Paris i. 25. Of Dr. Cuming and a classical beggar, 42. Of a learned Parisian fiacre, 43. Of Dr. Radcliffe, 44. Of the aërial voyage of the Duke de Chartres, 59, *et seq.* Of Dr. Cuming and Dr. Johnstone, 75. Of Dr. Lettsom and Samuel Fothergill, 76. Of Dr. Sutcliff and Dr. Lettsom, ibid. Of Dr. Lettsom and Leonard, 77. Of George I. and an old Turk, 81. Of Boswell and Dr. Johnson, 84, 85. Of a Frenchman, 92. Of Bishop Warburton, 93. Of Mr. Dawson, 95. Of Beezley and Dr. Lettsom, 97. Of Dr. Fothergill and a barber, 121. Of Sir Richard Jebb and Dr. Lettsom, 128. Of Howard, 132. Of Dr. Franklin, Sir Joseph Banks, &c. 175, 176.
Arbutus andrachne, ii. 377.
Archer, Dr. some account of, i. 9, 10.
Ardent spirits, on the use of, ii. 336.
Arnemann, Professor, i. 159.
Arnold, Mr. ii. 244.
Artichokes, Jerusalem, properties of, ii. 17.
Asclepius, a Phœnician surgeon, ii. 184, 186.
Asia, on vaccination in, ii. 124, 160.
Asparagus seed, ii. 6.
Asses milk, 96.
Augé, Mrs. ii. 49.

B.

Baker, Sir George, i. 126, 127.
Balloon, Count Adriani, the first Italian that took a voyage in a, i. 59. An account of voyage of the Duke de Chartres, 59, *et seq.*
Balloons, Mr. Smeathman's new invention respecting, ii. 275, 277, 279.
Banks, Sir Joseph, i. 175; ii. 277, 279.
——— Lady, ii. 193.
Barber, original meaning of the word, ii. 185, 187.
Barclay's Apology for the Quakers, remarks on, ii. 316.
Barnaby, Sir William, ii. 199.
Barrington, Justice, ii. 246.
Baton of Esculapius, ii. 177, 190.
Beccaria, remarks on, ii. 143.

Beet-root, cultivation of various kinds of, ii. 3, 4, 5, 17.
Beevor, Sir Thomas, ii. 8. On the culture of potatoes, 14.
Beezley, Dr. Lettsom's description of, i. 97. Anecdote of, 97.
Beggar, a classical one, i. 42.
Behmen, Jacob, ii. 145.
Belcher, surgeon, his death, i. 87.
Benevolent men, easy cushions for artful and designing men, i. 106.
Bentivolia, Cardinal, ii. 471.
Berchtold, Count, his Essay on Human Life, ii. 159, 160.
Bernard, Sir Thomas, his Spurinna, ii. 226. Remarks on his character, 357.
——— Mr. ii. 105, 138.
Berkeley, Lord, ii. 345.
Berlin, the small-pox exterminated in, ii. 344.
Bible, curious circumstance respecting, ii. 146.
Birds of prey, Mr. Smeathman's remarks on, ii. 278.
Blacks, general character of those who are free in America, ii. 509, 524.
Blair, Doctor, i. 6.
Blandy, Miss, ii. 190. 191.
Blizard, Sir W. *(note)* ii. 354.
Blumenbach, Professor, i. 159; ii. 62, 63.
Bochart, ii. 188.
Boehn, Mr. ii. 313.
Boerhaave, Doctor, i. 7, 43. On his letters, ii. 106.
Borlase, Rev. Mr. ii. 148.
Booker, Dr. ii. 120, 344.
Borignon, Madame, ii. 145.
Borough, Compter, on, ii. 211.
Boshies-man, on the life of a, i. 108, 109.
Boston, dreadful fire at, ii. 460.
Boswell, James, Esq. remarks on his Life of Dr. Johnson, i. 117, 123, 125. Anecdotes of, ii. 84, 85, 161, 162, 386.
Bosworth, Mr. Newton, ii. 158.
Bramins termed the cow-pock the dew of Heaven, ii. 344.
Brewerton, Mr. T. his mode of cultivation of potatoes, ii. 15, 16, 17.
Bridewell at Liverpool, punishments in the, ii. 197.
Bristol, Bishop of, ii. 129.
British dominions, why the small-pox is more prevalent in than in other countries, ii. 346.
Browne, Sir William, i. 9.
Brown Bread Act, on the, ii. 88, 89.
Bruges, on the prison at, ii. 202.
Bryant, Jacob, Esq. on the history of Esculapius, ii. 172, 176, 179. On his new system of ancient Mythology, 173, 174. Sacred Scriptures, 179. His opinion of the first Esculapius, 190.

Buchan, Earl of, i. 15. On the use of tea and ardent spirits, ii. 336. His address to the poor, 337.
Burgoyne's expedition censured, ii. 462.
Burials, remarks on the tax upon, ii. 68, 75.
Butter-milk, beneficial effects of in a case of consumption, ii. 96.
Burke's reflections on the French Revolution, remarks on, i. 176.

C.

Cabinet of the ores and minerals in the University of Cambridge, New England, ii. 470, 471, 485.
Cæsar, ii. 108.
Calais, prison at, ii. 199.
Calvinists, French, remarks on, ii. 321.
Camel, ii. 120, 124.
Campbell, Dr. his amiable character, i. 88.
Candles, made of the produce of a shrub in Rhode Island, ii. 512.
Cantharides, use of, i. 48.
Carlisle in America, account of, ii. 426.
Caroll, Daniel, ii. 547.
Carrots, ii. 7, 8, 12, 13.
Carver, Captain, ii, 393, 395.
Cases of small-pox, ii. 142, 145, 341.
Castle Rushen, on the prisoners in, ii. 214, 215. Prison letters on, 220, 221, 222.
Celsus, ii. 185.
Cement for broken glass, china, &c. ii. 438.
Challon, Bishop of, ii. 270.
Chaptal, Minister of the Interior of France, directed a general vaccination there in 1805, ii. 184.
Character, on the propriety of candour in our decisions upon, i. 94.
Charlemagne, remarks on his literary acquirements, ii. 323, 324. Marsillac's petition in behalf of Quakers, ii. 320.
Charles V, Emperor, ii. 155.
Charles, Mr. ii. 277.
Charterius, i. 123.
Chatham, Earl of, ii. 471.
Châtres, the Duke de, account of his unfortunate voyage in a balloon, i. 59, *et seq.* His extensive riches, 61, ii. 275.
Chester, on the prisons in, ii. 197, 198.
Child-bearing among the West Indian slaves, why attended with peculiar danger, ii. 433.
Children should not be suffered to go into prisons, ii. 216.
Chronic diseases common amongst the West Indian slaves, ii. 433.
Clarendon, Lord, remarkable saying of, i. 168.

Clarke, Dr. ii. 365.
Clarkson, Mr. ii. 538.
Clavigero, ii. 457, 458.
Cleghorn, Dr. i. 19, 107. His jocose remarks on his own infirmities, ii. 364. On the anatomical lectures at Dublin, 365. Description of his garden, 366. On Dr. Fothergill, 367.
Coakley, Samuel, short account of, i. 68, 69.
Cobbett, Mr. on his root of mangel wurzel, ii. 100.
Coffee, Count Rumford's essay on, ii. 168, 169.
Cogan, Dr. ii. 161, 354.
Coke, Mr. his cultivation of mangel wurzel, ii. 34.
Collinson, Peter, i. 38, 46.
Colquhoun, Patrick, Esq. on economy amongst the poor, ii. 352, 356, 357. On Dr. Lettsom's Hints on Beneficence, &c. 352, 353. His plan for bettering the condition of the poor, 358, 359, 360. On the education of the poor, 361, 362. On his works on education and indigence, 363.
Commerell, Abbé de, ii. 3, 9.
Composition floors, utility of, in cases of fire, ii. 301.
Congregational courts, ii. 248.
Constantinople, on vaccination in, ii. 124.
Cook, Captain, elegy on, ii. 393.
—— Lady Mary, ii. 324.
Cooper, Mr. Benjamin, ii. 295. His invention of a fire escape, ii. 295, 296, 424.
Cow-pock, on the general inoculation of, throughout France, ii. 134, 135. Bad effects of the paper against, in 1805, 141. Its earliest origin, 339.
Crane, Dr. his verses on the death of Dr. Cuming, i. 17.
Crespigny, M. i. 45.
———— Mrs. character of, ii. 112, 113.
Cromwellians, ii. 145.
Cronstedt's mineralogy, on, ii. 265.
Crusades, in favour of Austria and Russia, remarks on, ii. 74.
Cullen, Dr. ii. 302. On his First Lines, 305, 406.
Cumberland, Richard, Esq. ii. 395.
Cuming, Dr. Memoir of, i. 4. Early education, 5. Goes to France, &c. 6. Takes a degree at Rheims, ibid. Returns to Edinburgh, 7. Goes to London, 9. Visits Dorchester, 9, 10. Settles there, 11. Receives a diploma from Edinburgh, 12. On the difficulties, &c. attendant on the practice of physic, 25. Advises Dr. Lettsom to relax in his exertions, 29, 30, 37, 57. On early rising, 35, 36. On the verb *to trash*, 55. On Dr. Lettsom's dream concerning Dr. Fothergill, and others, 50. His reflections on the inconveniences that attend long life, 70. His remarks on attending the theatre, 73, 74. His remarks on Bishop Warburton, 89—91. On Dr. Johnson's contracted sentiments respecting other countries, 92. His remarks on Dr. Mead, 102, 103. On benevolent men, 106.

On the immense sums amassed in the East India settlements, 110, 111. On Dr. Lettsom's poetical talents, 112, 113. On his laborious life, 113, 114. On Sir J. Hawkins' life of Dr. Johnson, 121—125. On Sir Richard Jebb, 129, 130, 175.
Cuming, Mr. Alexander, i. 16.
——— Mr. James, i. 4.
Currie, Dr. i. 132.
Curtis, Mr. i. 98.

D.

Dale, Dr. ii. 355.
Dalstone, George, ii. 155.
Dalton, General, ii. 201.
Darrant, Sir Thomas, ii. 7, 11.
Dawson, Mr. some account of, i. 95. Anecdote of, ibid.
Day, Mr. ii. 251.
Deaf and Dumb, Society for the, ii. 153.
Debtors, Mr. Neild's account of, ii. 204.
Decarro, Dr. ii. 494.
Dempster, Mr. i. 63.
Derby gaol, remarks on the, ii. 196.
Devil's-bite, a plant so called, ii. 438, 439.
Dilly, Mr. i. 151, 155, 162.
Disease, natural causes of, ii. 119.
Dog, formerly deemed an evil spirit, ii. 190.
Dolomite, a slab of, described, ii. 563.
Dorcas, original meaning of the word, ii. 220.
Dorset, Duke of, ii. 276.
Dream, a curious one of Dr. Lettsom's, respecting Drs. Cuming, Fothergill, &c. &c. i. 45—48.
Drury, Mr. ii. 259, 260.
Dublin, on the anatomical lectures at, ii. 365.
Ducking-stools, remarks on, ii. 197.
Duncan, Professor, ii. 100.
Dundas, Sir David, his account of two cases of small-pox, ii. 123.
——— Mrs. i. 63.

E.

Eardley, Lord, ii. 166.
Early-rising, on, i. 35, 36.
East India Settlements, on the daily sums amassed in, i. 110, 111.
East Indian's practice respecting the seeds sold to Europeans, ii. 29, 30.
Eddy, Mr. ii. 362.
Egremont, Lord, ii. 345.
Emanuel College, Cambridge, dreadful fire at, in 1811, ii. 158.
Emperor, Joseph, ii. 350.

England, some parishes in have vaccinated every inhabitant, ii. 123.
English Drama purified, remarks on the, ii. 165. *(note)*.
Englishmen are alone allowed to approve or disapprove of the measures of a monarch, 1. 73.
Ennui, remedy for, i. 118, 119.
Envy, remarks on, ii. 70.
Erskine, the Hon. William, i. 15.
——— Lady Ann, ii. 371, 373. Dr. Lettsom's letter to, 382.
Esculapius, ii. 172, 173. History and meaning of the term, 174, 176, 179, 183. On the etymology of the word, 188, 189. Where he first resided, 189, 190.
Etymology, dubious evidence of, ii. 189.
Evans, Mr. Thomas, ii. 199.
Eye-brows, Dr. Sims on, ii. 351.

F.

Falconar, Mr. i. 144, 146.
Falconer, Dr. his animadversions on the French Revolution, i. 176, *et seq*.
Falconbridge, Mr. ii. 244.
Faujas de St. Fond, short account of, i. 58; ii. 277.
Fayette, M. de, ii. 556.
Fecula, on, ii. 306, 307.
Fenelon, ii. 107, 145.
Federal party in America, on their conduct in 1810, ii. 485, 486, 489, 490.
Ferguson, Mr. i. 86.
Fermentation, on the theory of, ii. 306.
Ferryman, Rev. Mr. ii. 214.
Fife, Lord, ii. 22.
Fire, on the best means of escaping from, ii. 162, 164. On the extinguishing of, 288, 299.
—— escapes, on, ii. 289, 293.
—— engines, on impregnating the water in, with pearl-ash, ii. 290, 295. Offices, 299. Remarks on, 301.
Firemen in Paris, ii. 301.
Fishwick, Mr. ii. 99.
Fitch, Mr. inventor of a steam-boat, ii. 527.
Foesius, i. 123.
Folle Avoine, ii. 28, 29, 31.
Fon l'Eveque prison in Paris, ii. 199.
Fontenelle, his unfavourable opinion of the world, ii. 33.
Fordyce, Sir William, ii. 420.
Fothergill, Doctor, i. 9; ii. 61, 161, 377, 398. Great professional practice of, i. 30. Dr. Lettsom on the character of, 31. Too reserved and stiff in his manner, 32, 33. Ignorant of his own

case, even in his last sickness, 38. Dr. Lettsom on his manner and address, 108. Anecdote of and a barber, 121. Remarks on, by Dr. Franklin, 172; by Mr. Howdell, 173, 174. Remarks on his character, ii. 367, 373. Anxious for a settlement of the free Africans, 499, 521, 522, 534.
Fothergill, Dr. A. i. 136. On the impositions of quacks, ii. 400, 401. On Machinery, 403, 411, 416, 423. On the Royal Society of Medicine at Paris, 505. On Lettsom's moral thermometer, ibid. His remarks on Dr. S***, 410. On the weather in June 1791, 420. His excursions through several counties in America, 424, 425. On mills for sawing marble, 425.
Fothergill, Samuel, Anecdote of Dr. Lettsom and, i. 75.
Fox, George, Dream concerning, i. 47.
Fragment, pentateuchal, of Dr. Lettsom, i. 98, 99, 100.
France, vaccination in, ii. 124, 344. On the study of minerals in, 467. On the quantity of gold in, ibid.
Francis, Mr. i. 63.
Franklin, Dr. i. 38. On his funeral inscription, 101, 102. The spring of carnage in the American war, 105. His tribute to the character of Dr. John Fothergill, 172. Curious anecdote concerning, 175, 176; ii. 329. On the improvements in science, ii. 26. Mr. Smeathman's remarks on, 268, 271, 277, 280. Alluded to, 367, 429. On the gradual improvement of mankind, 450. His death lamented, 541.
Frampton, Mr. i. 66.
Frazer, Rev. Mr. ii. 240.
Frehouven, M. Caron Hugueton, account of, ii. 48, 49, 54.
French, in what respect wiser than the English, ii. 134.
——— plunderers, their conduct at the new settlement at Sierra Leone, ii. 249—251.
——— revolution, Dr. Rush's opinion concerning the, ii. 441.
Friends, Society of, on their address to the Prince Regent, i. 166. Answer, 167.
Friendship, on the true source of, i. 54.
Fruit, on the growth of, on the banks of the Ohio river, ii. 328.

G.

Galen, ii. 351.
Gall-stones, Sir Mordaunt Martin, on his own case of, ii. 88.
Garrick, Mr. i. 126; ii. 332.
Garrow, Counsellor, ii. 129, 133, 165.
Garnett, Dr. on making starch from potatoes, ii. 305, 306. On the theory of fermentation, 306. On the decomposition of water, 307.
Garden Calendars, ii. 102.
Garthshore, Dr. i. 122; ii. 358, 359.

Gates, General, ii. 462.
Gaubius, Professor, i. 42.
Geneva, small-pox nearly extinct in the principal city of, ii. 124.
George I. anecdote of, and an old Turk, i. 81, 82.
George III. income of, i. 61. On his learning and capacity, ii. 108, 130. Peter Pindar's writings concerning, 132.
George, Lake, ii. 462, 464.
——— Town, description of, ii. 546.
German works, on, i. 150, 160.
Germany, on the study of minerals in, ii. 467.
Ghent, prison at, ii. 201, 202.
Godbold, Dr. remarks on his vegetable balsam, i. 125.
Goldsmid, Abraham, ii. 140, 153.
Goodwyn, Dr. ii. 449.
Government, Dr. Lettsom's remarks on, ii. 44, 45. Supineness of, in suffering the small-pox inoculation, 141.
Gough, Mr. the antiquary, i. 13.
Gregory, Dr. i. 19.
Group of different nations and sects at Dr. Lettsom's, ii. 62.
Guthrie, Dr. ii. 310. On his own habits and character, 311, 312.
Gypsum, on, ii. 92.

H.

Hales, Mr. i. 36, 37.
Hamilton, Sir William, ii. 140.
——— Lady, on, ii. 140.
Hamilton, Dr. his paper on temperance, ii. 313. His remarks on the materialists, 314.
Hammond, Doctor, i. 55.
Hancock, Dr. ii. 470, 471.
Hanway, Jonas, ii. 150, 320.
Happiness not found in riches, i. 62.
Harris, Rev. Thadeus Mason, some account of, ii. 487, 488, 494.
Hawes, Dr. ii. 128, 152, 154, 354.
Hawkins, Sir Christopher, ii. 138.
——— Sir J. remarks on his life of Dr. Johnson, i. 123, 124.
Hayter, Dr. Bishop of London, extract from a Latin ode by, i. 58.
Heavens, on the contemplation of the, i. 104.
Heberden, Dr. i. 123.
Hemming, Mr. ii. 193.
Hepburn, Mr. George, i. 4.
Hersey, Dr. ii. 470.
Hewson, Mr. memoir of, i. 137. Education, 138. Enters St. Guy's hospital, ibid. Skill in anatomy, ibid. Prudence and generosity of, 139. Goes to Edinburgh, 140. Enters into partnership with Dr. Hunter, ibid. Visits France, ibid. On

the lymphatic system, 141, 145. Marriage, 142. His work on the properties of the blood, ibid. Leaves Dr. Hunter, 143. His anatomical preparations, 143, 144. Lectures, ibid. Family, 145. Death, 147.
Hewson, Dr. Thomas T. i. 136.
——— Mrs. i. 142, 144.
Highwayman, short account of one, ii. 24, 25.
Hill, Dr. ii. 466.
Hillary, Dr. i. 174, 175.
Hints on Beneficence, Dr. Lettsom's, remarks on, ii. 218, 219, 352, 353, 355.
Hippocrates, letter of, i. 122.
Hippolytus, ii. 172.
Hird, Dr. ii. 377.
History of the origin of Medicine, Dr. Lettsom's, ii. 322, 325.
Hoare, Sir Richard, ii. 331.
Hoemanthi, ii. 378.
Hollis, Dr. ii. 470, 471.
Hooping-cough, ii. 124.
Hopkins, Rev. Samuel, ii. 520.
Hopson, Dr. i. 152, 163.
Horse, the cow-pock said to owe its origin to the, ii. 339.
Horses, the treatment of slaves compared to that of, ii. 40.
Horticultural Society, ii. 102.
House of Industry in the Isle of Wight, ii. 208.
Houses, how they should be constructed to prevent fires in, ii. 164, 301, 302.
How, Mr. Richard, on Dr. Lettsom's account of Dr. Fothergill, ii. 315. On the Quakers, 315, 316. On prison charities, 318. On Marsillac's petition respecting the Quakers, 320.
Howard, Mr. i. 122. His bill for the reform of prisons and prisoners, 131. Anecdote of, 132. On his monument, &c. ii. 48, 49, 119, 120, 126, 203, 205, 208, 221, 222, 224, 227, 228, 229, 231, 232, 233, 318, 390, 391, 429. Dr. Watts's remarks on his character, 227, 228, 232. Eulogium on, by Dr. Johnson, 368, 369.
Howdell, Mr. his character of Dr. Fothergill, i. 174, 175.
Hulme, Dr. ii. 354.
Human flesh, changed into spermaceti, ii. 72.
Humane Society at New York, ii. 168.
Hunter, Dr. i. 13, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142. Enters into partnership with Mr. Hewson, 140. His lectures, 141. His reason for dissolving partnership not known, 143.
——— Mr. John, i. 138.
Huntingdon, Lady, ii. 147, 371, 373. Dr. Lettsom on the death of, 382.
Hutchins, the Rev. Mr. some account of his History of Dorsetshire, i. 12.
Hypochondriasis, a common disease among the West Indian slaves, ii. 433.

I.

Indians, on the Muskingum river in America, ii. 327.
Indians and Tartars, originally the same people, ii. 458.
Influenza, on the, ii. 124.
Inglis, Sir Hugh, ii. 99.
Ireland, on the prison police in, ii. 206.
Ironside, Colonel, on Dr. Lettsom's observations on the cow-pock, ii. 338, 339. Whether the small-pox can be taken after the cow-pock, 340.
Italy, vaccination in, ii. 124.

J.

Jackson, Mr. ii. 451.
James, Dr. ii. 332.
Jebb, Sir Richard, account of, by Dr. Lettsom, i. 126, 127, 128. Dr. Cuming's remarks on his character, 129, 130; ii. 9.
Jenner, Dr. ii. 103, 110, 115, 126, 129; 131, 134, 136, 137, 139, 140, 143, 148, 159, 160, 327, 354, 481, 494.
Jennerian festival, ii. 127.
Jenyns, Soame, i. 117.
Johnson, Dr. his erroneous definition of the verb *to trash*, i. 55, 56. Description of his person and character by Dr. Lettsom, 78. Not an amiable character, according to Dr. Cuming, 82, 83, 92. Remarks on his Dictionary, 83, 84. Anecdote of, and Boswell, 85. Contrast between his character and that of Dr. Campbell, 88. His biographers peculiarly unfortunate, 116. Dr. Cuming's remark on his learning and political opinions, ibid.
——— Mr. Governor of Maryland, ii. 547.
Johnstone, Dr. ii. 103.
——— Dr. James, his remarks on the marriage of Mr. Lettsom, ii. 374. On Dr. Lettsom's account of Dr. Fothergill, 368. On Mr. Howard's character, 368, 369. His account of a horrid fact respecting slaves, 370.
Jortin, Dr. ii. 319.
Jurin, Dr. ii. 122.

K.

Kennedy, Dr. i. 6.
King Cleaveland, at Sierra Leone, some account of, i. 135.
—— Tom, a negro chief, i. 135; ii. 239, 243.
—— Mr. his Morsels of Criticism, ii. 116.
King's Bench Prison, remarks on the, ii. 194, 195.

Knight, T. Esq. on the means of escaping from fire, ii. 288, 292, 293, 296. His account of one at Chelmsford, 289. His fire escape, how constructed, 289, 290. On the preservation of property, 291, 292. Extinguishing of fires, 291, 299. On the construction of houses respecting, 302.
Knowles, Mrs. ii. 395.
Knutsford, ii. 191. Ducking-stools at, 197.
Kuhn, Dr. his conduct during the yellow fever at New York, i. 167.

L

Lady Gage, ii. 193. *(note)*.
La Maison de Force, description of, ii. 201, 202,
Lambert, Mr. i. 138.
Language, universal, Dr. Thornton on a plan of a, ii. 541, *et seq.*
Lansdown, Lord, remarks on his character, ii. 37. His remarks on Mr. Howard's monument, 228, 229. On the monuments in St. Paul's, 229, 230. In Westminster Abbey, 230. His plan for the promotion of universal commerce, &c. 574. Effects of his system had it been adopted, 575, 577; see note, 574.
Larwill, Mr. William C. on Dr. Lettsom's Memoir of Dr. Jenner, ii. 327.
Lathrop, Rev. Dr. on the gradual improvement of society, ii. 444, 445, 446, 447, 450. His censure of the violence of the French revolutionists, 448. His liberal views of religion, 452. His testimony of the merits of the literati of Great Britain, 453. On Vaccination, 454.
Leaf, Dr. ii. 192.
Le Clerc, ii. 188.
Lecture on Tobacco, Dr. Waterhouse's, ii. 482, 483, 494.
Lee, Sir William, on mangel wurzel, ii. 45.
—— Mr. ii. 48, 259.
L'Egalité, remarks on, ii. 73.
Leonard, Dr. Lettsom's description of his nose, i. 77. Remarks on by Dr. Cuming, 81.
Leprosy, on, ii. 119.
Lettsom, Dr. attacked by Dr. E. in the Westminster Magazine, i. 20. Great professional exertion of, 22. His great benevolence and extensive charities, 26, 27. His attachment to his patients, 32. On Government, 44, 45. His dream, 45. Account of his son John Miers, 40, 41, 79. Visits the House of Commons, 62. Remarks on Mrs. Siddons, 72. Anecdotes of him, 76. On his philosophical apparatus, 86. On Surgeon Belcher, 87. On the propriety of candour in our decisions upon character, 94. On the character of Mr. Toplady, ibid.

Remarks on Mr. Dawson and his niece, 95, 96. On the narrow principles of quakers, 96. On Mr. Beezley's character, 97. Fragment of, 98, 99. On the contemplation of the Heavens, 104. The dupe of artful and designing men, 106, 107. His lines on friendship, 109. On his poetical talents, 113. On his incessant avocations, 113, 114. His jocose remarks on purchasing some shells, i. 117, 118. On ennui, 118, 119. His family, 120, 121. On a letter of Hippocrates, 122, 123. His remarks on Sir Richard Jebb, 126, 128. On King Tom, 133. On poor's-rates, 150. His great liberality of religious sentiment, 169, 170. On mangel wurzel seed, ii. 10, 11, 35. On the poor, 19, 20, 35. On potatoes, 23. Account of his being robbed, 24, 25. His account of Miss Lucy Mapleton, ibid. On resuscitation, 27. Folle Avoine, 28, 29. Dr. Anderson's Bee, 28. Rice and Oats, 29. Virtuous affections, how indicated, 35. His great generosity, 36. His humane conduct to his slaves, 36. On the treatment of negroes, 37. Remarks on M. Frehouven, Baron Hugueton, 48, 49. On establishing the Sea-bathing Infirmary at Margate, 53. His own profession, 52, 56, 60. His method of assisting his memory, 61. On the loss of his son John Miers, 81, 85, 86. His writing chiefly done in his carriage, 103. Wrote and conversed at the same time, 108. His remarks on the King, 108, 130. His remarks on Government, 141. His account of Poor Helps, 147. On his charitable conduct, 156. On Mr. Plumptre's English Drama, 165. Death of Mr. Perceval, 166. On the Address of Friends to the Prince Regent, ibid. On Count Rumford, 168, 169. Mr. Neild's death, 169. On his grandson, William Nanson Lettsom, 170. On Jacob Bryant's new system of ancient mythology, 173. His exertions respecting prisons, 205, 206. On the death of Mr. Pickering Lettsom, 211. Styled the friend of mankind, 317. Remarks on his character, 332. On his apology, &c. 333. His answer to Mr. P's letter, respecting the cow-pock, 347. On the multiplicity of Christian sects, 371. His letter to Lady Ann Erskine, on the death of the Countess of Huntingdon, 383. Delicate manner of reproving Mr. Boswell for intemperance, 385. On the conduct of medical professors, 399, 400. Proposal for establishing the Medical Society of London, 404. Vision of unborn babes, 412, 416. The father of mineralogy in America, 465, 470. False rumour of his death, its effect in America, 537, 565. Description of the house in which he was born, 549. On commercial interests between this country and America, 572, 577. On the abolition of slavery in America, 579. On the comparative character of Blacks and Whites of the human species, 581.

——— John Miers, his character, i. 75; and attainments, 79, 80, 87; ii. 50. Death, 82, 83. Lines to his memory, 84.

——— Mr. Pickering, death of, ii. 210. *(note)*.

Liancourt, Duke de, ii. 143.
Liberty, cursory remarks concerning, i. 176, 177.
Lille, prison of, ii. 199.
Lincoln, General, ii. 462.
Lines on the death of William Cuming, M.D. by J. Crane, M.D. i. 17. To the memory of John Miers Lettsom, ii. 84. To Dr. Warner, 331. On Matrimony, 419.
Linnæus, ii. 266.
Litchfield, Bishop of, ii. 395.
Liverpool, Lord, ii. 155, 166.
———— on the prisons at, ii. 196. Ducking-stool at, 197.
Lizards, on the custom of the Africans respecting, ii. 280, 281.
Locke, Mr. i. 120.
Locked-jaw, a disease prevalent among the slaves in the West Indies, ii. 432.
London, Bishop of, i. 126. Murders in, weekly, by the small-pox, 135. On the charities in, 153, 154. Why not exterminated in, 346. Annual deaths in by the small-pox inoculation, 347.
Louis XVI. on his character and conduct, ii. 73. On the murder of, 441.
Lowe, Mr. J. his account of a squadron of French ships at Sierra Leone, ii. 248, 249.
Luc, Mr. De, i. 150, 159.
Lucan, Lady, ii. 218.
Lysimachus, ii. 44.

M.

Mackenzie, Dr. Colin, i. 138.
Madison, Rev. Dr. ii. 108. His rapid view of American improvements, 578.
Mahometan blacks, ii. 265. Their practice with pieces of gold. 266.
Maitland, Pelham, Esq. i. 15.
Marlborough, Duke of, ii. 193 *(note)*.
Malthus, Mr. ii. 109, 116.
Man, mind of, in its infant state, compared to a stone, ii. 210.
Mangel Wurzel, on the cultivation of, ii. 3, 4, 5. On separating the seeds of, 6. Dr. Lettsom on, 10, 11, 27. How to bring it into a regular course of tillage, 12, 13. Mr. Styleman's plan respecting, 20. Lord Fife's opinion that it is equal to turnips, 22. Sir Mordaunt Martin's triumphs respecting, 34. Sir William Lee on, 45, 47, 87, 92, 94, 97, 99, 378.
Marble, on mills for sawing, ii. 425.
———, elastic. See Dolomite.
Margate, on the Sea-Bathing Infirmary at, ii. 53.

Markham, R. A. Esq. on the Hortus Uptonensis, ii. 376.
Marriages often rendered unhappy by too much familiarity, i. 39.
Martin, Sir Mordaunt, ii. 3. On the cultivation of mangel wurzel, 3, 4, 5. On the seeds of, 6, 8, 14. On the division of land into shifts, 7. His plan for bringing mangel wurzel into tillage, 12. Triumphs respecting, 34, 46, 47. On the slave trade, 38. His plan for alleviating the poor's rates, 63, 64, 66, 74, *et seq.* His pun on Dr. Lettsom's name, 80. On the brown bread act, 88, 89. On the culture of sainfoin, 92. His remarks on Lord Nelson's domestic conduct, 93. On the price of mangel wurzel in 1814, 97.
Mason, Rev. Mr. ii. 354.
Masonia latifolia, ii. 377.
Massachusetts, on the Federalists and the Republicans in 1810, in, ii. 485, 486, 489.
Matrimony, Dr. A. Fothergill's remarks on, ii. 402—411. Dr. Lettsom on, 412—418, 423. Lines on, 419.
Matthews, Lieut. ii. 246.
Mayhew, James, his case of small-pox, ii. 341, 343.
———, Thomas, 343.
Mead, Dr. i. 9. Anecdote of, and Dr. Radcliffe, 44, 45. Dr. Cuming's remarks on, 102, 103.
Mease, Dr. on Washington's acceptance of the office of President of the United States, ii. 558. On the elections of Presidents generally, 560. On the government in America, 561.
Medical gentlemen, Lady Ann Spencer's remarks respecting, ii. 59. On their exertions for the good of the community, 399, 400.
——— Society of London, question proposed by, ii. 43, 63, 179, 304, 310.
Medicine, ii. 60. Professors of, 183.
Memory, extraordinary, instance of, i. 86.
Mercier, Mr. i. 154. Zimmermann's animadversions on his extract from the Essay on Solitude, 164.
Mexico, on vaccination in, ii. 160.
Miers, Mr. ii. 354, 356.
Milk, ii. 96.
Miller, ii. 102.
Mills for sawing marble in America, ii. 425.
Mineralogist, ancient meaning of the word, ii. 466.
Mineralogy in America, Dr. Waterhouse on, ii. 467—469.
Minerals on the African coast, ii. 263, 264.
Mirth, no proof of happiness, ii. 434.
Mitchill, Dr. on the formation of the Philosophical Society of London, ii. 562. Description of a slate of elastic marble, 563. On amphibious animals, 564.
M'Kean, Rev. Dr. Joseph, ii. 570.
Moir, Mr. Alexander, i. 5.
Monarch, privilege of Englishmen respecting their, i. 73.

Monboddo, Lord, on man in his refined state, i. 109.
Money in the English European dominions, if all equally divided, would give forty-five shillings to each person, i. 40. Preferable to health, 110.
Monro, Dr. i. 6. Dream concerning him, 47.
Montgolfier, ii. 73, 277, 279.
Monuments and statues, Lord Lansdown on, ii. 228, 232.
Morse, Dr. ii. 497.
Morton, Dr. i. 123.
Moseley, Dr. ii. 141.
Moss, the best manure for potatoes, ii. 22, 23.
Murray, Dr. ii. 359.
Mythology, ancient, on the new system of, ii. 17.

N.

Napier, Dr. John, i. 6.
National debt, ii. 44, 45.
Natural history of the tea-tree, Dr. Lettsom's, ii. 115.
Naturalist's and Traveller's Companion, on the, ii. 149. Linnæus's opinion of, 584, *et seq.*
Necessity, proof against the doctrine of, ii. 144.
Needham, Taskerville, Esq. ii. 322. His remarks on Dr. Lettsom's History of the Origin of Medicine, ibid. On Charlemagne's literary talents, 323, 324.
Negroes on the coast of Sierra Leone, some account of, i. 132, 133.
——— their original character indelible, ii. 581.
Nelson Lord, ii. 37 *(note)*. On his domestic conduct, 93.
Newby, Mr. ii. 97.
Newgate prison, remarks on the, ii. 195.
Nichols, John, Esq. on Dr. Lettsom's character, ii. 332, 333.
Nield, James, Esq. ii. 115, 129, 132, 134, 149, 354. On his death, 169. His conduct to his son, 170. Memoirs of, 191. Birth and education, ibid. His first impression relative to prisons, 191, 192. Apprentice to a jeweller, 192, 193 How first introduced to men of genius and learning, 193, 194. Visits the King's Bench prison, ibid. Newgate, 195. Wood-street, 195, 196. Derby gaol, 196. Prisons in Liverpool, 196, 197, 198. Commences business in St. James's-street, 198. Goes to Paris, 199. Visits the prisons and hospitals in Calais, St. Omer's, Dunkirk, and Paris, ibid. Is made treasurer of the Society for the Relief of Persons Imprisoned for Small Debts, 200. His marriage, 201. Visits Flanders, Germany, and Ghent, ibid. Description of La Maison de Force at Ghent, ibid, 202. Is seized with the fever at Warwick gaol, ibid. Loses his wife, and retires from business, 203. His account of debtors, 204. His state of prisons, 205, 215. Lines on, by

Miss Porter, 207. On the farmers in the Isle of Wight, respecting parish apprentices, 208. On the mind of man, 210. His letter to Dr. Lettsom, on the death of his son, Mr. Pickering, 210, 211. Visits the gaols in England, Scotland, and Wales, 212, 213. On the prisons at Castle Rushen, 214. On schools in gaols, 216. Remarks on his character by Mr. Watts, 221, 222, 224. On his obituary, 225.
Nitre, the offspring of putrefaction, ii. 426.
Nolkins, Baron, ii. 271.
North Americans, fatality of the small-pox amongst the, ii. 345.
North, Dr. Dr. Cuming's account of, i. 52, 53, 54.
—— Lord, i. 62, 63.
Nugent, Governor of Tortola, i. 66.

O.

Oats, price of, during the American war, ii. 29. Lord North's calculation on the price of, 30. Price of, in 1800, 83.
Observations on the cow-pock, Dr. Lettsom's, ii. 338.
Ode, extract from one by Dr. Havter, Bishop of London, i. 58.
Oswald, Mr. ii. 272.

P.

Pallas, Professor, ii. 313.
Paris, on the religion of the inhabitants of, ii. 146. Prisons in, 199. On the firemen of, 301.
Parkinson, Mr. his work on Dangerous Sports, remarks on, ii. 160.
Patagonian, or Cape Horn, pumpkin, description and culture of, ii. 479.
Pearson, Dr. ii. 354.
Peasant, a Polish, restored to life by the Emperor Alexander, ii. 150 *(note.)*
Penn, Mr. dream concerning, i. 47.
People, lower classes of, ii. 77.
Perceval, Mr. his assassination, ii. 166.
Percival, Dr. on petitioning Parliament in behalf of the Africans, ii. 288.
Peru, on vaccination in, ii. 160.
Peter, Sir John, ii. 62.
Peterborough, Lord, ii. 155.
Petit Chatelet prison, at Paris, ii. 199.
Philosophers, remarks on, ii. 72, 73, 300.
Philosophical apparatus, remarks on Dr. Lettsom's, i. 87.
Physicians, their labours more glorious than the profession of arms, i. 23. Difficulties, and painful sensibilities, attendant on their practice, 24, 25. Examination of those difficulties,

and of the pleasures of a physician, 27, 28. Often mistake their own cases, 38. Earn their money with great solicitude, 118. Strictures on their practice of recommending expensive food, &c. to the sick poor, 179—181. On the profession of, ii. 51, 56, 59.
Physic, on what the success of, depends, ii. 52, 59, 60.
Pickering, Mr. ii. 530.
——— Major, i. 175.
Pickett, William, ii. 194.
Piozzi, remarks on her life of Dr. Johnson, i. 117.
Pitcairn, Dr. ii. 55.
——— Major, ii. 54. Death of, 55.
Pitt, the late Mr. some account of his oratory, i. 63; ii, 30, 36, 243, 244.
Plague, remarks on the, ii. 119, 421, 422.
Pleasure, not incompatible with essential duties, i. 35.
Pliny consulted his wife respecting his letters, i. 32; ii. 319.
Plummer, Professor, i. 6, 43.
Plumptre, Rev. Mr. ii. 104. His remarks on Grove Hill, a poem, ibid, 105. On his imaginary tour, 105, 107. On vaccination, 109, 110. His song on the cow, 111, 589. On tea, 115. On the blind boy of the village, 127, 591. Life-boat, 127. Sermon for the Assize, 142. Remarks on the Emperor Alexander, 150. Met with an accident, 157. On the best means of preventing accidents, 158. On the means of escaping from fire, 161, 162.
Pluto, Dr. A. Fothergill's remarks on, ii. 416, 417.
Poor, should not have expensive food, &c. recommended to them during sickness, i. 179, 181. Remarks on the, ii. 44, 45. On their want of economy, 352, 353. Measures for bettering the condition of the, 357. On preventing contagious diseases amongst the, 358. On rendering their habitations, houses of recovery, 358, 359, 360. On the education of the, 361, 362.
Poor Helps, singular circumstance respecting, ii. 146, 147.
Poors'-Rates, plan for alleviating the, ii. 66. 69, 74, *et seq.*
Pope, Joseph, ii. 470.
Porter, Miss, ii. 134.
Potatoe Premium Bill, ii. 89.
Potatoes, ii. 7, 8, 12, 13, 47. On the cultivation of, 14, 15. More valuable for human food than other vegetables, 21. Dr. Lettsom's remarks on, 23. On making starch from, 305.
Potter, Mr. remarks on his character, ii. 387, 388.
Pratt, S. J. ii. 387, 389, 390. On Mr. Potter's character, 387, 388. The author of the Triumph of Benevolence, 390. On his poem on society, 391.
Predestination, proof against the doctrine of, ii. 144.
Press, the, in England, not a sufficient auxiliary in the cause of beneficence, ii. 219.

Pridden, Rev. J. ii. 333.
Priestly, Dr. ii. 311, 425.
Priests, the healing art originally in the hands of, ii. 188.
Pringle, Sir John, i. 123, 139, 140, 144.
Prisons, Mr. Nield on, ii. 191, *et seq.*
Prussia, King of, his income, i. 61.
Pusey, P. ii. 128.

Q.

Quackery cultivated among people of fashion in London, i. 126.
Quakers, on their contracted religious principles, i. 96. Once much respected in France, 170. Seldom, if ever, arraigned for criminal offences, ii. 71. On the religion of one, 107. The only religious body who never exercised religious power over others, 146. Society of, on their refusing to render assistance to any ships carrying arms, 269, 272, 273. Their beneficent principles, according to Mr. How, 315, 316. Marsillac's memoir respecting, 320. Set the first example of abolishing slavery, 321.
Quarin, Dr. i. 159.
Quassia Amara not a West Indian plant, ii. 505.
Quietists, ii. 146.

R.

Rack, Edmund, Esq. his account of a curious species of animal, ii. 308, 309, 310.
Radcliffe, Doctor, anecdotes of, i. 44, 126.
Raikes, Mr. ii. 354.
Ramsay, Dr. ii. 108, 483.
Reed, Mr. ii. 14.
Reflections occasioned by the loss of relatives, ii. 81, 85, 86.
Reinesius, ii. 184.
Religions, the virtuous of all, equally acceptable to the Divine Being, i. 92.
Remedies natural for diseases, ii. 119.
Republican party in America, conduct of, in 1810, ii. 485, 486, 489, 490.
Resuscitation, plan of, adopted by the Humane Society, ii. 25, 27.
Revolutions, remarks on, ii. 445.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, ii. 386.
Rhode Island, character, &c. of the women of, ii. 511. General description of, 512.
Rhus metopium, the quassia of the West India Islands, ii. 505.
Riccards, Mr. ii. 240.
Rich men are only stewards to the poor, i. 40, 41, 42.

Riches of the Duke de Châtres, i. 61. Not the true source of happiness, 62.
Rivardy, Captain, ii. 543.
Roach, Mr. ii. 507, 508.
Robertson, Dr. ii. 324.
Roe, Mr. ii. 202.
Rohr, Von, ii. 505.
Romans, modern vindictive character of the, ii. 349, 350.
Romney, Lord, ii. 204.
Root of plenty, ii. 312.
Rosier, the abbé, ii. 505.
Rowley, Dr. on reviewers, ii. 334, 335.
Royal Humane Society for the Recovery of Drowned Persons, ii. 10, 25, 128, 129, 150, 151, 154, 155, 159, 161, 165.
Royal Jennerian Society, ii. 124,
Royal Society of Medicine at Paris, ii. 405.
Rumford, Count, ii. 105, 131. Remarks on, 168, 169.
Rumsay, Mr. ii. 528. Not, as Dr. Rush supposed, the inventor of the steam-boat, 529.
Rush, Dr. his conduct during the prevalence of the yellow fever, commended, i. 167. His opinion respecting murder, ii. 235. On war, 426. Vice, his comparison of, with nitre, ibid. Account of Carlisle, in America, ibid. On the spreading of knowledge in, 428. On Mr. Rumsay's machine for improving steam-engines, 430, 431. On the effect of slavery on the lives of the negroes, 432, 433. On capital punishments, 435, 440. On the use of ardent spirits, 436, 437. On the murder of Louis XVI. and the French revolution, 441, 442. Mistaken as to Mr. Rumsay's being the inventor of the steam-boat, 528.
Russell, Alexander, i. 107 *(note)*.
——— Dr. i. 19. Dream concerning, 46. His work on the plague, ii. 421.
——— Lady Rachael, on her letters, ii. 442.
Rutherford, Professor, i. 6, 43.

S.

Sailors, the best defenders of England, ii. 31.
Sanchoniathon, the calibi of, ii. 173.
——— Priest of Berythra, ii. 189.
Saratoga, medicinal springs of, ii. 461.
Saving banks, ii. 78 *(note)*.
Scarcity plant, ii. 3.
Schools in gaols, injurious tendency of, ii. 216.
Schultens, ii. 185.
Science, on the improvements of, in 1790, ii. 2€
Scotland, on the prisons in, ii. 213.
Scott, Gustavus, ii. 547.

Scott, John, the poet, on the death of, i. 52. On his poetical talents, 113. On the improvements in medicine, ii. 325. On fevers, ibid. On acute diseases, 326.
—— Major, i. 63.
Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate, ii. 53, 153, 155, 166, 220.
Sects, Christian, the multiplicity of, conducive to mutual happ ness, ii. 371.
Seeds, practice of the East Indians in preserving, ii. 29, 30.
Senter, Dr. ii. 458.
Settlements, new, at Sierra Leone, ii. 236, *et seq.* Natural products of the country, 246.
Seward, Miss, Mr. Pratt's encomium on her character, ii. 393, 394, 395.
Seybert, Dr. remarks on his character, i. 156, 158, 159.
Shakspeare, i. 55, 56.
Sharp, Granville, Esq. on the most useful plants to be cultivated in Africa, ii. 234. Query respecting, ibid. His opinion that murder should be punished with death, 325. On the new settlement at Sierra Leone, 236, *et seq.* 427, 432, 535, 538.
Sheep, price of Merino, in America, in 1810, ii. 486.
Sheridan's Dictionary erroneous, ii. 543.
Siddons, Mrs. Dr. Lettsom's remarks on, i. 72.
Sierra Leone company, i. 132. Scheme for settling blacks at, ii. 73, 236, 237, 238, 239.
Simmons, Dr. i. 122.
Sims, Dr. ii. 63, 355. On the illumination of St. Peter's at Rome, 349. On the vindictive character of the Romans, 349, 350. On the pope, 350. On the use of the eyebrows, 351.
Sin, on the effects of, ii. 118.
Sinclair, Professor, i. 6, 43.
Slave-trade, remarks on, ii. 36, 38, 39, 40, 261.
Slaves in the West India islands, on what conditions they are made free, ii. 38. At Charlestown, South Carolina, fed with human bodies, 370. Cruel treatment of the West Indian, 433. Diseases common amongst them, 432—434. Their mirth no proof of their happiness, 434. Dr. W. Thornton's sentiments respecting, 500, *et seq.* Count Bernstoff's plan of liberating his, 580.
Slavery, on the abolition of, ii. 579.
Small-pox, not taken after vaccination, ii. 94, 95. Origin of the, 119. Annual deaths by, 118, 121, 122, 124. Cases of, 123, 135, 142, 143, 340. Method of ascertaining whether it can be taken after cow-pock, 340, 341. Fatal effect of, among the North Americans, 345. On its prevalence in the British dominions, 346. More fatal than the plague and yellow fever combined, 347. Plan for exterminating the, 361. Table containing the number of deaths by, in 1804 and 1805, 348.
Smeathman, Henry, some account of, i. 135; ii. 73, 497, 499, 500, 508. Memoir of, 252. Unfortunate on his first entrance

into the world, 256, 257. Enters partnership with a broker and agent, 257. Studies theology, 259. Engages himself as a private tutor, ibid. His account of the minerals and fossils, &c. on the African coast, 263—267. On the Plantane isles, 264, 266. On the sandy bays in the Bananas, 266. On the loss of his assistant, 266, 267. His observations respecting Dr. Franklin, 268. On the emancipation of the African slaves, 269, *et seq.* On balloons, 275, 277, 279. On the custom of the Africans respecting lizards, 280. Purposes making various researches, &c. in his second African expedition, 282, 283.
——— Elizabeth, ii. 252. On Mr. Henry Smeathman's papers, 253.
Smith, Adam, i. 120.
——— Dr. i. 138.
——— Smith, H. Esq. his lines on the death of Dr. John Miers Lettsom, ii. 84.
——— Judge, ii. 425.
Snow storms in America, account of, ii. 475.
Society for the Relief and Discharge of Persons Imprisoned for Small Debts, when instituted, ii. 200.
——— for bettering the condition of the poor, ii. 357.
Songs, Rev. J. Plumptre's, the Cow, ii. 111, 589. On Vaccine Inoculation, 127, 139, 591.
Southcott, Joanna, account of, ii. 145. Prophecies, ibid.
Spain, income of the king of, i. 61.
Sparrman, Dr. remarks on his work, i. 108, 109.
Spencer, Earl, ii. 71.
——— Countess dowager, ii. 97.
——— Lady, her remarks on medical men, ii. 59.
Spirits, Dr. Rush on the use of, ii. 436, 437.
Spotted fever at America, in 1810, ii. 486, 487.
Squrinna, Sir Thomas Bernard's remarks on, ii. 226.
Squirrell, Dr. on his pamphlet on the cow-pock, ii. 151.
Squirrell's, flying, described, ii. 530.
Starch made from potatoes, remarks on, ii. 305.
State, great importance of agriculture to, ii. 573.
State of Prisons, Mr. Nield's, ii. 215.
Statesmen in Queen Elizabeth's reign, ii. 208, 209.
Steam-boat, owes its origin to Mr. Fitch, ii. 529.
Steam-cannon, ii. 530.
Stedman, Dr. i. 6.
Stevenson, Mr. ii. 99. His culture of mangel wurzel, 99, 100.
Stevenson, Miss Mary, i. 142.
Stewart, Dr. ii. 547.
——— Doctor Alexander, i. 9.
Stileman, Henry, Esq. his plan of cultivating mangel wurzel, ii. 20, 21. His activity in the plan of resuscitation, 27.
St. George's Bay on the African Coast, account of, ii. 239, 245.
St. Paul's Church, the second building in Europe, ii. 229, 230.

St. Peter's Church at Rome, remarks on, ii. 349.
Sugar Maple in America, ii. 43.
Summer ducks of America, ii. 530.
Surgeons and surgery, ii. 185.
Sussex, Duke of, ii. 140.
Sutcliff, Dr. anecdote of, and Dr. Lettsom, i. 76, 77. On the product of potatoes and wheat, ii. 305. On the decomposition of water, 306, 307.
Sutherland, Doctor, anecdote of, i. 25.
Swan, John, ii. 192.
Sweden, income of the King of, i. 61.
——— on the study of minerals in, ii. 467.
Swedenborg, Baron, ii. 145.

T.

Tabitha, original meaning of the word, ii. 220.
Table of the deaths occasioned by the small-pox, within the bills of mortality, in 1804 and 1805, ii. 348.
Tax upon birth and burials, Sir. M. Martin on, ii. 68, 75.
Taylor, Bishop, ii. 155.
——— Captain, ii. 241, 242.
——— Dr. ii. 433.
Tea, on the use of, ii. 336.
Tea-Tree, Linnæus's testimony to the value of the History of the, ii. 584, *et seq.*
Temperance, on, ii. 313.
Temple, Sir W. ii. 374.
Teresa, Dr. Lettsom's slave, some account of, i. 65.
Thackeray, Mr. ii. 115, 136, 158. His method of inoculating with the cow-pock, 143.
Thaul, Mr. ii. 94.
Theophilanthropists of Paris, ii. 146.
Thermometer, Moral and Physical, on Dr. Lettsom's, ii. 405.
Thomas, Mr. ii. 211.
Thompson, Captain, his amiable character, i. 135; ii. 238, 239, 245.
Thornton, Dr. W. remarks on his character, i. 135; ii. 236. His zeal for the civilization of the Africans, 497, *et seq.* On his plan of an universal character, 541. His character of John Miers Lettsom, 544. Settles in Georgetown, 546.
Tissot, Dr. i. 179.
Tooke, Mr. Horne, ii. 88.
Townley, Mr. i. 68.
Trash, the English verb to, criticism on, i. 55, 56.
Translations of Dr. Zimmerman's works, extremely erroneous, i. 162.
Travers, Mr. ii. 139.
Treatise upon Esculapius, Jacob Bryant's, ii. 179, 180, 181.

Trevelyan, Mr. Walter, on vaccination, ii. 148.
Tristram Shandy, remarks on, ii, 313.
Tully's opinion that virtuous characters will recognise each other in a future state, i. 37.
Turkey rhubarb, ii. 53.
Turnips, ii. 15, 22.
Turner, Judge, ii. 551.

U.

Ulysses, his mode to discover Achilles, ii. 192.

V.

Vaccination, ii. 95. Rev. Mr. Plumptre on, 109, 110. Numbers which might be saved weekly by, in London, 135. In London, 122. Good effect of in Germany, 123. In Vienna, 123, 344. A preservative against small-pox, 123, 149. Good effects of at Berlin, 344. Amongst the Bramins, ibid. Gloucester Militia, ibid. Tenantry of Lord Egremont and the Marquis of Cornwallis, ibid. Abercrombie's army, ibid. At Bilboa, ibid.
Valpy, Dr. on his sermon for the Royal Humane Society, ii. 104, *note.*
Van Ruyen, Professor, i. 42.
Variolous inoculation, destructive consequences of, ii. 142.
Vergennes, Count, ii. 320.
Vicious habits, remarks on, ii. 445.
Vicq d'Azyr, his letter to Dr. Lettsom on the Life of Dr. Fothergill, ii. 397, 398.
Vienna, ii. 324, the beneficial effects of vaccination in, ii. 344.
Village sermons, ii. 167.
Virgil, ii. 319.
Volney, M. ii. 551, 556.

W.

Wakefield, Mrs. ii, 354.
Walpole, Mr. Horace, ii. 230.
Warburton, Bishop, remarks on his character, by Dr. Cuming, i. 89, 91, 93. Anecdote of, and Quin, 91.
Ward, Mr. ii. 456.
Ware, Mr. ii. 354.
Warner, Dr. his jocose epistle to Dr. Lettsom, ii. 330. Lines to, 331.
Warren, Dr. His answer to Lady Spencer, respecting medical men, ii. 59, 120, 126. On the scarcity of literary productions in America, 566.

Warwick Gaol, on the, ii. 202.
Washington, General, remarks on his eulogy on the saving of human life, ii. 25, 26. Extract of a letter from, to Dr. Lathrop, 442, 443. The great promoter of the Potowna canal, 529. Dr. W. Thornton's description of, 554, 557, 558. On his acceptance of the office of President of the United States, 558,559.
Waterhouse, Dr. his remarks on the words mineralogist and magus, ii. 466. His method of instructing farmers in the science of mineralogy, 467, 468. On the hilarity and festivities of the Americans during the month of November, 459, 460. Account of his excursion to lake George, 461—464. On the character of the Americans, 473. His account of the snow storms in America, 474, 475. His lines on the news-carriers, 476, 477, 478. On the cabinet containing the minerals, ores, &c. in the university of Cambridge, in America, 470, 493. His description of the Patagonian pumpkin, 479. His work on the kine-pock, 481. On his lecture on tobacco, 482. On the manufactory in America, 486. Spotted fever, ibid. His political opinions, ii. 488.
Watts, D. P. Esq. ii. 216. His remark on Dr. Lettsom's Hints on Beneficence, &c. 218. On the press, 219. On the Sea-Bathing Infirmary, 220. On the original meaning of the words tabitha and dorcas, ibid. On Mr. Nield's character, 221, 222, 224, 225. On Castle Rushen prisons, 220, 222. On Sir Thomas Bernard's Spurinna, 226.
Watson, Dr. i. 38.
Weaver, Richard, ii. 244.
Weld, Isaac, on his travels through America, &c. ii. 472, 474.
Welderen, Countess, ii. 193 *note*.
West Indies, on the negroes and mulattoes in, ii. 38. Humane societies in, 26.
Wheat, price of, in 1800, ii. 83, 84.
Whitbread, Mr. ii. 49.
Whiston, John, his extraordinary memory, i. 86
Whytt, Dr. i. 6.
Wickam, Lord, ii. 37.
Wilkes, i. 84.
Wilkins, Kate, ii. 339.
Willett, Captain, ii. 429.
——— Mr. his library, ii. 107, 108.
Wilmot, Sir Edward, unfortunate in his profession, i. 126.
Wingate, Mr. i. 5.
Winship, Dr. ii. 445, 449.
Winslow, Dr. anecdote of, i. 75.
Winterbottom, Dr. ii. 251, 252.
Wistar, Dr. professor of anatomy, ii. 423.
Woman, definition of a, ii. 403.
Wood, impregnated with pearl-ash, proof against fire, ii. 230.

Wood-street gaol, remarks on the, ii. 195, 196.
Woodville, Dr. ii. 125, 132.
Wright, Dr. i. 122.
——— Mr. John, ii. 46.

X.

Xantippe, remarks on, ii. 402.

Y.

Yellow fever, i. 158. Dr. Zimmerman's observations on, 166.
——— springs in America, ii. 425.
Young, Dr. observations on his Night Thoughts, i. 71.
——— Sir George, ii. 245.

Z.

Zachary, John, ii. 368.
Zimmerman, Dr. i. 147, 157. His humble opinion of himself, 150, 160. Best remedy for his melancholy, &c. 150, 151, 160, 161. Reasons which caused him to turn author in Germany, 161. Unfortunate in the translations of his works, 162. His great dislike to have his Essay on National Pride translated, 165. His remarks on the yellow fever, 166, 167. Dr. Lettsom's reply to his letter, 168.

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